A
LOST
COMMANDER
FLORENCE
NIGHTINGALE

7.50

G. M. ELLIOTT LIBRARY
CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
2700 GLENWAY AVE.
P. O. BOX 043200
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45204-3200

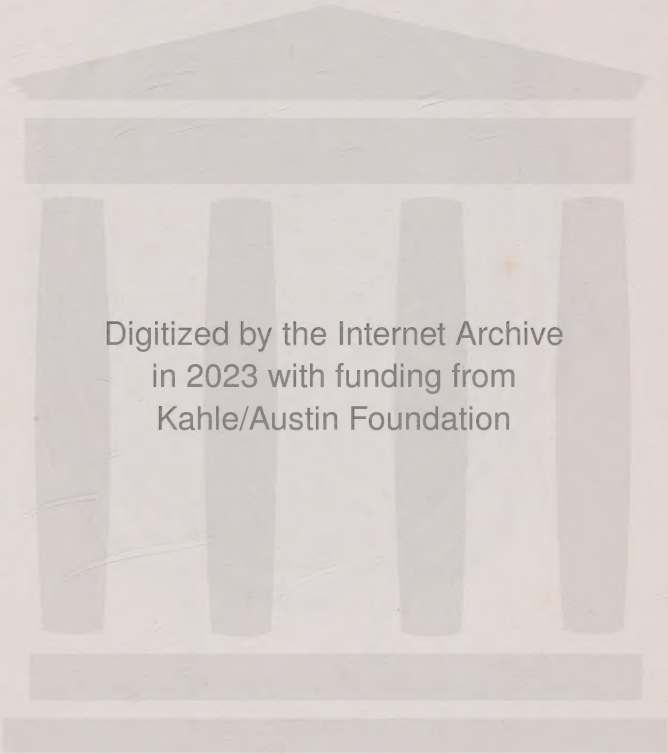
A Lost Commander:
Florence Nightingale

Books By
Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

THE COURAGE OF THE COMMONPLACE
A GOOD SAMARITAN
A KIDNAPPED COLONY
THE BETTER TREASURE
BOB AND THE GUIDES
THE COUNSEL ASSIGNED
THE ENCHANTED FOREST
THE ETERNAL MASCULINE
THE LIFTED BANDAGE
THE MARSHAL
THE MILITANTS
THE PERFECT TRIBUTE
VIVE L'EMPEREUR
A LOST COMMANDER: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
CROSSES OF WAR
HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON
JOY IN THE MORNING
THE ETERNAL FEMININE
THE THREE THINGS
YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

With Roy Irving Murray

AUGUST FIRST


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/lostcommanderflo0000mary

A

Lost Commander:

Florence Nightingale

BY

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

"A *great commander was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a woman.*"
Sir Edward Cook

GEORGE MARK ELLIOTT LIBRARY
The Cincinnati Bible Seminary

Garden City, New York

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

Mcmxxxiii

N 6872

COPYRIGHT, 1929
BY DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A Very Small Girl	1
II.	A Very Young Vet	16
III.	Bugles Calling	24
IV.	Sairey Gamps and Sister Phœbes	43
V.	Wingèd Sandals	68
VI.	A Very Perfect, Gentle Knight	79
VII.	The Call of the Crimea	101
VIII.	Hell	122
IX.	What She Did About It	141
X.	Having Fought a Good Fight	161
XI.	Setting a Wide Door Open	171
XII.	The Brand-New Profession	196
XIII.	A Glorious Hen and Her Four Chickens	213
XIV.	India	240
XV.	De Amicitia	261
XVI.	Words	270
XVII.	"Thalassa"—Cry of the Ten Thousand	280

A Lost Commander:
Florence Nightingale

CHAPTER I

A Very Small Girl

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
—Alfred Tennyson.

Long years ago. A hundred and more of them, but the red brick walls and gables and chimneys of Embley stood that June day in Hampshire, and had stood for two hundred years, as they stand to-day, a picture house set in garden and forest. Two thousand acres are of its domain now, some hundreds more than there were back in the eighteen-twenties; a few changes have been made, indoors and out; but the place is cared for by wise and affectionate hands and the small alterations have left its ancient quality unspoiled. As it lifts its ruddy stateliness to-day out of the acres, above quiet English lanes which come to its park gates, as it looks to-day so it looked on the June afternoon when a little girl pushed open the door from the hall and slipped out.

On a graveled walk along the terrace she turned and looked gravely up at her nurse. "Be careful, Miss Florence," spoke the nurse. "Remember you're to drive with your mamma in

a few minutes and don't get rumpled or dirty, mind. I must run upstairs and fetch your mamma's bayadere while she's speaking to Cook. Will you be good if I leave you?"

The little girl nodded.

"An independent little piece," murmured the nurse, smiling as she tripped away. The quaint childish shape stood on the ground in front of the long façade of the old Tudor house, a small figure gotten up in the elderly clothes of the young of the period. She was all pink and white, much like a large flower culled from the garden and set to brighten the stern brick and mortar; a pink and white coal-scuttle bonnet covered the brown little head, and a point of thick hair in front came down on a broad forehead, a noticeable forehead for a child. The underskirt of her dress was pink, and not too long to show pantalettes below, and, below those, sweet little square-toed slippers, low-heeled, made of soft kid, cross-strapped over white stockings. Bodice and top skirt were white, but the leg-o'-mutton sleeves and deep ruffled collar were pink and there were frills and insertions in plenty; very French and *habillée* the little maid looked, to go driving with her beautiful mamma.

There she stood, a rose of a child, growing out of the wide gravel which bordered, and borders to-day, the velvet, vast lawn of Embley. She

gazed—it was rather a solemn little girl—at the June radiance of greens and flowers and roses, at the stone urns where the terrace dropped down through steps to a lower level. The gray eyes turned to an enormous pine whose flat branches stretched out and out, over the walk which led, and leads still, to rhododendron thickets. The child stood dreaming. Beyond that wonderful tree, a tent of the forest to her eyes, lay the wall of the kitchen garden, an interesting country; over there were the glass houses with their trays of seedlings; over there were apricots and peaches growing flat against mellow brick of a fifteen-foot wall. One could not see all that, of course, because of the big pine tree and of other trees. But the child knew it was there, and she wanted extremely to go to it. There were animals there: the gardener's dog, and a calf, and beyond the walled garden a family of kittens; nine new kittens, nurse had told her, old Black-Eye's babies. She would like extremely to go and see those kittens. She did not care much to drive with Mamma. Kittens—they squirmed and nipped each other; that was interesting. However. . . She sighed, and looked at her decorative clothes; she had promised Nurse.

With that, out of the sweet stillness rose a long mournful miaow. The little figure was instantly alert; then out from the shadow of the great pine

dragged a pathetic blot on the scene, a forlorn cat, injured, pulling itself, three-legged, toward the house. Clothes and promise went by the board, forgotten; the child sped across the grass.

"Oh, kitty, my Black-Eye, you're hurted. Oh, you're hurted!" She was kneeling on the grass, tenderly moving furry legs with stumbling fingers. "Oh—oh! That one hurts. Oh, my kitty!" She had the dirty beast in her arms now and was hurrying back over the grass; her white and pink dress was already stained with mud and gore.

And who should meet her but Nurse, as she and the cat came to the hall door. "Miss Florence, your mamma is waiting. The carriage——"

In the pause the child was aware of the pounding of horses' feet on the drive at the other side of the house; then she heard Nurse's horrified voice.

"Miss Florence, drop that nasty beast, you naughty child. You've gone and ruined your pretty new dress; you're not fit——"

The child hugged the cat; a determined little face regarded Nurse. "I won't drop her, Nurse. It's my Black-Eye cat, and somebody's hurt her hand awfly. I've got to help her."

Suddenly, reënforcements: a tall man. The child fled to him. "Father! I've got to help my kitty."

It was a figure of elegance to which the little girl was clinging, the lord of the manor, in no casual costume of knickers and plaided wool stockings, as might be to-day, but looking every inch the master in a high beaver hat with brim curled out at the sides, in a white stock full and tall, in dark waistcoat and light, tight trousers and a rich brown coat with velvet rolling collar, the skirt cut with a stately flare. A gentleman very much of the mode, Mr. William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park in Hampshire.

"Tell Mrs. Nightingale that Miss Florence cannot drive with her to-day," was the terse order of the master of Embley; his arm was around his little girl, and, sobbing a little, she told him the situation. Then the two together, the father who never at any time failed her and the little girl due to help so many hurt creatures, worked over the dirty sufferer and saved it to be once again a competent cat, ancestor of many more kittens.

That scene, not historic, not authenticated, was yet such as one knows must have occurred all along the young years of that child of Embley and of Lea Hurst, the sort of thing which must have happened often in Florence Nightingale's childhood.

Her sister's dolls and her own were chronically in ill health, it is told, so that young Florence

might put them to bed and nurse them, and bandage burns and set china legs and arms. A little later not a cow or a dog was in trouble in the neighborhood but the young lady up at Embley was sent for. The cottagers, too, were of her clientele; she dashed about green country lanes on her pony, carrying broths and jellies. These from her mother, for kindness was her inheritance; Mrs. Nightingale was Lady Bountiful, and something of a doctor, too, all around Lea Hurst and Embley. It was in the daughter's blood to do for "those in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity."

But the child had ideas beyond the mother; she took flowers from the gardens and woods to the cottage shut-ins, and that was a thing which the most advanced had not yet considered a therapeutic measure, as it is, almost if not quite, to-day. The child loved flowers; each sister had her own garden; Florence went into the woods with a trowel and dug up wild things to transplant into hers, and there still exists a manuscript catalogue of her collection, in stiff young writing, describing each plant. There was time to write catalogues, to linger over work and pleasure in those days; children were not hunted from dancing class to dentist to music lesson to birthday party, then. They seemed to be as joyous and to learn as much, and yet to keep the gen-

tling possession of leisure. These Nightingale children had many interests: gardening, writing, philanthropy, pets, and such an education as few girls got in those days or could in these. Speaking French, German, and Italian fluently, reading Greek and Latin at sixteen—that is a standard which most mothers would hesitate to set for their progeny. Frances Parthenope, the sister, older by a year, never distinguished, always beautiful, sweet, and intelligent, must have been quite a person away from the shadow of the great person, her younger sister. The two studied and played together, and apparently "Parthe," as the family called her when they did not call her "Pop," held up her end efficiently. Parthe was a quicker scholar at Greek than Florence.

The two blooming young things, deep in the country, seem to have accomplished about forty years' work of learning in their first eighteen. They studied Roman, German, Italian, and Turkish history, and Florence, at least, took notes and analyzed much of this solid groundwork. She analyzed a *Philosophy of the Human Mind*—many of us at sixteen or sixty have not heard of it. Between such titanic intellectual games she scampered about on her pony or transplanted wild flowers. She walked the long sweeping path through the rhododendrons at

Embley—still there—and played with her animals; she had a pig and a donkey and a pony, and always dogs, and the squirrels were special friends. There exists a letter written at ten by the child when she was visiting:

"There is a hole through the wall close to my door which communicates with the bathroom, which is next the room where Freddy sleeps [Freddy was a cousin] and he talks to me by there." Who does not remember from childhood some such irregular arrangement which made life an adventure? "Tell her [Clemence, the maid] if you please that I have washed myself all over and feet in warm water since I came every night. . . . My love to all of them except Miss W—— [Miss W. evidently was not a favored person.] Dear Pop, I think of you, pray let us love one another more than we have done. Mamma wishes it and it is the will of God and it will comfort us in our trials through life. Goodbye."

Even a Florence Nightingale at the age of ten was, likely, using words and not thoughts in that last sentence or so. One detects a savoring of fine, long phrases. Likely she had heard something to that effect in church and exulted at getting it off to sister. But the sister-love did comfort them both, later, in trials. It was a religious young soul from babyhood.

It seems fitting now to give some details as to the birth and belongings of the little person who stepped into these pages clad in pink and white and hugging a battered cat.

In 1815 there was a young English gentleman of position and possessions called William Edward Shore, who dropped the old Derbyshire surname of the Shores of Tapton and became William Edward Nightingale. He did this, as it is done not seldom in England, because of inheriting property. The property was from a great uncle, Peter Nightingale of Lea, also in Derbyshire. The young man married a beautiful woman, Frances Smith, child of William Smith, of Parndon Hall, Essex. William Smith had eleven offspring, and all but one held up his hands so competently that at eighty he was giving thanks in writing that he had "no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness," and that ten of his progeny were about him. One was cut short at sixty-nine, but the lovely Frances lived to be ninety-two and handed down longevity to her daughters. She was a bit older than young William Edward Nightingale, her husband, when the two, just married, went off on a long wedding trip to the Continent, then an undertaking more complex than sailing on the *Ile de France* to Havre to-day. Young Nightingale loved travel and his "beautiful Fanny" appar-

ently did also, for they stayed away two or three years. When they came home to England in 1821 they brought two baby girls, both born in Italy and each named after the city where she joined the Nightingale family. The older was called Parthenope, poor baby, because it was the ancient Greek name of Naples; Frances was prefixed, from the beautiful mother, but by Parthenope she was known. The younger sister was luckier: she happened into history in Florence.

So these four youngsters, big and little, came back to England. One cannot go amiss in fishing up from the darkness of minor history a spring morning of the year 1821, and the breakfast room at Parndon Hall where the Nightingales, just returned from the "tour," would be visiting Mrs. Nightingale's mother and father and nine or so brothers and sisters. A large breakfast table would be set in a large paneled room; on the loaded damask would be much food, far more than on breakfast tables of to-day. Bacon and eggs, likely stewed kidneys and toast, and perhaps chops and sausages and game and other heavy eatables. Not coffee; it would be tea in England then as it is mostly now, unless the young Nightingales fresh from the Continent were pampered with chocolate. A huge glittering tea service would reflect light from an open fire, for April in England is chilly, and in those

days "central heating" was not. The squire, that healthy William Smith, who could not, at eighty, remember a bodily pain, a tall, stout, ruddy person, sound of mind and limb, autocratic but kind, much to be considered, beamed from the head of his table at the new arrivals lately back from perils of land and water; he beamed like the sun at a smart French nurse in the door leading little Frances Parthenope and carrying baby Florence, one year old. Parthe, lovable and friendly, ran to the big man and seized his arms with rose-leaf fists, and he, breakfast being over, caught her up, laughing deep man's laughter, and placed her on his knee and bulwarked her with a great arm.

"There we are, miss! and whoever says you're not the sweetest morsel in England will have Smith of Parndon to fight."

"Here's another just as sweet, just as sweet," sang beautiful Fanny, seizing her baby from the nurse. "And Father won't fight me for saying it either, will he, my gray eyes?" She flew across the room and settled a fat, warm little body on the other big knee. The lump of a small thing wriggled about, and huge gray eyes stared unafraid straight into the man's eyes.

"Well, little woman—and what do you make of me?" inquired the rich voice. "A student she will be, this one," he went on. "She's studying

me, the solemn rascal. Look out for this baby, Fanny; she'll develop into something notable; there's a brain back of those eyes, mark my words. There's nothing in the fact that she's a female to prevent it, by my idea," added the advanced thinker, William Smith, stout knight of freedom of thought, champion of the down-trodden, Whig and liberal, Abolitionist and humanitarian. He glowered tenderly at the atom in his arm, little knowing how good a prophet he was.

The boy father smiled, watching the picture, and suddenly the older man turned to him sharply. "And where are you going to store these valuables, young man?" he asked. "We'll miss you sadly when you go, but you need your own house and lands, you and Fanny. You need a place in your own countryside, and to take up responsibilities. You have been playing in foreign parts some time now."

"I realize it, sir," agreed the young man, "and I'm anxious to settle down in a home of our own; so is Fanny. We have turned the question over, as you know, and last night we came to a decision in which we hope you will concur. We believe our best start in life will be at old Lea Hall."

"Your uncle's place in Derbyshire," considered William Smith, and the women, nurse and mother, at that point lifted the two babies from

his knees. "I've been there, you know," Smith went on. "It's a good place. In the hills, above the Derwent. Agreeable country; the elder bushes grow amazingly tall in those parts; a fine show of white bloom. The hall is limestone of Derbyshire, a landmark sitting high above the country. The old squire, Peter, lived in good style in that stone house. A bit of a roysterer—however, not worse than his friends—it was no more than gentlemanly then. And he had acres—and you can add to them. It is right that his heir should live on his acres. The hall isn't large, but, damme, man, if you outgrow it you can build another; you have the land and the money, what's to prevent you?"

It was what they did. Five years the young family lived at old gray Lea Hall, and when Florence was six they moved into bigger and more beautiful Lea Hurst. Lea Hurst, rebuilt by William Shore Nightingale, is Elizabethan, mellow and vine-covered and lovely, and stands on a lofty plateau over the deep valley where the "Darent" as the natives call it—the Derwent River—makes hoarse music through red and purple rocks. Years and years after the time when two little girls first heard that voice of sweet hoarseness the Lady-in-Chief at Scutari halted her work a moment on a stormy night, when the wind fretted the Straits of the Dar-

danelles: "How I like to hear that ceaseless roar," she said. "It puts me in mind of the dear Derwent; how often I have listened to it from the nursery window."

So these prosperous Nightingale people settled into the new home. And then: "The difficulty is," wrote Mr. Nightingale to his wife, "where is the county that is habitable for twelve successive months?" They loved Derbyshire and the new, beautiful house, but they did not enjoy it in winter. It was bare and wind-swept; for heat they had open fires alone, and open fires of a January night when great winds swept about the rocks were inadequate; the Nightingales, being able to afford what they wanted, wanted another home for cold weather. Lea Hurst in July, August, September, and October; for colder seasons "about two thousand acres and a house in some . . . county where sporting and scenery . . . then all would be well."

So the young master of Lea Hurst spent part of his time managing that, and part in looking for estate number two. "Embley Park in the parish of Wellow, near Romsey," came into his hands in 1825. Its two thousand acres lie on the edge of the New Forest and its woods and gardens are rich with sun and moisture; it has old oaks and beeches and thickets of laurel and rhododendrons; it has a large lawn and many more

flowers than breezy Derbyshire, and there was then and is to-day a long shadowy walk shut in under great trees by masses of rhododendrons. The master of Embley of to-day, Mr. Crossfield, cares for each bit of it like a lover, and the old rhododendron road, a mile long or more, is a miracle of loveliness. He brings rhododendron seeds from the Himalayas and sets the rare glories in the shade of the tall old bushes of commoner sorts, which Florence Nightingale knew. Yellow and lavender primroses bloom wild in the woods there in March; this writer saw them so blooming. The place is full of traditions, treasured religiously, of the girl who grew up at Embley, who grew famous and then grew old, always loving it. When she was a gray old woman in London, seldom leaving her invalid's room in South Street, she drove sometimes in Hyde Park in rhododendron time, to remind her of Embley.

Such was the setting of the small sprig due to develop into a tree to shelter and heal thousands; due to sow a forest of help for humanity. So the sprig, budding in Italy, throve sturdily when transplanted to Lea Hurst, and every year in that bright place, and in stately Embley, the little maid—a normal little maid, yet with something from babyhood in her personality that was more than normal—"grew in wisdom and judgment and in favor with God and man."

CHAPTER II

A Very Young Vet

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie—
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.

* * *

When the body that lived at your single will,
With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still!),
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear.

—Rudyard Kipling.

"How will they pairt with her? What'll they do without her? They set all their hopes on she."

A wounded soldier said that in the Crimea when they talked of sending home the Lady-in-Chief after her illness. The soldiers knew how to talk to "she" and were at home with her, because, twenty-five years before, the little girl of seven or eight, up in Derbyshire and down at Embley, had flown in and out of cottages with broth and jelly for sick wives and for sick selves. She had come to know their ways of thought, their limitations, their superstitions. Embley Park was many broad acres; great houses were miles apart; the near neighbors were mostly

cottagers, like these soldiers. Young Florence was well used to simple people. And that, for one reason, is why English soldiers adored her; she understood them. There is one tale told in whatever history of Florence Nightingale one may lay hands on: a tradition of her youth. It is pleasant to tell again, though for the thousandth time, the tale of old Roger, the shepherd, and his dog, Cap.

The other day the present writer was in England and drove down to Hampshire. There was tea at Embley Park and a kindly master of the old place showed one about. As he stood at parting in the doorway through which Florence Nightingale had passed in and out many times, he called to us, climbing into the car:

"The stone cottage at the foot of the hill is where Roger, the shepherd, lived, with Cap, the dog, her first patient."

The car sped down the long Embley driveway, twisted into a valley, and there stood the picturesque cottage with its sheds, as they stood a hundred odd years ago on a day when the vicar of East Wellow Church, the Rev. Mr. Giffard, was riding with a little girl mounted on a pony. Our car whirled past; we caught a glimpse of a solid building and a farmyard set in Hampshire hills. But a story framed itself as we sped on down the narrow country lane. One seemed to

see ahead, at a turn of the crooked brown road, a fresh-colored young Englishman on a good horse —vicars are not rich people but Englishmen have good horses. One noted, as he turned his head, a white line of clerical collar, that collar visible a mile away. The ghostly cavalier, jogging down the lane, kept ahead, as ghosts may, of our big Daimler car; one had time to admire the pretty, slim girl, her hair a brown mane on her shoulders, by the cavalier's side. A good horsewoman, the tall child, sitting her sidesaddle loosely, holding the pony's reins with the ease of habit. She talked explosively, and the vicar smiled down from his big horse as if he wondered at her zest. On they rode, always ahead, though the Daimler was doing twenty-five an hour and one knew that a fat-legged pony would burst if it reached ten. However, they were ghost riders one followed, mounted on ghost beasts; mere humans, mere motors must conform. Consequently, when the fat, yet wiry, pony—was it Peggy, later invalided into luxurious old age? I think it was Peggy—when that Peggyesque pony was sharply pulled in, and the vicar halted the big horse, the car did not run them down. No, indeed. Instead, one heard, by white magic, a fresh voice.

"The sheep are scattered," spoke the young girl. "The shepherd can't collect them. I think it's old Roger Smithers, who lives at the foot of

our lane, you know. He can't collect them. Why, he hasn't his dog. Cap isn't here. Roger!" called the sweet voice, and the vicar thundered after it in bass notes, "Wherever's your dog, Roger?"

With that, horse and pony were abreast of a troubled old peasant, who turned and wiped a hand across a sweating forehead and shook his head.

"The boys will be throwing stones at Cap, sir," answered Roger, "and they've broke the poor dog's leg. I've got to put an end to my Cap," he finished forlornly.

"Oh, no—oh, no!" the girl cried out. "Oh, we must do something for Cap, Roger. Where is he?"

Roger pointed a knotted hand which shook. "In the shed. You can't do anything, missy. I'll take a cord to him to-night—'twill be the best way to ease his pain. 'Twas a wonderful dog, Cap. A good friend," added Roger forlornly. "These danged sheep does beat me," he murmured, harassed.

"We must do something for Cap. I know him. He's a very good dog," stated young Florence Nightingale, and searched the vicar's face; then she wheeled her pony and went galloping back down the lane, sitting her saddle like a young Cossack, mane of hair flying.

The big young Englishman in the clerical

collar turned and clattered after, scattering brown clods from the horse's feet. And our Daimler, contrary to Daimler ways, having backed into a hedge, was right-about-face, following. Or so it seemed. The parade came to the old stone cottage and in a second the horses were tied and all the world of us were inside the shed.

A lovely collie lay there, suffering as dogs do, silently. The furry head lifted as we came in and the brown, beautiful eyes, brilliant with pain, gazed up eagerly. Would they help him?—would they? This agony was so inexplicable; Cap didn't know what it meant. He had done nothing wrong that he could remember; he had been following his master to do his duty with rounding up the sheep, and the yelling, rushing boys had come down the road. Suddenly this dreadful thing, this misery, had been on him. Was it his fault? Cap wondered. Dogs seldom blame humans; they accept suffering and lick the cruel hand which deals it; dogs are noble people. The girl went down on her knees.

"Cap—dear Cap!" She stroked the furred head. "Oh, Mr. Giffard, *can't* we help him?"

The vicar knelt by her and ran his hand over the dog. He was more than a little a surgeon, that vicar. "It's this leg," he said. Cap was still, tense; only the great soft eyes burned as the

vicar laid him on his side and passed careful fingers along the hurt leg. Cap winced, sobbed sharply, for the pain was cruel, but he knew his friends. "It isn't broken," said the vicar. "I think good nursing will save him."

The child's heart jumped. Many a time that thrill of happiness was to be repeated as a soldier's eyes looked up at her dumbly in terrible Scutari; many a time it would be, instead, a throb of pain for one who could not be saved. But this time vicar and girl hot-compressed and bandaged Cap's leg hopefully, and the long and short of it was that when Roger Smithers crept back at night, a rope in his hand, and opened the shed door, Cap whined joyfully and tried to come to him.

"Little Missy" stood there radiant. "Throw away that rope, Roger; help me make compresses," she ordered. "Cap's going to get well."

And Roger was so glad that he only laughed when he saw that the compresses were being torn from his clean smock behind the door, reduced to strips now for Cap's benefit. "Mamma will give you a new one," announced the young princess.

All of which is likely a true story, for it is a legend often repeated, except that the mixture into it of Daimler and Americans is on the side of the fairies. The tale is typical of the training

which came to the English child growing up in the country among animals and peasants, taking her place beside her mother in responsibility. "Thousands of other squires' daughters have done the like," Sir Edward Cook says in his *Life* of this child, which is the one authoritative full history of her. But no other squire's daughter who ever lived had this one's vision and genius. No other squire's daughter ever brought to a sick world such a great dream of healing, such a power to accomplish her dream. Some of us believe in a personal God. He is probably not the large old man with a beard who occurred to the minds of our ancestors. Finite minds cannot tell what He is, and it is not necessary. But the understanding of this intricate universe would be more difficult to most without confidence in a vast fundamental intelligence working for good. With that belief, one grips to a trust that somehow the incredible wrongs will be made right; one senses, through the twists, an ordering of earth's affairs and sees a hand steering history. One cannot doubt, so believing, that Florence Nightingale's urge to her work, her constant awareness of it as her work, her background and upbringing, were threads of her days woven into one cable by a power who wanted such a rope to pull humanity. She wrote, later, that at six years she was conscious of a "call" to some mission wait-

ing for her; "self-dedication to the service of God," her biographer, Cook, puts it. "Fanny Allen," who knew her from babyhood, wrote this: "When I look back on every time I saw her after her sixteenth year, I see that she was ripening constantly, and that her mind was dwelling on the painful differences of man and man . . . and on the traps that a luxurious life laid for the affluent. . . . Now, as I remember it, it was the Divine Spirit breathing in her."

So she marched along a flowery path, growing in body and mind; living in laughter and love and play and work as other little English girls grow and live; learning to keep house and be useful to animals and to peasants, as other squires' daughters learned; building up intellect and judgment and character in a way few have done. And always with a message from beyond in her ears; always hearing that trumpet summoning; always following a star.

CHAPTER III

Bugles Calling

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of roaming;
All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he knows,
But wherever his feet are set his soul is forever homing,
And going he comes, and coming he heareth a call and goes.
—Shaemus O'Sheel.

June in England. Embley Park in Hampshire. A tall girl, sweet with the sweetness, fresh with the freshness of English girls, a great garden, rhododendrons and azalias, roses, shadows sleeping on a lawn, and, inevitably, a tall boy strolling by the side of the girl.

"It is so beautiful in this world," the girl sighed, short of vocabulary, like most of us facing June and roses.

"Beautiful, indeed." The boy glanced at her face and included it.

"Exactly like Eden, or fairyland, or Il Paradiso Terrestre. Dante, you know. Twenty-fifth Canto, stanza 40 or something. You remember? Isn't it?" The girl was lately home from a long stay in Italy; she knew wickedly well that the tall boy had not read Dante. The boy nodded.

"Just so. Flo, your one drawback is that you know too much." And they laughed the easy

laughter of youth, and then she went on in the voice which was distinctively musical even in that land of soft voices.

"That's not troubling me. Do you know what will be the first thing I do when I get to heaven—and *you'd* better set about getting there directly—you're a very long way off at these presents. Do you know what I'll do first?"

"Who knows what you'll do ever, Flo, on earth or in heaven?" The boy answered her rather miserably. He hated her being always his superior, yet he loved it, too. "Nobody knows what you'll do, Flo."

"Well, I'll tell you. I expect to have the gift of language, and my first act will be to celebrate the pomps and beauties of this garden. Take it in: nightingales all around; that marvelous old pine—I so love that tree; blue sky above; long shadows and June smells—and oh, the rhododendrons! They're early this year, aren't they?"

"If you love it so, Flo, why won't you stay contentedly in it—and in other gardens like it? In my garden." The boy was lord of a domain. And he pleaded that day and other days with young Florence Nightingale of nineteen to share his lordship. Others pleaded also, then and later, till a time came when it was hard to resist one pleader.

But so far all such were play. The nineteen-

year-old girl had been having rather a wonderful social career in Italy and France. The Nightingales had taken letters to the great, and the great had been good to them. Grand dukes had been "exceedingly polite" to the two charming English girls; there had been court balls, there had been Italian opera with famous singers, and young Florence was "music-mad"—she wrote it so herself. She took lessons in her name city of Florence, and studied music under German and Italian masters in London later. In Paris the family had passed an entrancing winter. Florence was fascinated most by hospitals and nursing sisterhoods, to be sure, but she was only a girl and most human as well as most attractive, so she enjoyed to the full the social success that she was. This was no wallflower turning to good works for lack of good times. It was a gay and winning youngster who loved life; the call which had sounded in her ears from babyhood needed to be clear now, to be heard above such delightful earthly music.

Intimate friends of the whole Nightingale family were Monsieur and Madame Mohl. He was the famous orientalist, she one Mary Clarke, half Irish, half Scotch, almost entirely French—"a charming mixture," Ampère called her. She gathered "the most intellectual circle in Paris." She and her mother, for at that time she was

unmarried, had lived close to Madame Récamier and were with her constantly; she knew Chateaubriand and Cousin and Guizot and Tocqueville and Thiers and more. Thiers was one of her lovers; all of the distinguished in Paris came to her. It is told that Julius Mohl had to wait for her eighteen years and was still an ardent lover when he finally captured her. Into such a galaxy of stars Mary Clarke—not Madame Mohl till 1847—introduced the Nightingales, father and mother and two daughters. These girls were lovely to look at, marvelously educated, and had the graceful simplicity which this wicked world gives most surely. Young Florence was qualified to play a brilliant part. She had been shy, but Italy and the Riviera had dissolved that; she was not exactly beautiful, but distinguished, probably what now would be called "smart," and she was attractive to men, which is a quality by itself and not beauty or brains or goodness. She had read enormously, and she threw herself into varied interests with intensity. One may imagine the stately, finished savants of Paris amused and charmed with the *élan*, the fervor, of this English child of eighteen. She could talk well, she knew how to set forth her thoughts, and she had a naughty, sharp humor—sometimes too sharp; it cut under the guard of those clever Frenchmen; it shocked and delighted them. It

is not hard to fancy the gray eyes glowing and the roses of the girl's English color deepening—roses which bloomed till ninety—at the startled, admiring laughter of Thiers or Chateaubriand, of her ever warm friend, Julius Mohl. Names to conjure with, names of friends made by this girl before she was twenty. She was quite conscious of the temptation spread before her, "the desire to shine in society," as she puts it. She did shine; she felt her power and liked it, and knew the exhilaration of give and take with trained brains.

So the English boy, making love in her father's garden two months after she was home, did not at all unsettle the sophisticated young brain. Very little did. World music was sweet, and she turned an ear to listen; her heart danced to flattery, yet above that pleasant tune blew her trumpet call, summoning the light feet away from dancing. Not easily. It was at a great price that she bought her freedom and with it freedom for thousands upon thousands of women coming after. A happy home held her in bonds, a well-gilded cage. Everything was hers to enjoy if she would not break the gold bars. She loved gaiety and admiration, but bars irked her. Most girls of her period—not all—had an inherited belief that bars were part of being women; if gilded, so much the luckier the woman. Florence Nightingale did not take kindly to caging, though she

was highly interested in cage diversions. She gives, writing to clever Mary Clarke in Paris, side lights on the "poor little Queen" Victoria, who was about her own age. She describes the royal small terrier which Lord Melbourne called "a frightful little beast"; she tells about Lord Melbourne's snoring after dinner in the royal presence. Society certainly interested her; politics interested her; music thrilled her; the country, Embley and Lea Hurst, entranced her; and yet through it all was the call.

"Do you know," said Florence as she walked with an American friend—it was Elizabeth Blackwell—on the lawn in front of the drawing room at Embley, "what I always think when I look at that row of windows? I think how I should turn it into a hospital and just how I should place the beds."

The events which struggled to choke her lifelong summons were not, however, all gaiety. There were dull times. She did not take kindly to reading aloud to her father from a book called *Anna*, or *Passages in the Life of a Daughter at Home.* Contrast that title with a best seller of nowadays: *God and the Groceryman, Bad Girl.* Picture a very alive young woman reading the first aloud and knowing quite well it was meant as a sedative to wings beating against bars.

"To be read aloud to," commented the young

woman, "is the most miserable exercise of the human intellect. . . . It is like lying on one's back with one's hands tied and having liquid poured down one's throat." That depends. Florence Nightingale is not to be agreed with always. Here is a bit from her diary, and again we wonder how Victorians reeled off all the diaries and letters which they did.

"What is my business in the world and what have I done this last fortnight?" reads this bit of diary. "I have read the *Daughter at Home* to Father, and two chapters of Mackintosh; a volume of *Sybil* to Mamma. Learnt seven tunes by heart. Written various letters. Ridden with Papa. Paid eight visits. Done company. And that is all. . . . They don't know how weary this way of life is to me—this table d'hôte of people. When I want *Erfrischung* I read a little of the *Jahresberichte über die Diakonissen-Anstalt* in Kaiserswerth. There is my home. There are my brothers and sisters all at work. There my heart is, and there I trust will one day be my body, whether in this state or in the next, in Germany or in England, I don't care." The extensive German name was the Fliedner Nursing School Annual Report which Baron Bunsen had sent her.

Across and among obstacles thrown persistently by her family, her social position, her aptitude

for friendship, her apparent duties, the girl zigzagged in a devious path, yet faced always to her destiny. She loved her people devotedly; because of that affection she read aloud the *Daughter at Home*, which sounds peculiarly awful to modern ears. Because of that affection she conceded and compromised and followed the beaten path many years. The path meant county society in Derbyshire and Hampshire, meant visits in great houses and intimacies with brilliant people and London seasons and admiration and a marked place of her own in such doings. Always her quick sense of humor played through these functions. There was a dull evening among the great. Florence Nightingale writes: "After dinner they all stood at ease about the drawing room and behaved like so many soldiers on parade. The Queen did her very best to enliven the gloom, but was at last overpowered by numbers, gagged, and her hands tied. The only amusement was seeing Albert taught to miss at billiards."

Julia Ward Howe visited the Nightingales at Embley—it was 1844 and Florence was twenty-four years old. Mrs. Howe says a word about the girl's appearance. She "was rather elegant than beautiful." "Elegant" would likely be "smart" nowadays. "She was tall and graceful of figure, her countenance mobile and expressive." Mrs. Gaskell, the writer, says more: "She is tall,

very straight and willowy in figure; thick and shortish brown hair, very delicate complexion; gray eyes which are generally pensive . . . but can be the merriest eyes; and perfect teeth, making her smile the sweetest I ever saw."

She certainly had a way with her; at a dinner she sat between two mighty men of letters, one Sir Henry de la Beche, pioneer of the geological map of England, and one Warrenton Smythe, who was strong in Egyptian inscriptions. The girl drew out Sir Henry on geology and charmed him by the boldness and breadth of her views. She incidentally proceeded into Latin and Greek, and then the geologist had to retreat. She was also fresh from Egypt and began talking with Warrenton Smythe about the inscriptions, where he thought he could do pretty well; but when she quoted Lepsius, which she had studied in the original, he was in the same position as Sir Henry. When the ladies left, Sir Henry said to Smythe: "'A capital young lady that, if she hadn't floored me with her Latin and Greek.'"

"I have been dowagering out with Papa," Florence wrote Mary Clarke. "In the big coach to a formal dinner party where . . . Mr. Gerard Noël and I were very thick." Does not the girl talk like an American girl? Her Americanism of type strikes one all along. The young Victorian female should by rights have said: "I accom-

panied my father to a formal dinner party, proceeding there in the large family coach where I had an enjoyable conversation with Mr. Gerard Noël and we became on friendly terms." Instead, "very thick."

Some people talk Victorian to this date; Florence Nightingale did not, at her date. It is evident she had the social gift. Wheatstone, "a man of marvelous ingenuity," an inventor, was amusing a house party at Embley one evening. One sees a large English drawing room, the women sitting about bored and resigned, the men straggling in from their after-dinner hour over the wine. Then Wheatstone, the live wire, suggests tricks, something to wake people up, make them laugh, use their brains. He goes about and peers into the faces.

"You," he says importantly to a gray-eyed, clear-eyed girl who had been most bored of all. "You come with me, and we'll make these people use their wits."

Wheatstone later told Sir Roderick Murchison, who gives the little tale in his diary, that "if I had no other means of living, I could go about to fairs with her and pick up a good deal of money."

She caught at the real people, at the brains which came her way, and joyfully answered them in their own language, whatever that happened to be. But in between the clever people

was wearying routine. Listening to Father going through the *Times*—for Father liked to read a paper aloud of mornings; reading books to him—for Father also liked to be read to; learning tunes on the piano by heart; "dowagering" to dinners with Father; watching the clock till it was at ten, when she might escape to her room.

"My God, what is to become of me?" "O weary days, O evenings that seem never to end! For how many long years I have watched that drawing-room clock and thought it would never reach the ten! and for twenty or thirty more to do this!" The deep dissatisfaction in her would not let her rest. She was a student, but she needed an object. "Piling up miscellaneous instruction for one's self," she writes, "the most unsatisfactory of all pursuits." The desire of true usefulness was never quiet, and through all her days the devious bright thread zigzagged, always persistent, pulling like a giant magnet.

They sent her to Rome with the attractive Bracebridges as playmates, and she turned away, among pictures and pleasant people—yet she adored pictures and people—and went into retreat in a convent. It was the convent of that lovely Trinità dei Monti, the white church at the top of the steps in mid-Rome where the flower booths on the steps splash eternal color. She tried to find here the secret of inspiring de-

votion, of making women ready to sacrifice everything for a cause. Dimly in the back of her brain her cause was formulating. She found delight in Rome; much play and much study; firewood for the flame she was to be. She found Sidney Herbert and his lovely new wife there, too, and theirs became later the finest and strongest friendship of her life.

She went back to England in 1848, and faced a vital decision. For she loved the man. It was not a love which swept her away; Florence Nightingale had uncommonly steady footing. It was not a love which made her deaf to that insistent call of her unknown vocation. Such an influence as that call to a vocation cannot be translated into words, but there must have been an influence stronger than her personality, for she really did, it seems, love the man. She was twenty-eight then and the family wished her to marry; Heaven knew what sort of hot water she might not get them into otherwise. The man was highly desirable and a charming person. And she loved him—which was not what had occurred with other desirable and charming men. What possessed the girl? wondered the harassed family. What was she waiting for? And Florence could not answer. But there was something—she knew that well—and she must be ready. The far note blew, stirring her soul; the bright thread drew

her; she must follow; through ice and flame she must follow or lose the way. The man understood partly.

"Come for a walk in the wood-road," he said; he must have said it or something like it; one is safe in asserting that he said it one day. "Let me get your hat; it's warm, though October; the squirrels will be out." He knew she liked playing with the squirrels.

She was aware what would happen in the wood-road, and that she must struggle against him and herself. But—it was heavenly bright weather, and he stood there, the very image of her very ideal of what a man should be: a tall, lean, muscular Englishman—probably—with a look of pain plus hope deep in his gray eyes. Something ached inside of her. The voice of him, the deep voice which commanded so easily, which for her was pleading, the voice with its scholarly inflections and its indescribable personal shadings, so sweet and dear—who was she to have that beloved voice break in asking her to go for a walk in the wood-road? At least she need not refuse this small thing, she who would not willingly refuse him anything. The broad-brimmed leghorn was on her head, and she saw in the man's eyes a look which stirred and shook her as he watched her tie the ribbons under the pointed chin. She knew, by that stirring

in her own blood, how sweet the delicate chin and the fresh cheeks seemed to him. They strolled across the lawn and down the stone steps at Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, and away into the woods. Florence tossed nuts, with which she had filled her pockets, ahead of her and laughed to see the squirrels, her friends, scamper down and snatch them and sit on their haunches in the road, fearless, bright-eyed things, while they ate greedily, blinking glittering glances. The man laughed, too, but it was at the girl he looked, not at the flashes of brown fur; as she stood slim, absorbed in the squirrels, he took a step and had her in his arms.

"Florence, my darling——"

He whispered such things into her hair; the leghorn hat was badly out of place. And for a second she relaxed in the big grasp. How strong his arms were, how safe! How sweet! She turned her face against the rough coat—what a heavenly, soul-moving smell, tweed! The earth stopped rolling and eternity focused. Then down a far reach of time a note sounded, a note she knew. Something caught her, drew her out of his clinging arms.

"I can't—oh, I can't," she cried out, and sprang free. "You know I can't, John." Was his name John? "I'm not my own."

"You're mine," he asserted roughly.

"I'm not. Oh—I wish—I was!"

At that he tried to catch her in his arms again, but she slipped away. And, standing in the wood-road with misty October sunshine about them through shifting leaves, they went over the whole question again as lovers do, sad lovers most of all. For she was sad, as well as he, because of that steel barrier within her which could not bend to his will or her own. Could not. Probably literally *could* not. Having made and shaped the tool for its use, high heaven had seen to it that the steel of the tool was stronger than man's will or woman's. Against her heart, against the impetuous sweet push of his desire the steel held. Over and over the question they went, and her arguments, in his eyes of a lover, seemed foolishness; yet he could not overturn them.

"I can't, John. I literally can't." And "I am not my own. I belong to the work I have to do." And "Oh, I do love you, dear. I wish—how I wish I might do as other girls, and let you have your way. And my way."

Such words, not recorded anywhere, one is sure enough young Florence Nightingale spoke to the man she loved. And at the last they left the scampering squirrels unnoticed and came home slowly, despair in their hearts.

But the tool which had been modeled and hammered and polished for twenty-eight years

to serve a great purpose was tempered yet further by such a fire of renunciation. Greatness was before her; she did not know or care about that; she cared about service.

Plenty of people were at hand for inspiration. Guizot came to London in 1848 and wrote someone that she was "a brave and sympathetic soul." Sir Joshua Jebb was Surveyor General of Prisons, and that was fascinating to Florence Nightingale. Dr. Dawes, Dean of Hereford, was an educational reformer. Dr. Fowler of Salisbury had anticipated modern open-air treatment for consumption; Richard Monckton Milnes was a broad-minded thinker. It needs small imagination to visualize the great young personality camouflaged as a society woman, eagerly exchanging ideas with such visitors at Embley Hall. Yet many a time, one believes, the human girl who lived in the slim body alongside that great personality would, in the night, see a man's deep, kind eyes which pulsed with pain and hear the voice she still loved pleading, pleading. Her inner religious life was intense and full; we know that from letters kept. The inner life of her heart was not recorded; too personal, too tender that, likely; but it is reasonable to believe that it was not less intense or less full. When she turned from the age-old road of woman's happiness, from life with a beloved

man, from a home and children, she turned into the way of the cross. She made it a way of such service as has never been excelled, but, through all the years she climbed her unmitigated precipice, there is not one sign that her own happiness was ever considered. She had made her choice; she had left happiness at the spot in the woods where squirrels flashed and October sun shone dreamily. This one love affair is, so far as can be guessed now, the only time she wavered; from that on her life was absolutely altruistic.

Lytton Strachey's essay on Florence Nightingale shows in her a quick, often violent temper, an unreasoning positiveness of conviction, a stubborn lack of reaction to others' ideas. Those faults were partly there. Nothing human is faultless. Most intense characters have quick tempers, most firm personalities hold hard to their convictions; it is also very British to resist innovation. A rushing stream cuts a deep and narrow channel; the stream of this life plunged forward with such a force that it swept away hundreds of aged abuses and washed governments and hospitals clean of horrible old customs. Such a river has the defects of its qualities; it does not reach out to side issues. Florence Nightingale, later in life, was to go on record as obstinately set at times against plain reason. When the doctors of the hospitals in India objected to her

law of having the windows open in army hospitals and pointed out that all the scorching heat of the hot land would come in, she could not be made to see it. The English climate apparently was to her mind universal. She had stood for open windows in England. Because a country called itself India and was perhaps warmer—pooh! She had more or less invented fresh air; it had been a huge success, brought health to hundreds. She was never convinced of a difference between English and Indian air; germs were a joke to her mind: "I never saw a germ." There is no question that she was hot-tempered, positive, obstinate. And then what?

Florence Nightingale. The name is fading, the result of the life increases; it was probably as fruitful a life as was ever lived on earth but once. From the first it was a dedicated one; the surrender of the man she loved, of all thought of a normal, happy home probably sealed the dedication. In her diary of 1850 she wrote: "I am thirty, the age at which Christ began His mission. Now no more childish things, no more vain things, no more love, no more marriage. Now, Lord, let me think only of Thy will." With a throb of sympathy one feels in the words the ache of that old renunciation.

Over against the common conception of Florence Nightingale as a superhuman, blood-

less, untempted saint one may set the alluring surroundings through which the young girl struggled to her freedom. In between London and country house parties she was studying anatomy and visiting hospitals. She stage-managed a performance of the *Merchant of Venice* at Waverley Abbey, her aunt's house; she was one of a fancy-dress ball there; she sang with a gay group of cousins, picnicked with them, danced. At Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, and Embley Park in Hampshire, Mrs. Nightingale had house parties constantly. Florence wrote that Embley could receive at one time "five able-bodied married females and their husbands." She went to London in the season, was presented at Court, met great people. Her letters were as vivid as a bachelor maid's of to-day. "She had a raspberry tart of diamonds upon her forehead worth seeing," said Florence of one mighty dame. She traveled—Italy, Germany, France, a winter in Egypt. All interests, all pleasures of money and position besieged her, and it was because, as much as in spite of, her worldly wisdom and her human charm that she controlled the influence and power on which floated like a great ship her work for humanity.

CHAPTER IV

Sairey Gamps and Sister Phœbes

. . . de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
He lets down de bars ob de sheepfol',
Callin' soft, "Come in. Come in."
Callin' soft, "Come in. Come in."

* * *

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain an' win'

* * *

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
—Sarah Pratt McLean Green.

Most of us have read in Dickens about Nurse Sairey Gamp, who took a drink "when she was so dispoged." Not all of us know that less than a half century ago Sairey Gamp, the drunken, the ignorant, the immoral, was real and was multiple. Around 1870, in Bellevue Hospital, New York, there were plenty of her.

"Fifty years ago," says an eminent physician who personally knows, "some of the nursing in Bellevue Hospital, for instance, was done by drunken prostitutes, who in the notorious Five Points Police Court were given the option of

going to prison or to hospital service. . . . They were often found in sleep under the beds of their dead patients whose liquor they had stolen."

A bad kettle of fish that seems to us, who trust our lives unhesitatingly to the comfort and service of hospitals. Few of us know another fact, that back, and far back of Sairey Gamp's evil time—two thousand years back of our white-capped young women of to-day—there were nurses of high character, of devotion and skill. As far back as early Christianity good women took this for their part of the Lord's work. It is a long history, that of the vocation—since Florence Nightingale, the profession of nursing. The first nurse mentioned, probably, in history is the "Sister Phœbe" of St. Paul. He sent a letter to the Christians, but they were called Nazarenes then in Rome. In it he asked them to receive Phœbe "as becometh saints," because of her service in Cenchrea where "she had been a succorer of many and of myself also." At times St. Paul needed nursing badly, that battered and suffering old hero.

If his Greek were translated better we should realize that he actually referred to Phœbe as a visiting nurse, for the word given in English as "succorer" carries that meaning. She went about the slums of Athens and of its seaport, the Piræus, and Athens must then have had

slums as bad as, or worse than, they are to-day. The uniformed, up-to-date girls who graduate of a June morning every year, from schools all over the land, have that brave, antique figure, misty now with nineteen hundred dusty years, as their prototype and pioneer. There was, there must have been a day in beautiful, dissipated old Athens when a small woman—a Phœbe must be small—sped in her voluminous woman's dress through Greek streets, glancing up at the Acropolis, towering; up at the Aeropagus, where once Socrates stood, where St. Paul stood just the other day and made his speech to the "Men of Athens" about that "unknown God," whom he knew. Little Phœbe, the district nurse, merely glanced at the great stone loveliness above her, and sped along. There was a dying sailor in a mean lodging down in the slums, and he was, as she was, a Nazarene. An evil-looking man spat at her as she slipped into the rotten house, and another murmured threats and a vile word. St. Paul and his followers were not popular in Athens.

She found the Jew boy from Lystra lying in dirt and neglect, and she did for him as consecrated nurses have done ever since: she washed him and bound his cuts and made his bed and gave him a cool drink and told him—and he listened eagerly—of that figure of just a few

years ago, that other young Jew whom they had executed in Jerusalem, Who was, she and he believed, Christ, the Lord.

"And He didn't have a place to sleep in, you say?" whispered the boy. "Like me."

"No," answered Sister Phœbe. "I heard Him say one day that the foxes had holes, and the birds had nests, but He hadn't where to lay His head. And it was true." She nodded.

The rough lad sighed. "Poorer than I am." He was silent a moment. "They say He cared about low fellows like me—toughs—who never had a chance?"

"I think He cares most for those who need Him most," Phœbe said softly. "Now, dear boy, you must go to sleep, and I must see a child who is ill. I'll come back this afternoon." The sailor smiled up at her and closed his eyes, smiling.

As she went out her heart was singing, and she spoke to herself words of that Carpenter whom the Jews had killed: "'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Something like that was the first nursing on this very old earth, and it was not done till Christianity opened the eyes of men and the doors of hearts. One gathers that in its beginning it was a branch of the work of that new sect of

the Jews, the Nazarenes. There was Phœbe; there were others; probably at first only those women who had traveled with the Christos about Palestine; later those who worked with Saul of Tarsus, the lonely, titanic figure, whom so many loved to self-forgetfulness. And as the obscure religion grew there were more women consecrating their lives to the new work of helping the helpless. It was an office—that of deaconess—in the early church; it would not have been possible for Phœbe, for a woman, to go about Athens and its seaport, for instance, without official stamp.

The years slipped by, and little Christian Phœbe rested with her heathen fathers, and, behold, her immediate successors were numbered by hundreds, perhaps by thousands. In the Fourth Century there were forty parish nurses in Constantinople alone; St. Chrysostom tells us that. What is now the Mosque of St. Sophia was in 600 A.D. dedicated by the Patriarch of Constantinople as the Church of the Deaconesses. With that, the Dark Ages loomed, sinister, and fogged history and civilization, but even through that cloud enough instances are preserved to "establish the continuity of nursing as a distinct function of the Church." It was a religious job, then and later, exactly as the medical profession was a religious job, and an

inseparable function of priests through centuries, until separated a thousand years ago. Which separation seemed probably an immoral innovation to the superstitious masses who were then "the people." The nursing affair was not amputated, but went along, a Church function always, and in the Sixteenth Century it had a revival. In the next hundred years great Catholic sisterhoods were founded and "from these religious orders the modern profession of nursing is directly derived." So that all the altruism, all the unselfish service which is given to-day by nurses is owing—yes, you young, white-capped modernists—your loving-kindness toward your patients is all traceable to the momentum of Christianity swaying the world when were organized the Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, the Ursuline Sisters, the Sisters of St. Carl Boromaiis, and the Protestant sisterhoods also. Whether you know it or not, your profession is, in origin, and for centuries was in practice, a religious manifestation. After the medieval sisterhood foundations came the Reformation, and then sprang Protestant sisterhoods. There is an old "Confession of Faith" of a Mennonite congregation in Holland, in 1632, in which they catalogue the duties of a parish nurse, with directions which would serve to-day. Also our Pilgrim Fathers, before they set out for the

"stern and rock-bound coast" of New England, stopped awhile in Amsterdam and had there a deaconess nurse.

So through the ages we follow a trail; a trail faint at times, yet never failing; a trail from Sister Phœbe of Athens in the year 40 or thereabouts, on to many thousands of highly trained girls of this year 1929; a trail of women's feet, walking the way of the suffering.

It came to be near the middle of the Nineteenth Century; the Continent had its sisters of charity who nursed not as a calling in itself, but as a branch of religion; in England things were bad. Nurses "all drunkards without exception; but two nurses whom the surgeon can trust to give the patients their medicines"—such is a doctor's account of a London hospital. In a letter to her father, Miss Nightingale writes that the head nurse in a London hospital told her that "in the course of her large experience she had never known a nurse who was not drunken, and that there was immoral conduct practised in the very wards, of which she gave me awful examples." The immorality is denied by some hospitals, so that it is plain there were hospitals and hospitals, and no general indictment would hold. But as to drinking there is no doubt. Dickens, in the preface to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, speaks of Mrs. Gamp as the typical hired

nurse of the time for the poor, and the rich were no better off. Even in 1877, a probationer at St. Bartholomew's found that "drunkenness was common among the staff nurses who were chiefly of the charwoman type; frequently of bad character. . . . The worst women we had were those who used to come in to look after bad cases. . . . They were called 'night extras.' They were most dreadful persons." Unhappy "bad cases," at the mercy of "dreadful persons," through their suffering nights! Florence Nightingale's searchlight eyes saw the tragic side of these characterless nurses. Need of work; underpayment; deficient food and clothing; desire to save for the children; then one of two things: drink, to stimulate failing strength, or extortion of bribes from patients. "Mostly both." She said also, in clear and painstaking and slightly diffuse English, that "upon an average, all men and women, after a laborious day require a good night. . . . Now comes a thing I am very anxious about, the more anxious because it is important and because it is an innovation. I have watched the night duty with particularly anxious interest in each hospital I have entered . . . and of the following principle I am thoroughly certain." Odd, that the "principle" so carefully prefaced should be merely that a night nurse should have

food at night. But they didn't do it. "In one hospital," Miss Nightingale goes on, "there is a rule that no night nurse is to take refreshment during her watch, the intention being to keep her more vigilantly to her duty." Yet the head nurses knew that a human woman, "watching and fasting" from 9 P.M. to breakfast at 6 A.M., would soon be unfit; so that rule was quietly disregarded.

Toward such a world of drunkenness and immorality and misery did this daintily raised pilgrim steadfastly set her steps. That her family opposed her tooth and nail is not remarkable. "It was as if I had wanted to be a kitchen maid," she said years later. Mr. Nightingale made inquiries. There were vicious and degraded hospital patients; there were medical students and nurses, of whose manners and conduct he had unsatisfactory accounts. "All drunkards without exception, sisters and all." Yet she wanted to go into the cesspool. Heavens, how earnestly she wanted it! In 1846 she wrote in her diary: "The longer I live the more I feel as if all my being was gradually drawing to one point." And of course it was. The good Lord was tempering, gathering threads of birth and breeding and education and surroundings into a cord which was to pull humanity a long step onward. And

GEORGE MARK BLUNT LIBRARY
The Cincinnati Bible Seminary

her father and mother and affectionate, conventional sister fought every inch against their brilliant, suicidal, beloved girl.

So stood the affair of nursing the sick in England around the eighteen hundred and half-century mark, when Florence Nightingale was fighting for her future. So it stood—but better—on the Continent, in the devoted but not too competent hands of the sisters. So was dawning a light, through the vision of a German named Fliedner, a light to lighten suffering, and to broaden womanhood. In America, what of the night? "To those who knew pre-training school days," a distinguished doctor says, "it is easy to remember the opposition of doctors to having 'noble-minded women' in the wards." Yet Dr. Samuel Howe, teacher of blind and wonderful Laura Bridgman, was an exception. America was slow to clean her dark corners. "Such conditions, happily, as the evil ones described," says that same Dr. Worcester of Waltham, whom the writer has been quoting, "no longer exist in this country," and that they do not is due to the crusade of Florence Nightingale.

Side by side with the "drunken and immoral lived another sort who did their inadequate but valuable best in nursing. A paper of Dr. Worcester describes such an one, Baroness von Olnhausen, born, in 1818, Mary Phinney, of Mas-

sachusetts. Like Florence Nightingale, she was first aid to injured animals and neighbors, and, after vicissitudes which included marrying and losing a titled German husband, she came to volunteer as a Dorothy Dix nurse in the American Civil War. In that service she met immense obstacles, jealous surgeons, dishonesty, inefficiency, the awful lack of proper food for patients. She was one of the greatest of American nurses, but distinctly of the old school. She had a large and unselfish soul, she was devoted and competent, scrupulously clean, had great skill in the treatment of wounds, and was so loved by her patients that not even Florence Nightingale was more so. She worked with tremendous will at every task; she had no thought of "self"; she gave her best. But she was an "old-time" nurse, untrained, ignorant of the history of nursing, no organizer, a poor executive. Dorothy Dix's nurses were women of the better class. The army surgeons of 1860 did not want them, and tried in every way to freeze them out, but this one kept on through hardships, and having much physical endurance and a great heart, won her place even with the surgeons. Later, at fifty-two, she went as a nurse to the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and did fine work and endured more hardships. She came home to America to more nursing, and died at last in Boston. Such was the career of the most honored,

probably, of the "old-time" nurses, who made the silver lining to the cloud of Sairey Gamps. People not very old yet can remember some, less known than the Baroness von Olnhausen, "honest, hard-working, kind, and sensible." Doctors as well as nurses fifty or sixty years ago practised the art of healing more than the science of medicine; to-day, nurses must know much of the latter.

To sum up, during the years from 1845 to 1853, approximately, when Florence Nightingale was struggling against heavy odds to become a trained nurse, the situation stood as follows:

On the Continent, in France and Italy, there were Sisters of Charity, devoted but not very competent. In England there were mostly Sairey Gamps. Probably there were honest and kind women doing nursing also, but I find no record of such. They were all ignorant, mostly drunken. There were small nursing institutions which seem to have been negligible by modern standards. In America there was great darkness; the light had not dawned. So much of the world stood so. The rest stood nowhere. But an epic was beginning, quiet and unheralded, very humbly, in a small German village, begun already in the year 1833.

Pastor Theodor Fliedner, at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, in Germany, was not only a saint, but a

saint with a brain. He, first of humans, saw that training was necessary to accomplish results, in nursing as in any other work. In 1833, with practically no money, with only his wife to help—and she must have been the saintlier of the two—he set up a tiny asylum for discharged female prisoners. There wasn't a place on the earth for such; only hell to come back to from the hell of prison. So this intelligent saint rebuilt with his work-worn hands a summerhouse on his parsonage grounds, and put into it a chair, a table, and a bed. And it was clean. And one night came a knock at the Fliedners' door. One fancies the woman's blue eyes widening, her heart beating half with hope, rather more with dread. What had they brought on themselves? She would rise quickly from the floor, where she was pulling off her pastor's boots, likely, being a German wife, and she would go to the door.

"Theodor," she would speak, a bit limply, her hand on the china knob. "It must be someone in trouble, Theodor. It is too late for people, other."

And Theodor would answer quickly: "It must be, yes. God grant it is." The empty summerhouse had begun to look a little foolish to Theodor, perhaps. He had started out as a rescuer and his mind was on something to rescue. Theodor had no qualms.

So the woman, very qualmish indeed, did the

hard part and opened the door. And the pastor stood up in his coarse stockings and no boots, and said in the grand manner—yet he was a sweet person:

"Welcome, my daughter." He said it to a draggled and rather sinister vision peering in from the darkness at the plain little room. But he said it whole-heartedly, and faithful Frau Fliedner sustained him, and they fed the wreck, just out of three years in prison, and they saw that she was washed and decently covered and put her into the little clean summerhouse and said kind words to her and gave her hope. And she fell off to sleep, crying no doubt, but soothed and encouraged. And the pastor's wife, probably, as that sainted man was later beginning to snore, punched him a little, and to his snort of expostulation: "Oh, Theodor dear, *where* is the money coming from?"

But the money came. The pastor did not do the Lord's work without high help. As they needed it, day by day, even as the ravens looked after Elijah, the money did come. Kaiserwerth grew. Also probationers poured into the training school for nurses, which, in 1836, he had the amazing boldness to establish.

One must stand back from the picture a moment and look to see the beams of light which converge into it. Theodor Fliedner, Lutheran

clergyman, son and grandson of Lutheran clergymen, poorer than poverty, went through an apprenticeship which taught him the needs of the sick and the poor. He worked his way through Göttingen University by tutoring and manual labor, sawing wood, blacking boots; he mended his trousers with white thread, as he had no other, and then inked it over; he tramped in his vacations and barely lived; but he studied languages and read widely. The vitality of the boy! He made a collection of songs for children which has spread over the world; he learned to use herbs, and got a simple knowledge of diseases; he did private tutoring and picked up manners so; he preached in a prison, and later worked for the prisoners. And at twenty-two, after varied experience, to the pride and delight of his family he was ordained in their village of Eppstein, and then walked to his parish of Kaiserswerth. His salary was the munificent sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars a year, and two young brothers and a sister came to live with him. On one hundred and thirty-five dollars a year not many of us would be entertaining three of our family, in America! With that his little parish fell into trouble because the velvet factory went to pieces, and Theodor started, like a young apostle, to tramp Protestant countries for help for his people—Germany, Holland, and

England. And he met Elizabeth Fry. Being a born apostle, he was entranced with her work among Newgate prisoners, and went back to Kaiserswerth on fire to help prisoners in his own land. Hammer and tongs he went at it in the prison at Düsseldorf, and he did his share to found the first German society for improving the condition of prisoners. It was thus quite on his road to run into the problem of finding some salvation for female prisoners who were dismissed with nothing open to them but evil; with evil indeed forced on them. So, having nothing, he gave. They say the angels count a gift by what is left. The angels must have been kept busy counting by Pastor Fliedner.

He rebuilt the summerhouse, and the one destitute soul came, and that winter nine more. He reached out to children, and had a school, with his children's songs to help. Then, to get teachers, he started a normal school. But the idea dominating his mind was the training of women to do hospital work and to tend the sick poor. An entirely novel idea on earth to that date. Florence Nightingale wrote later that "Pastor Fliedner began his work with two beds under a roof, but with a castle in the air."

The sick poor needed tending in Kaiserswerth; there was poverty and incompetence. So three years after his refuge for women prisoners he

started a hospital and with it a training school for nurses and deaconesses, and on October 13, 1836, the Deaconess Hospital opened, minus patients or deaconesses, in a part of the deserted velvet factory. It was equipped with mended furniture and earthen utensils which he had begged. They had six sheets. In the first month there were five patients; in a year there were sixty. And funds came—the Lord did provide; nurses came—the Lord undoubtedly provided these also. One could not expect, out of a blue sky, empty of training schools and scientific hospitals, perfection. Florence Nightingale wrote years later:

"The nursing there was *nil*. . . . The hygiene horrid. The hospital was certainly the worst part of Kaiserswerth. I took all the training that was to be had—there was none to be had in England —Kaiserswerth was far from having trained me."

Whatever its shortcomings, however, Fliedner had a vision, and it is the vision-seers who move the race. He, first on earth, visualized training women to nurse. He first saw that to grapple with vice and disease, the grapplers must be trained to grappling. A nurse who goes into a sick room and fluffs up a pillow and gives the patient a drink of water may be a pleasant person but she does not advance a cure. That is obvious to-day; it was not obvious in 1836.

Fliedner was clever enough to have his sisters wear a becoming uniform; looking well lays a foundation of serenity in women. Simple enough was the dress, yet it sounds attractive: a blue cotton gown and white apron; a large white turned-down collar and white muslin cap. Fresh and sweet the country girls must have been in their white and blue. There were no vows, and the girls might leave or marry; of course the latter meant the former. Fliedner himself was rather a marrier; his second wife was being interviewed as to having charge of the deaconess home when the philanthropist, taking to her more and more kindly, was inspired to offer the choice between marrying him and heading the home. And the canny lady took both, and made a success.

Fliedner went back to old religious nursing orders for the framework of his scheme, but he did more. His institution was a revival of deaconess work, but combined with this was prisoner rescue work, a school for children, and a normal school for teachers. It was a Sister Phœbe variety of work in the main, with nursing on the plan of the early Church; beyond this, it was the first training school for nurses. The pastor put his deaconesses, teachers, and nurses alike through a course of housework; they learned alike to cook, sew, iron, and scrub, fitted so to help in the houses

of the poor. But he taught them as well simple bookkeeping, letter writing, and how to read aloud. They had no salaries, these blue-and-white saints, only their board and two blue cotton gowns and two aprons a year. Once in five years a blue woolen gown and alpaca apron happened. Long black cloaks were worn on the street, and black bonnets went over the white caps. But blue cloaks would have been prettier. They were given "a little pocket money"—very little indeed, judging from the clothing. When ill or infirm the Mother House was to be their home. With only such allurements, Fliedner's system grew; in ten years he had sixty nurses in twenty-five cities, and there were calls for them from all sides. Later the system spread enormously and is still spreading. Pastor Fliedner brought nurses to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and took some to Jerusalem; there are deaconesses of his to-day on Mount Zion.

This background of Fliedner history is important here because it is part of the background of Florence Nightingale. When the school was started in 1836, she was sixteen years old, dreaming her unswerving dream of her life's work. But she did not hear of Kaiserswerth till about 1846. Probably her first knowledge of Fliedner came from old Elizabeth Fry, that personality who had been a heavenly messenger to women pris-

oners. She, Elizabeth Fry, met Pastor Fliedner on his apostolic cruise into England, and perhaps she gave Florence Nightingale an account of him. The interesting Bunsen people, who were friends of her family, as so many interesting people were, also told the girl about Kaiserswerth. Baron Bunsen touched a vital spring in all history when he sent, in 1846, Fliedner's Annual Report of his Institution for Deaconesses, with its hospital and school and penitentiary, to young Florence Nightingale. Instantly she was attracted, for in those years this society girl was making a study of medicine and sanitary subjects in between balls and rides and drives and dinners, and Kaiserswerth jumped at her from the void like a rope thrown to a struggling swimmer. She must go there.

None so easy it was, for her beautiful and conventional mother was horror-struck. Whoever heard of a highly placed young woman wanting to work side by side with peasant nurses, taking care of who knows what low sort of sick people in a country hospital? But in 1850, after struggles and failures and pleadings of four years, she managed Kaiserswerth for two weeks. She left there, says her diary, "feeling so brave, as if nothing could ever vex her again." She wrote a pamphlet, which was published, about it. "The thoughts and feelings that I have now I can

remember since I was six years old. . . . The first thought I can remember and the last was nursing work and in the absence of this, education work, but more the education of the bad than of the young."

Poor Mrs. William Shore Nightingale, mother of the chained eagle, trying to tie down the wings which ached for sky flights, trying to make a clucking young hen out of her soaring bird! What queer twist had fate thrown into the tinkling stream of Mrs. Nightingale's existence, that this whirlpool of a girl should happen along it? But the eagle must soar, the whirlpool must seethe, and Florence went on soaring and seething till, in 1851, her sister Parthe was ill and was ordered to Carlsbad. Carlsbad! Florence jumped. Carlsbad was near Kaiserswerth. Instantly she had her plan; mother and sister to Carlsbad, she to Kaiserswerth. For three months —joy! The bewildered mother, rather worn out with this concoction of steel springs and philanthropy and pertinacity which was somehow her daughter, consented, and to Kaiserswerth went Florence and stayed the three months.

By this year of 1851, Pastor Fliedner's experiment had so grown that it had now a hospital of a hundred beds, an infant school, a penitentiary with twelve inmates, an orphan asylum, and a normal school to train school mis-

tresses, besides the training school for nurses. There were one hundred and sixteen deaconesses, many working at Kaiserswerth, others elsewhere in Germany and abroad.

Florence wrote a letter to her mother: "The world here fills my life with interest. . . . Until yesterday I never had time even to send my clothes to the wash. We have ten minutes for each of our meals, of which we have four. We get up at five; breakfast a quarter before six. The patients dine at eleven; the sisters at twelve. We drink tea, i. e., a drink made of ground rye, between two and three, and sup at seven. Several evenings in the week we collect in the great hall for a Bible lesson; . . . the man's wisdom and knowledge of human nature is wonderful. . . . This is life. Now I know what it is to love life."

Her mind had leaped to the value of Fliedner's wisdom. She knew the history of the work whose call had been always in her ears. She knew about Sister Phœbe and the early deaconesses; she knew how for centuries the Roman Catholic Church had set apart women for nursing the sick poor in their homes; how the same church had made hospitals with the same nurses; she had studied or visited or inspected methodically infirmaries, hospitals, religious houses; she had lived in some of these institutions: the Convent

of the Trinità dei Monti in Rome, the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, St. Vincent de Paul at Paris, many in England—but England was poorest. Everywhere that she had traveled she had learned what could be learned of nursing. She was equipped now, at thirty-one, to appreciate the step forward taken by Fliedner. On the Continent the Sisters of Charity, educated, devoted, were trained in a way for nursing. But not in Fliedner's way. Her acute mind saw that into the advantages of the old systems the pastor had struck a fresh vitality. Trained women—a new thought. Florence Nightingale caught at it. One fancies the tall and slight and graceful figure, wearing the blue cotton uniform and white apron, moving, with a distinction odd in that place, among the peasant women of Pastor Fliedner; the alert brain missing no point of discipline, the fine lady's hands going, unhesitatingly, into rough work—washing, cooking, scrubbing. Fliedner was afraid of those hands.

"You won't want to scrub that corridor floor," he said at the first, discouraging her. One sees the gray, earnest, humorous eyes stare at the good pastor; then, without a word, she went and got soap and water. She scrubbed the floor and she scrubbed it well.

"It was a very dirty floor, too," the white-

haired old woman told Dr. Worcester, the American, with laughter, many long years afterward.

Mrs. Nightingale had brought up her daughters, this eaglet daughter also, to be good housekeepers; that practical foundation was valuable, for Florence applied to the new work all she had learned at home, and then learned more. They say that not many years ago there were still gentle old faces in the Kaiserswerth Home of Rest for aged deaconesses which would light at the mention of the Fraülein Nightingale whom they had known, who had become so great.

Most of the steps forward in human history have been impossible. Impossible to us others who plod along the level road and fail to see steep side paths which lead off and up—to disaster or success. A telephone was madly impossible till Graham Bell, trying to help his deaf wife, caught a winged thought. Edison has played with impossibilities all of his marvelous life. Nothing was more impossible than that a German boy of no means, of no family, of no particular genius, and of a hard-won education, should have a vision of an entirely new profession, which should cast a lifeline to the neglected sick and open a world to cramped lives of women. He plodded on, this German, Theodor Fliedner, from step to step, a worthy lad, his eyes on his vision, one hand holding love and pity for his

kind, the other pulled ahead strongly by his immense vitality; and the Almighty stood behind and lifted him along.

The gigantic things happen in that way. The great people march on quite simply, and seem not to know they are doing remarkable deeds. Fliedner. Bell. Edison. The Lindbergh boy.

CHAPTER V

Wingèd Sandals

Wingèd Sandals for my feet
I made of my delay.
—William Vaughn Moody.

"Oh, my dearest Pop, I wish I could tell you how I love you."

That was the irreconcilable Nightingale daughter exploding to the model daughter; Florence to sister Parthenope. "I wish I could tell you how I love you," Florence, the undocile, begins her letter and then goes on, family affection bubbling in every line, to reiterate that she can not and will not budge one inch out of her appointed path. Truly she could not; she was a prophet, yea, and more than a prophet, and Heaven pushes along prophets in the way they should go. It is necessary to believe that, whether or not it is possible to understand it. Florence Nightingale was being pushed, but how could her family know? They were obliged to concede something, to fall back a pace here and there, facing that steady push of Heaven *via* Heaven's Miss Nightingale, but they conceded grudgingly and fell back in one spot to obstruct in another.

It had now gotten to be 1852. In spite of family

opposition she had grown steadily, as a higher personality once grew, in wisdom and judgment. She had visited hospitals, written reports, and made notes. She had been to Kaiserswerth and learned what was taught there. Now she wished to do the same thing among Catholic sisters in France. Henry Manning, later the cardinal, had gone over to the Roman church; she had known him in Rome five years before, the winter when she and the Bracebridges had met the Sidney Herberts. So she asked him now to make arrangements in Paris and he got leave from a council of the Sisters of Charity for the English lady to study their institutions. She was to live in a house of the sisters. Her friends, the Mohls, and her especial cousin—her "Brother Jonathan," Hilary Bonham Carter—and Lady Augusta Bruce were going with her to Paris. One notices in passing that Lady Augusta met in Madame Mohl's salon a man whom later she married, Dean Stanley. So Florence Nightingale's trip to Paris and to the sisters was arranged at great length and everybody knew all about it, when suddenly Mrs. Nightingale balked. One fancies how trying to a prophet must have been a beautiful and balky mother of conventional bent.

"I am afraid," said Mother, "that Flo is thinking of some new expedition, perhaps to

Paris. I cannot make up my mind to it." Just as if she had not been informed of every detail for months; but that was Mother.

And poor "Flo" of the steadfast mind was left with the expedition in the air. Her father came to where she was staying in London and told her how distressed her mother was, and how Parthe "would be in hysterics." Company was coming to Embley and her mother needed Florence to help entertain. Could she not delay? Also her grandmother was ill—and Florence gave in and delayed. The family then hoped that the Paris expedition was done for. Why should Florence go to sisters, and Roman Catholic sisters, too, abroad? Why should she not stay at home and set up a little institution of her own? There was a house near Lea Hurst; Mr. Nightingale would pay for everything; it would be quite lovely. Florence could be at home, and yet have her toy. It was then that she wrote: "Oh, my dearest Pop, I wish I could tell you how I love you."

She made it clear, further, that she was not going to have a playhouse institution. She went to the sisters in Paris the next year. So she was launched, kicking and struggling against all she loved, on her work.

The Maison de la Providence of the Sœurs de la Charité at Number 5 Rue Oudinot, Faubourg St. Germain, was the place she went to in

Paris. They had two hundred orphans and a crèche; they had a hospital for sick old women; there were two other hospitals ten minutes away; all luxuries of poverty and dirt and illness for which her soul longed would be hers. She delayed entering, however, till she had used the permission granted to study Paris hospitals. She did this indefatigably, inspecting, visiting, seeing great French surgeons at work, collecting reports, making and tabulating analyses of organizations. Evenings she went to dances and the opera with the Mohls. At length she had arranged a day for admission to the Maison de la Providence—and was recalled to England; the grandmother of ninety-five was on her deathbed, so once more she gave up her dream and, doing it, was of service and comfort to an old traveler outward bound.

With that an "Establishment for Gentlewomen During Illness"—overpowering name—was pursuing her. But she got to Paris again on May 30, 1853, and she did enter the Maison de la Providence. From there she wrote letters about the Establishment, for which a new building in Harley Street was in prospect, and of which the committee had asked Miss Nightingale to be manager.

"Harley Street is a sanitarium for sick governesses, managed by a committee of fine ladies,"

she said. "Isaiah himself could not prophesy how they will be minded at eight o'clock this evening." How she wrote letters! "The indispensable conditions of a suitable house are [she was writing Lady Canning, June 5th, with regard to the new house] first, that the nurse should never be obliged to quit her floor except for her own dinner and supper and her patient's dinner and supper (and even the latter might be avoided by the windlass we talked about)." A lift! A mere elevator, Americanly speaking. "Without a system of this kind the nurse is converted into a pair of legs." The letter continues with other requirements—hot water and the like, things now in the A B C of hospitals, but then novel ideas. The lift was particularly new. There were hitches to that, but it was installed.

But before she got to Harley Street she came down with measles at Monsieur Mohl's in Paris, Madame Mohl being away. "For me to come to Paris to have measles a second time," she wrote in one of her gay letters, "is like going to the grand desert to die of getting one's feet wet." Finally back to London she voyaged in July, and in August she went into her first "situation" as superintendent of the Establishment.

It was managed by a council which appointed a "committee of ladies" and one of "gentlemen." It languished. Florence Nightingale was asked

to give it new life. So another house was taken at Number 1 Upper Harley Street and she lived there from August 12, 1853, to October, 1854. She had a *pied-à-terre* in Pall Mall where she went Sunday mornings so as not to "scandalize patients by failing to go to church."

Mrs. Sidney Herbert was on the Harley Street committee. Wilton House, the Herberts' ancient home, was within calling distance of Embley, and since their meeting in Rome, Florence Nightingale and the Herberts had seen much of each other. Miss Nightingale had even assisted at the birth of one Herbert child. Mrs. Herbert said about a Harley Street meeting: "I thought some wicked cats might be there and would set up their backs; and if so I should like to have mine up, too."

Miss Nightingale wrote to Madame Mohl in Paris about the new job:

Clarkey, dear:

I have been in service ten days and have had to furnish an entirely empty house in that time. We take in patients this Monday. My committee refused me to take in Catholic patients, whereupon I wished them good morning, unless I might take in Jews and their rabbis. So now it is settled and in print that we are to take in all denominations whatever, and allow them to be

visited by their priests and muftis, provided *I* will receive the obnoxious animal at the door . . . make myself responsible that he does not speak to or look at *anyone else*, and bring him downstairs again in a noose, and out into the street. Amen. . . . From philanthropy and all deceits, Good Lord deliver us.

Here is a bit to her father, about the same institution of the deadly name: "When I entered . . . here I determined . . . I never would intrigue among the committee. Now I perceive that I do all my business by intrigue. . . . I am now in the heyday of my power. . . . they proposed and carried (without my knowing . . .) a resolution that I should have fifty pounds per month to spend for the house, and wrote for the treasurer to advance it to me. Whereupon I wrote to the treasurer to refuse it me. Lady ——, who was my greatest enemy, is now . . . trumpeting my fame through London. And all because I reduced their expenditure from one shilling ten pence per head per day to one shilling. . . . Last General Committee I executed a series of resolutions on five subjects and presented them as coming from the medical men; 1st. That . . . our house surgeon . . . should . . . dispense the medicines in the house saving our bill at the druggist's of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. . . ."

(Resolutions 2, 3, and 5 are uninteresting. Resolution 4: "A complete revolution as to diet which is shamefully abused at present. . . .")

"All these I proposed and carried in committee without telling that they came from me and not from the medical men; and then and not till then I showed them to the medical men without telling *them* that they were already passed in committee. Success is said to make an insurrection into a revolution. The medical men have had two meetings . . . and approved them all *nem con*, and thought they were their own . . . and no one suspected my intrigue which would ruin me."

By such arts of the eternal feminine, by such readiness to take responsibility she brought order out of the languishing Establishment for Gentlewomen. It was harder than day labor. She had to shepherd in and out the "obnoxious animals" of parsons of sorts, and manage the nurses, and assist at operations, and hold down expenses in the coal cellar and in what Britishers call the "larder." She strained her back lifting a patient, and a strained back is a far-reaching disability. There were small tragedies and big ones. A gas stove flue came down and Miss Nightingale caught it in her arms, otherwise it would have killed a patient; the chemists sent ether instead of spirits of nitre, and if she had not smelled it she would have fed it, and had a

poisoning case. An operation for cataract failed and a blind woman was on their hands with a prospect of insanity. "I had rather ten times have killed her," commented Miss Nightingale.

The year in Harley Street, with experience as organizer, manager, nurse, diplomat, led directly into responsibilities of the Crimean War. "She seems as completely led by God as Joan of Arc," Mrs. Gaskell, the writer, said. Being a woman she made part of her equipment; no man could have so combined a power masterly, even masterful, with whimsical gentleness and fun and tenderness. No man could have been such a housekeeper; in the Crimea, as in Harley Street, housekeeping was the first lesson in the book. Also they loved her. Some discharged patients wrote to her as "My darling mother"; plenty of these children were older than herself. And when a poor old child needed a convalescent home or an opening in the colonies, Florence Nightingale, the society woman, turned to friends of influence, friends never out of touch, and found help for the helpless.

Home sentiments about her were not yet resigned, and mother and sister considered that at least while in London Florence might have lived at home. Catching a hot stovepipe in one's arms, chaperoning priests and rabbis, helping in operations, seemed to them no pastimes for an orna-

ment of society. Mrs. Nightingale told someone: "We are ducks and we have hatched a wild swan." The conventional mother never caught an inkling of the motive power in her swan, and little more did the sister.

The father was more understanding. He was a county magistrate; he was "concerned in the administration of hospitals and asylums"; the problems in Harley Street "came into his orbit." His child's masterfulness amused and delighted him. One imagines the upstanding English squire chuckling over a letter, sitting in Lea Hurst library before his open wood fire, with walls of many-colored books at his back, and his hunting dog at his feet. He would nod at a breezy sentence:

"Success is said to make an insurrection into a revolution." Laughter from Mr. Nightingale. "A great girl, Florence." He would pat the dog's silky head. "Isn't she, Rover? Really, she's well-nigh great, Rover, in her female way." No thought, meanwhile, that this child, this female, was to rank in the first line of earth's greatest.

He would turn then to his writing table, and give her advice by mail. Too autocratic, Florence; mustn't carry masterfulness too far; a good autocrat is only to be found at intervals. You will have to govern by representative system. Despots do nothing in teaching others. Republicans keep teaching each other all day long. He adds: "Bet-

ter write me at the Athenæum, so as not to excite inquiry." Florence's mother gunning over Florence's letters—undesirable.

The path which Florence Nightingale had followed so far had been smothered with flowers as thick, as hampering as jungle thorns. She had ploughed through roses, pushed past the sweetness and beauty of a sheltered Englishwoman's life; she had come into the field of Harley Street and beyond this, hidden, not far away, was a battle ground where she was due to carve a road and carry a light which crowding thousands were to follow. Harley Street, the Establishment for Gentlewomen, was the vestibule to Scutari and the Crimean War.

CHAPTER VI

A Very Perfect, Gentle Knight

CYRANO: *Oui, vous m'arrachez tout, le laurier et la rose!*
Arrachez! Il y a malgré vous quelque chose
Que j'emporte, et ce soir, quand j'entrerai chez Dieu,
Mon salut balaiera largement le seuil bleu,
Quelque chose que sans un pli, sans une tache,
J'emporte malgré vous (il s'élance l'épée haute) *et c'est . . .*
ROXANE: *C'est? . . .*
CYRANO: *Mon panache.*

—EDMOND ROSTAND.

IN THE "double-cube" room at Wilton House in Wiltshire is kept among many valuables a glass case of curios, and in it one is shown a crusty gold box set with diamonds. The German Emperor stayed at Wilton a very few years before the Great War and presented this at the end of his visit. He reacted in yet another way to the charm of the place and its hospitality; he announced among his plans of war that when he had conquered England he would make Wilton his country seat. England is not yet conquered and an Earl of Pembroke, not a Kaiser, still lives at Wilton, as has been so for many hundred years.

As one arrives from Salisbury—only a mile and a half away—the glorious old house looks low and rambling, and ancient, as it is. The car stop-

ped where a gray wall barred a large courtyard; over the gateway was a reproduction of that Marcus Aurelius on horseback which stands on the Capitoline Hill in Rome. A gateman came out; a question to identify us; the gate was thrown open and we drove in. Wilton was closed, the family away, but our permission was adequate; indeed the place is open to visitors some hours every week. One enters across the courtyard a dim hall where hangs a picture of Sir Philip Sidney; the hall gives on cloisters of the abbey which was Wilton Abbey eight hundred years ago, and on their open court. Around the four sides of the cloisters are magnificent chests, carved, lacquered, many sorts; and many marble heads of Romans brought home by some traveling Lord Pembroke.

The "double-cube," a huge and sunny room perhaps twenty feet high, is a chamber of state, and magnificent with gilded carving and brocade, while the walls gleam with a treasure much beyond the Kaiser's gold box; they are covered with immense canvases, by Van Dyck, of past Herberts, earls and countesses and their families. It is a fitting state chamber for a great house; but not the place where one would rush from a stiff ride, in muddy boots, on a cold afternoon, for tea and toast. One looks from the windows of the "cube" room on an exquisite out of doors;

the peaceful little river Nadur lies like a shifting, long mirror, about a hundred yards across a lawn from these huge windows; a classic bridge, the "Palladium," ties the house and gardens to a park beyond the river, rolling far out of sight. On the river side of the house a wide walk leads half a mile to a shadowy stone platform, sunk in old trees, lifted on shallow stone steps, and there a mossy marble seat glimmers out of greenness. In its stillness and mystery, it seemed, that March morning, like the place in a fairy story where the prince would find the lost princess, in a green and silver dress and brown diamonds. One turns at these steps, and there, catching at one's heart by sheer loveliness across great lawns, by the side of the shining river, smiling out from the centuries, stands Wilton House in her glory. From this side a wide façade carved of silvery stone lifts several tall stories; words could not tell its gracious lordliness, yet for all its grandeur it is a house one would love to live in, a house livable and lovable. Sidney Herbert, friend of Florence Nightingale, lived there all his life, and loved each bit "like a person."

When Providence chose a little girl to do, later, a much-needed service, when the Lord Almighty —who else?—had her born where heredity and environment would work together to shape the tool, He was not forgetful of her friendships.

Florence Nightingale, with the dyed-in-the-wool charm which was hers, made friends, high and low. She did not care if they were high or low; she cared for personality; also she cared for usefulness for her work. Part of the outfit given her by the Deity was her capability to use people. As a woman she was gentle and sympathetic, but as The Woman of her time, set to accomplish reform, she was an incarnate driving power. She was there to work in the vineyard, to gather the harvest; as she pushed and drove herself to the limit and beyond the limit of her power, so she pushed and drove others. The Lord's work; the day's work of her life; she had reason to believe it would be a short day; it was an enormous work. How should she waste a moment? How might she spare others? She had a quantity of friends; she kept them busy; all her life she made new friends and kept old ones; all her life she saw to it that they worked for her. Some were notable people; she knew notable people from babyhood; a list of her acquaintance would be most of the "eminent Victorians."

Among all these one figure stands out in a light mixed of great descent, of opportunity, of intellect and charm and physical beauty, of bright honor and lovely character: Sidney Herbert. Lord Herbert of Lea he was later, but titles added little to a man descended from Sir Philip Sid-

ney's sister and bearing Sir Philip Sidney's name. Most of us have known most of our lives a quaint Elizabethan epitaph:

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

It was this one, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," whose great-great—many greats—grandson was Sidney Herbert.

Everything happened rightly for this fairy prince. He lived in the house he ought to have lived in, perhaps the loveliest place of England. "There is not a spot about Wilton which I do not love as if it were a person," said the boy of seventeen. He liked his school, Harrow; from school he went on to Oriel College at Oxford and had Froude, the historian, as tutor; he went to "wine parties," like a human boy, but he delighted in "reading young men." He was "of the very best set possible," George Moberly said—Bishop of Salisbury, Moberly was later. There is an account of a visit to the boy in his Oriel rooms:

"The oak is opened—the heavy outer door—and a clear voice says 'Come in.' The room is a good one; deep and narrow round-headed win-

dows look into the quadrangle. There are a few good prints, a small collection of handsomely bound books. The lad rises, tall, slender almost to fragility—movements easy and graceful—he looks a kindly interrogation, and speaks with easy courtesy. . . . About him the visitor sees his study books, Herodotus, the Greek poets." Also Mr. Newman's (Cardinal Newman's) early sermons; Wordsworth; one realizes the student of cultivated and inherited fine tastes, yet the happy boy.

He went into France for the first time at twenty —and France only across the channel! He had a wonderful time there. "The inn is so small," he wrote his mother in glee, "that our horses [it was a riding trip] went into their stable through the kitchen. . . . At all the little pot-houses we have the nicest dinners imaginable, and very good coffee." He told her what they had for dinner: a *boulli* with vegetables, a salad and Neufchâtel cheese, and fruit and a bottle of wine. All for three or four francs. He crowed over the cleanness and good service. Also he never forgot to see to his horse's dinner before his own, and watched while it was eaten. Rather an unspoiled fairy prince. He admired also Rouen and Abbeville, and wrote to his mother a quite lovely bit about the interiors of the cathedrals.

At Oxford he fell, naturally enough, among other lads destined for distinction. The future Cardinal Manning, three future viceroys of India, and Gladstone were his friends. Gladstone, who was older, told later how he had remarked in a throng of undergraduates "a tall and graceful figure surmounted by a face of such singular beauty and refinement" that Gladstone asked the name of this lovely freshman. "Herbert of Oriel," they told him. The G. O. M. of years after could not see in this charming lad his victorious antagonist for the Fortifications Loan Bill. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer by then, and stingy with public money, good cause or bad.

The boy attained his majority at Oxford, 1831, and went off to visit his Irish estates.

"I dined at the Beefsteak Club," he wrote from Dublin to his mother. "They drank my health and I had to make a speech, in which I lied like a pig." The prince was a human prince, too.

Then, in the flush of being grown up, he arranged something important. He was a second son and the older half-brother, now Lord Pembroke and owner of Wilton, lived abroad, and almost never came to England. So Sidney arranged that he, the younger brother, should live

at Wilton; yet he never came to be real owner, for he died a few months before his brother, the earl.

At twenty-two he went into Parliament. "I am a member for Wilts," he wrote his mother on December 17, 1832, with a note of boyish thrill. "We had a capital procession from Wilton of four or five hundred horsemen, and a very fine day. Mr. Casy on foot as drum major. . . . When I had done speaking Mallet asked me a question on the Irish Poor Laws which I answered. Mr. Mayne [a Radical agitator] then got up and was received with roars and hisses. He spoke for an hour; not one word heard. Dead rabbits thrown at him." One visualizes the twenty-two-year-old youngster chuckling over the dead rabbits.

This mere child was prepared for his work. He was to be conspicuous on a large stage and he made his entrance, as he did everything, easily and fearlessly. From childhood he had a keen interest in politics; very early he had known political leaders as persons, had heard great questions discussed by high authorities; Lady Pembroke, his lovely Russian mother, had gathered eminent people around her in Grafton Street since her husband died. Such training and surroundings had developed a capacity for affairs, an instinctive ease in dealing with them; a man who comes late in life to the handling of

public business does not have this power; it was not the least of the thousand gifts which hovered over Sidney Herbert in his cradle.

Yet another crisis happened as it should have happened, as all proper good fairies would have had it happen, in a fairy-conducted career. He married the right woman. A long time before, when Elizabeth à Court was a little girl, young Sidney Herbert rode over, now and again, from Wilton to a place near by in Wiltshire where the child's father, General Charles Ashe à Court, then lived. There was intimacy between the two families. Little Elizabeth without doubt raced and played under those immemorial trees, the "two large elms on the left of the walk going to the East Seat," "the cedars hanging over the river," the "elm between the orangery and the island," the "immense old ash tree in Sir Philip Sidney's walk," and others. She knew as a child those trees which had shaded Sir Philip Sidney, and the stately house destined to be her home. One fancies a little maid halting on one of those graveled paths under a giant cedar, to gaze, as a horse— a "charger" out of one of her story books—cantered through the gateway into the courtyard, and a golden young knight—so it may have seemed—leaped down and, bridle over his arm, great horse meekly following, came to bid her good-day. Only a little maid, and he was

so tall, the young knight, and yet he had dismounted for her. It must have been in some such way that the boy, not knowing, won the heart which was to mean much to him. It is history that small Elizabeth announced to her mother that when she grew up she "would marry that boy and no other."

He had a long start in years, the boy; one must give little maids time to grow. Herbert was thirty-six and the à Courts had gone to live on their property in Warwickshire, when one day he rode over and asked Elizabeth à Court to be his wife. A great beauty she was by now, and still, evidently, of the same opinion about "that boy." They were married in 1846. She had the qualities which the wife of Sidney Herbert should have had, charm and character and beauty, and more, and he loved her dearly, and she loved him, as she had from babyhood, and was his devoted wife for fifteen years, till he died.

They were in Italy for months the next year, 1847, and he wrote letters to that earlier sweetheart, his mother, saying to her, with a happy certainty of sympathy, that "no one can tell how charming Liz has been in our tour and how completely sufficient we are to one another. The temptation to neglect public life becomes very strong when one is so happy in one's nest, and every day one feels more strongly how very short

life is and with all exertion how miserably small is the amount of usefulness to others which even the best men can produce. But in everything she is a comfort and assistance." The darling of the gods was radiantly happy, and the gods gave him Italy to be happy in; more than that no gods could give. But still, never losing its hold on the strong and gentle personality was his sense of responsibility. He must answer for the good things trusted to him; he must reach the full length of his arm to do good and not evil with his opportunities. Never for an instant did Sidney Herbert forget that his gifts were opportunities. So that even in Rome with his beautiful young wife he was planning a hospital for convalescents, a thing never heard of, but which he had thought out, for it was a tragedy which he had seen that the poor, after illness, sometimes after painful operations, must go back, weak and unfit, to struggle with everyday labor; a struggle which delayed, often prevented, recovery.

He hired a cottage where he sent scrofulous children to be treated with a remedy brought from Germany; then, this experiment successful, he took a house at Charnmouth on the sea, and fitted it for patients under the care of a German Presbyterian sisterhood, the expenses being his. There were thirty-two villages on the Pembroke estates in Wiltshire and this hospital was for

these his people. He and his wife were full of the scheme of this hospital that winter in Rome, and it is pleasant to know that now, seventy-five years since those two good and beautiful young people planned in their playtime this fine deed, the Herbert Home at Bournemouth, a continuation, is in full vigor, kept up as a memorial to Sidney Herbert by the county of Wiltshire.

Florence Nightingale was in Rome. With her friends the Bracebridges she was spending the winter in an atmosphere appallingly laden with interest, with solemnity.

It is told of Pope Leo XIII that when a stranger was presented he always asked: "How long have you been here?" If the person answered "A month," then His Holiness said graciously: "Ah! Then you know Rome very well." If "A year," the Pope would say: "Ah! Then you are beginning to know Rome a little." If the answer was five years: "Ah!" the Holy Father would speak softly and a bit wistfully: "Ah! Now you know perhaps that one can never know Rome."

Perhaps Rome is like one's idea of God: each soul must see it by the glass through which each looks out on life. The glass through which Florence Nightingale saw God and life and Rome had a broad, fair field, but it showed art and history colored by philanthropy. She could ap-

preciate great pictures, great sculpture, but the things she studied were the Roman doctrine and ritual, the methods of that religion, Italian politics, the struggle of Italy for freedom. "She saw Roman nobles presiding over patriotic altars where money and jewelry were received. She heard Father Gavazzi preaching the crusade in the Colosseum." It gives one a thrill, that, doesn't it?—a modern Christian preaching where early Christians died. Florence Nightingale heard him, and her spirit shook with the shouts for freedom. Those things, the doors into bigger life, stirred her beyond beauty and antiquity. One wonders how it was with Sidney Herbert. In him, if his face and his letters are index, one fancies warmer response to the depths of old Rome. Yet he, too, was a philanthropist; in Rome he was working out his Home for Convalescents, and there he and Mrs. Herbert found Florence Nightingale.

It is easy to fancy a first meeting of those two personalities, each a flowering of a new world, the ancient city built upon cities as their setting: Rome lying in sunlight, spread on its seven hills, very great, very wonderful in its age, very alive yet, the city of the world. One halts to choose a picture out of a thousand possible ones. Perhaps it was this way:

Florence Nightingale, tall and slender and

graceful, climbed with her friends the Bracebridges the steep steps of the Capitoline Hill. Did they have then as now two wolves in a den, about where Romulus and Remus made their début? If so, the young Englishwoman—she was twenty-seven in 1847—undoubtedly stopped to look with pitying eyes at the wild things caged. Just above the wolves the heroic statues of Castor and Pollux, their marble scaled and grayish with antiquity, stand on either side of the steps; they have stood, somewhere in Rome, for twenty-five hundred years. Florence Nightingale would stare up at these a bit coldly perhaps, yet with respect; she would wander between them across the little piazza girdled now with mere Fifteenth Century palaces to the foot of the huge equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. Not as old as Castor and Pollux, that, yet not modern; Marcus Aurelius reigned in the year 161 and this statue was done in his lifetime. Then the party of three would wander on into the Capitoline museum. There is a lovely figure of a young Amazon in an upper room. She lifts her head, supple through all her lines, movement leaping from the stone of two thousand years. It is a marble dream of what a woman's beauty should be. "Not soul helps body more than body soul"; one feels here a spirit kept lovely and sound by its sound and lovely envelope.

It would be in drawing to fancy Florence Nightingale standing before this figure and losing herself in the inspiration of it. Her mind ran back to the sick she had nursed in the village near Lea Hurst, to bent cottagers on her father's place, women who came weak from an illness to the daily grind, sinking reserve of youth in that terrible struggle to keep up. The serene joy which glowed in this stone woman—no wonder they hadn't that; no wonder they were old before their time. And as she gazed upward, perhaps, she was recalled by a little outcry of voices; the Bracebridges had met people, a man and a woman, and were greeting them. Looking across at the group by one of the huge windows of the old Roman palace, now a museum, it occurred to her that in this tall Englishman was such mortal completeness as the Greeks immortalized. The Bracebridges had met the Sidney Herberts.

Having found each other, the two parties drove and rode and saw galleries and were constantly together. One day—it may well have been—Miss Nightingale told Herbert of what she had been thinking as she stared at the Praxiteles Amazon. His large brown eyes regarded her as she set forth with a burst of words her thought about the working people who had no chance to get well, no place to go except their own kitchens, to stand on shaky legs at a hot stove and cook.

"It is a coincidence, Miss Nightingale," said Herbert, "that we should have followed, unknowing, the same line of thought."

He told her about his Convalescent Home. The fire which was to be her characteristic sixty years longer flamed to meet the plan, and from then on the two were associated in good works. Through him, Florence Nightingale lived for years her crusade. The wish of each was a simple formula: to do God's work in the world. Sidney Herbert, reaching out hands that seemed to multiply with the need of them, had the power and opportunity not only of a man, which was then far removed from a woman's, but of a great gentleman; not only of a great gentleman, but of a large and vigorous brain.

One is not doing a life of Sidney Herbert, but Sidney Herbert was an immense factor in the life of Florence Nightingale—one describes the noble highway through which a general drives to victory. At twenty-two the lad was in Parliament; that was in 1832. In 1835, Sir Robert Peel, incoming Prime Minister, wrote a friendly letter to "my very dear Sidney," asking the boy to take office under him. Sir Robert's government fell shortly, but again Herbert was a member from Wilts, and he was known as a good speaker. Then Sir Robert Peel was Prime Minister again, and Herbert was made Secretary to the Admi-

ralty, which meant important duties and reform. He dug up fifteen old admirals ranked as "effective" between eighty and ninety, and with courtesy but firmness threw the old boys to the lions as inappropriate for active service. He was appallingly clear-eyed, this splendidly handsome young English aristocrat, and quite fearless; he hewed to the line whatever, whoever got in the way. But he was too good for a secretary at the Admiralty; Sir Robert Peel thought highly of him, he was sure of the Cabinet; it happened; he was made Secretary at War, 1845. Every year he was a better known speaker, and they say that his charm of manner was a thing indescribable and practically irresistible. Without reading this into his story, one can have no adequate idea of him; yet, to trap so fragile, so marked a characteristic is impossible: one offers the memory of it to the reader, a floating, evanescent plume in his bonnet.

The fairy prince went on his ever broader way, a brilliant statesman, a stout fighter, a fine speaker, a "mixer," as Americans of to-day would put it, who made friends wholesale, wrapping his kindliness about his opponents so that they were, though opponents, never enemies. And along with this life, a full and delightful other, for he was "a man of the world, a brilliant member of society, and a model country gentle-

man." He went into gaiety to the full, but his love for Wilton, his home, was a passion, and he was keen for country life; also he had his work and a future to chisel from the years; and he took so high a path through rank and wealth and honor and happiness that it is written about him that "his grave sense that from those who have received much, much will be required, led him to devote his whole life to the service of the State." Social distractions did not nick that tempered steel. The fairy prince rode on through the lists of modern life, slashing fearlessly at abuses, spreading his bright mantle over struggling things, cutting away rottenness; living life up to its hilt. It is hard to stop writing about Sidney Herbert; the subject holds the legendary fascination of the man. One condenses.

He was a loyal son of the English Church and ecclesiastical questions interested him: he replaced the old and decayed church at Wilton by a large new one, its expense totaling over sixty thousand pounds—three hundred thousand dollars. His mother helped him. When they asked him to have his name as founder over the western entrance of this great building, he placed there—what? Not "Sidney Herbert built this church." No. "Both riches and honour come of Thee, and of Thine own do we give unto Thee." And he sacrificed his life for "the welfare of the rank and

file of the British Army." Every day of his short life of fifty-one years he was doing work for his country and for humanity. He did a thousand things more than the labor for the army; he was Secretary at War through much of the Crimean War; it was his suggestion that the government should send out nurses to the battle fields. It was he who upheld Florence Nightingale against the terrific odds of Scutari. In his earlier life he worked for the Church, for the cathedrals, for parochial priests; he worked to send to Australia poor women who had no chance in England; he introduced a bill in Parliament—with Gladstone, the parsimonious Chancellor of the Exchequer, fighting him tooth and nail—for fortification of the English dockyards, the very corner stone of the English fleets; he worked for barracks and army hospitals, and Gladstone fought him again and bested him, and thousands of young lives were lost from typhoid because of Gladstone; English money ever looked bigger to Gladstone than English lives. Herbert was chairman of the army commissions after the Crimean War, commissions showing hideously how the government had left undone the things that it ought to have done, and had done the things that it ought not to have done.

With deeds uncounted left out, these are a few of the deeds of Sidney Herbert, friend of Florence

Nightingale, race, riches, honor, brains, beauty of soul and body, charm, love, friends, and a happy life; much to be enclosed in the span of one human. The gods loved him; "whom the gods love die young."

In July, 1861, Sidney Herbert, now Lord Herbert of Lea, took a last journey. He was a very ill man, yet working, but kept going only by courage and stimulant; they had a desperate hope, the doctors and the adoring people about him, that Spa might help; he was so far from old—fifty-one; a wonderful cure, Spa; it might be the one thing needed to give him a foothold; with just a foothold he might gain, might win his way back—a glorious thought—to health. On July 9th he left Wilton for his house in Belgrave Square where they were arranging a large dinner for the Queen's birthday, in his name. The Duke of Cambridge was to preside in his place. He wandered about, looking at the preparations, and at four he left for the station, stopping on his way there to say good-bye to Florence Nightingale, last of many visits, though neither one realized it. "I'm better to-day," he told her cheerily. At the station Count Strelecky, who was going to Spa with them, did a little cheerful talking about ponies and a light open carriage to drive about Wilton. At that moment the two saw a hearse being put on a truck of their train, and Lord

Herbert pointed to it. "That's the only carriage I shall want." And then in a second, very earnestly: "Don't tell Liz," he begged. At Spa, in a few days she knew.

One fancies his wife, who was little Elizabeth à Court, coming one hot July morning, about the 23d it must have been, into his pleasant large room. She is fresh and sweet, in her crisp summer dress, with a smiling, bright manner—a brave woman she would be. One imagines the man—his breakfast tray by his bed—white against white pillows, his grave, great brown eyes following her. They stab her, those wistful eyes, and she drops into a chair and catches his hand.

"My darling," she says, and breaks into laughter which catches somewhere on a sob. The sob frightens her—she must be cheerful for him. "My darling one, I'm laughing because—what do you think? I sent for hot water just now for your bath and the man brought it up in a small silver jug, with sugar, and asked if his lordship would like lemons."

His pale lordship chuckled over that, but in a moment the unduly large eyes stared again with that stabbing wistfulness. "I saw the doctor just now"—he spoke slowly, and patted her hand—"and the doctor told me—be brave, dear—that if I want to die at Wilton we must be quick. And I do want to."

July 25th they left Spa, and the King of the Belgians sent his railway car for them. Andover had been brought across, the horse he loved, and he had ridden each day; on July 24th, as he dismounted, he turned and kissed Andover's neck and put his hand in his pocket and fed the beast sugar. "I shall never ride again," he said softly.

They stopped at Brussels, and in London. He was carried into his house at Belgrave Square, but his heart's desire was Wilton. He was there July 30th, and the next day he went outside, in an invalid chair, and the great eyes drank in green lawns and ancient cedars, and the shining little still river—all his radiant home quiet in "the glory of an English summer afternoon." Then—the awed children coming to tell their best beloved good-bye—a short, beautiful church service—a night alone with the woman whose love and courage went down with him to the dark river. And at noon on August 2d, the life "without fear and without reproach" had ended in its prime, and Wilton lay empty; the splendid figure which had walked half a century among great English places was quiet; somewhere, wherever is heaven, a strong and gentle spirit entered, and brought the "plume" of a white life back to the God Who had given it, and whom it had served.

CHAPTER VII

The Call of the Crimea

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?"
—Reginald Heber.

The reasons why of the Crimean War do not belong here. In 1853 England and France and Turkey fought Russia; British troops were landed in the Crimea, and six days later was the battle of the Alma River. After rejoicings of victory came a shift to bitter resentment; W. H. Russell, of that new genus, war correspondents, wrote letters to the London *Times*. On October 9, 1854, English people read at breakfast—the hearty, red-cheeked squires purpling with anger over their heavy food—that "the old pensioners sent out to nurse the sick and wounded were not of the slightest use; the soldiers had to attend upon each other."

On October 12th, there was a dispatch from Constantinople. Here is some of it: "No sufficient preparations have been made for the care of the wounded. . . . Not only not sufficient surgeons; . . . not only no dressers and nurses . . . ;

but . . . not even linen to make bandages. Why could not this clearly foreseen want have been supplied? . . . No preparations for the commonest surgical operations. Not only are the men kept, in some cases, for a week without the hand of a medical man coming near their wounds; not only are they left to expire . . . though catching at the surgeon whenever he makes his rounds through the fetid ship [the wounded were brought by sea a four days' voyage, at shortest, from battle field to hospital]; but now . . . in the spacious building at Scutari it is found that the commonest appliances of a workhouse sick ward are wanting, that men must die through the medical staff of the British Army having forgotten that old rags are necessary for the dressing of wounds."

Such, in part, was the newspaper indictment. Some denied it hotly, but it moved England. The *Times* in the same issue had an editorial appealing for help; next day it printed a letter from Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister, enclosing two hundred pounds, a thousand dollars, to start a fund for sick and wounded. Mr. Russell told of the French: "Their medical arrangements are extremely good; they have the help of the Sisters of Charity who have accompanied the expedition . . . ; these . . . are excellent nurses." Next day again was a letter in the *Times:* "Why

have we no Sisters of Charity?" The letter suggested that there were numbers of able-bodied Englishwomen glad to go, if they could be organized.

The thought was crystallizing into personal shape; Manning, not then a cardinal, wrote a letter: "Why will not Florence Nightingale give herself?" One Lady Maria Forester urged Florence Nightingale to take out nurses, and offered two hundred pounds for the expenses of three. Miss Nightingale wanted official sanction; Sidney Herbert was Secretary at War; she made her plan and submitted it to him through his wife.

The letter is dated: "1 Upper Harley Street, October 14th" (1854).

MY DEAREST [it begins], I went to Belgrave Square this morning for the chance of catching you, or Mr. Herbert even, had he been in town.

A small private expedition of nurses has been organized for Scutari, and I have been asked to command it. I take myself out and one nurse.

Lady Maria Forester has given two hundred pounds to take out three others. We feed and lodge ourselves there, and are to be no expense whatever to the country. Lord Clarendon has been asked by Lord Palmerston to write to Lord Stratford for us, and has consented.

Dr. Andrew Smith of the Army Medical Board, whom I have seen, authorizes us, and gives us letters to the Chief Medical Officer at Scutari.

I do not mean to say that I believe the *Times* accounts, but I do believe that we may be of use to the wounded wretches.

Now to business.

(1) Unless my Ladies' Committee (of Harley Street) feel that this is a thing which appeals to the sympathies of all, and urge me, rather than barely consent, I cannot honorably break my engagement here. And I write to you as one of my mistresses.

(2) What does Mr. Herbert say to the scheme itself? Does he think it will be objected to by the authorities? Would he give us any advice or letters of recommendation? And are there any stores for the hospital he would advise us to take out? Dr. Smith says that nothing is needed. . . .

(3) Would you or some one of my committee write to Lady Stratford to say, "This is not a lady but a real hospital nurse" of me? "And she has had experience."

My uncle went down this morning to ask my father's and mother's consent.

Would there be any use in my applying to the Duke of Newcastle for his authority?

Believe me, dearest, in haste, ever yours,

F. NIGHTINGALE.

This letter was posted Saturday (October 14th). Mr. Herbert was spending Sunday at Bournemouth, and there knowing nothing of the letter on its way to him, he wrote to Miss Nightingale:

Bournemouth, October 15 [*1854*].

DEAR MISS NIGHTINGALE:

You will have seen in the papers that there is a great deficiency of nurses at the hospital at Scutari. [Then the scheme is given.]

. . . There is but one person in England that I know of who would be capable of organizing and directing such a scheme; and I have been several times on the point of asking you hypothetically if, supposing the attempt were made, you would undertake to direct it.

The selection of the rank and file of nurses will be very difficult: no one knows it better than yourself. The difficulty of finding women equal to a task, after all, full of horrors, and requiring, besides knowledge and good will, great energy and great courage, will be great. The task of ruling them and introducing system among them, great; and not the least will be the difficulty of making the whole work smoothly with the medical and military authorities out there. This it is which makes it so important that the experiment should be carried out by one with a

capacity for administration and experience. A number of sentimental enthusiastic ladies turned loose into the hospital at Scutari would probably, after a few days, be *mises à la porte* by those whose business they would interrupt, and whose authority they would dispute.

My question simply is, Would you listen to the request to go and superintend the whole thing? You would of course have plenary authority over all the nurses, and I think I could secure you the fullest assistance and coöperation from the medical staff, and you would also have an unlimited power of drawing on the government for whatever you thought requisite for the success of your mission. . . .

If this succeeds, an enormous amount of good will be done now, and to persons deserving everything at our hands; and a prejudice will have been broken through and a precedent established which will multiply the good to all time.

I hardly like to be sanguine as to your answer. If it were "yes" I am certain the Bracebridges would go with you and give you all the comfort you would require, and which their society and sympathy only could give you. I have written very long, for the subject is very near my heart. Liz [Mrs. Herbert] is writing to Mrs. Bracebridge to tell her what I am doing. I go back to town

to-morrow morning. Shall I come to you between three and five? Will you let me have a line at the War Office to let me know?

* * *

I know you will come to a wise decision. God grant it may be in accordance with my hopes. Believe me, dear Miss Nightingale, ever yours,

SIDNEY HERBERT.

The long conventional sentences framed a startlingly unconventional suggestion. English-women nurses in the army! A woman in any position of public responsibility was at that time a subject for prejudice and discussion, and Herbert, counting on support from the people in sending a group of nurses, knew that the people did not understand that the leader of the nurses must be an executive. If they had understood, most would have ridiculed the plan. He knew that military jealousy and opposition would occur. A woman was not a person; she was a female. Herbert, with all his influence, could not have appointed a woman as such a leader unless he was sure of the right woman. Herbert himself, "with his winning manner, his unmistakable sincerity and sweetness of character, his high sense of public duty, untainted by personal ambition," was the only man in the kingdom who could have appointed Florence Nightingale.

England was inadequately equipped for war making. No War Department existed. Kinglake says that "what men called the War Office, with the Secretary at War, Herbert, for its chief, transacted . . . business connected with the uniforms of our troops and a few other minor details but was a merely financial department." With a great war three thousand miles away, with only his Colonial Office—well manned, but versed in colonies, not in war—as an unfitted tool, affairs were too thick for any one Duke of Newcastle. The proposal about nurses was approved by the duke and other members of the Cabinet; Harley Street released its superintendent; Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge promised to go with her; father and mother, government requesting, consented to a "private party"—still struggling to keep chicken feathers on their eagle.

Parthenope, the sister, that lovable person, wrote: "I must say the way in which all things have tended to and fitted her for this is so remarkable that one cannot but believe she was intended for it"; an official letter came, of appointment and instructions from the War Office; instructions went to the commander of the forces (Lord Raglan), to the purveyor-in-chief and the principal medical officer. Important people wrote letters; there was one to the administrator of the *Times* Fund.

One asks here why Florence Nightingale was chosen, and acclaimed, for the leadership of such a bold pioneer movement. She was not yet known nationally. Her life so far had been on its surface that of a young woman of high society; the inner springs which were to make her a power in history had not, then, shown their force. But every year of existence, every influence, every detail of character, most of all that indomitable urge to her affair, had all fitted her to do what she was to do; yet all would not have counted if the right people had not known she was the right person. That they did know, these powerful friends, that they sought her, looks again as if Heaven pushed, shaped, guided a destiny. In any case, here was a handful of personages who were moved beyond their traditions to have women sent to the war, and this handful, being personal friends, recognized Florence Nightingale as the one leader for these women.

The leader's shrewd and far-seeing brain made sure that authority in her department should be in her own hands. That bands of ladies, each with its different theory, should be set loose would be futility; that the women should be sent to Scutari under existing hospital authorities would be equally futile; there could be, so, no improvement. If she went, Florence Nightingale meant to go armed with power to command her

nurses and to reform the horrible situation. She went assured of "plenary authority" over all nurses. Sidney Herbert paid a tribute to her power to fill a public post in crisis, such as no minister of government ever paid a woman before. It was a milestone on the highway of that hampered folk, women.

There was excitement over England about her appointment. It was given out from the War Office and published in the *Times*. "Who is Miss Nightingale?" everybody asked.

"Have you heard the latest news?" John Bull demanded, halting William Bull near St. Paul's under the bridge.

"What d'ye mean, eh?"

"I got it just now from Dick Blunt, my nephew, a clerk in the War Office. They're sending a lady nurse, one Miss Nightingale, to the Crimea, in charge of a lot more lady nurses, and she's to hold her post from government. Something new, eh? A woman in a government post, eh?"

But William Bull unexpectedly had ideas. "My dear fellow," he replied, "they jolly well understand what they're doing. This Miss Nightingale —I know all about her; my people come from Hampshire, and her father's place, Embley, is near by, and what she hasn't done for the sick and poor thereabouts—the government is quite all right, don't y' know. She'll put things straight

for our poor lads. Bad weather, eh? Good-day."

So that, while plenty of the hidebound were horrified that a lady should so far lower herself as to nurse common soldiers yet many, very many, caught the thrill of an old Christian spirit, and the wind of a good age yet to come. Two at least of London papers, the *Examiner* and the *Times*, answered that question: "Who is Miss Nightingale?" They told the nation that she knew Latin and Greek, higher mathematics, art, science, and literature; that she spoke French, German, and Italian as fluently as English (and it was all true); that she had been over Europe and gone up the Nile; that she was young—about the age of the English Queen; that she was graceful, feminine, rich, popular, and "obedient" to her parents. "Obedient" was perhaps extreme. Her presence was described, how she was tall and distinguished, how her voice was low and sweet. They wrote verses on her name; the papers and the people were full of her; England was fired by her personality. Yet many thought the mission improper; many said no woman could stand the strain; all the nurses would be back in a month, some said.

Florence Nightingale did not listen to these voices; the inner voice filled her ears. She had a wall of prejudice to break down, and she did it by attending to her own affairs. They were thick

affairs, for she planned to sail with her nurses from Marseilles for Constantinople on October 27th. In a week she must have her party collected and a thousand things ready for an unprecedented journey and for exigencies only to be guessed at. There is a letter from Lady Canning:

"She has such nerve and skill and is so wise and quiet," it says. "Even now she is in no bustle and hurry, though so much is on her hands and so many people volunteer their services."

The commonplace, charming sister who adored her wrote someone: "She is as calm and composed in this furious haste as if she were going for a walk."

Headquarters were at Sidney Herbert's house, 49 Belgrave Square, and there Mary Stanley, daughter of the Bishop of Norwich, herself to be a wonderful nurse in this war, interviewed nurses with Mrs. Bracebridge. Florence Nightingale wished to take only twenty women, but Sidney Herbert wanted more. They agreed on forty, and left England with thirty-eight. The personnel was partly rather awful. "I wish," Miss Stanley wrote, "people who may hereafter complain of the women selected could have seen the set we had to choose from. All London was scoured; . . . we felt ashamed to have in the house such as came; one alone expressed a wish

to go from any good motive; money was the only inducement." Later Parthenope Nightingale also sorted socks and linen and would-be nurses, "rabble and respectable ladies and very much the reverse."

Only a Florence Nightingale could have supplied idealism for such a dead weight of humans. "Flo so earnestly desired," Parthenope wrote again—how did they ever find time to write the endless letters of those days?—"Flo . . . desired to include all shades of opinion, to prove that all might work in a common brotherhood of love to God and man.' They used many words in their letters; they "turned every corner," and if they could think of two synonyms they put both in. To return, the party as it left England was composed of Roman Catholic sisters, Anglican sisters, nurses from St. John's House and from various English hospitals. The authority of Florence Nightingale was the first word in the book. One Protestant institution would not send nurses thus; those nurses stayed; also St. John's House had to have a meeting over the question of authority, between its council, Sidney Herbert, the chaplain-general of the forces, and Miss Nightingale. The Roman Catholic bishop behaved like what might be called a very "game sport." He released his sisters from his subjugation; he agreed to Florence Nightingale's entire

leadership, and signed a paper for it; his sisters had rules ordering them never to discuss religion except with Roman Catholic soldiers. Florence Nightingale had written her offer to serve October 14th, and on Saturday the 21st her group was complete. There were Roman Catholic sisters, ten; Anglican sisters (of Miss Sellon's), eight; from St. John's House, six; selected by Lady Maria Forester, who first suggested the plan, selected among applicants, eleven; total, thirty-eight.

The same day, the 21st, Mr. Herbert announced for the War Office that Miss Nightingale and thirty-eight nurses would start that evening and would sail on the 27th from Marseilles in the *Vectis*, of the Peninsular Company, due to arrive out November 4th. Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, also a clergyman and a courier, were of the party, and an uncle of Florence Nightingale, Mr. Samuel Smith, went to Marseilles. It was night when they left London, and only a few friends came to see the leader off. It was a quiet party which stood that October evening on the railway platform about the slim figure in its almost Quaker dress, the tall figure which was already distinguished. They knew, all of them, that she was going on a great mission; how great, how far-reaching, no one of them dreamed. The good-byes were said, and Florence Nightingale,

a woman for all of her "commanding genius," clung a bit, one believes, to the dear, kind mother, and the father who had always understood, and the sweet sister. One believes that her eyes filled, all the while that her will was firm to go out on the long trail. So they climbed aboard at last, and the engine tooted the little inadequate squeak of English engines, and an epoch had begun. The uncle, Mr. Smith, wrote home about the trip as far as Marseilles:

". . . It was very hard work for Flo to keep forty in good humour; arranging the rooms of five different sects each night before sitting down to supper took a long time; then calling all to be down at six ready to start. She bears all wonderfully, so calm, winning everybody, French and English."

At Marseilles, "where she was seen or heard there was nothing but admiration from high and low. Her calm dignity influenced everybody. I an sure the nurses love her already. . . . She makes everybody who is with her feel the good and like it. . . ." In another letter: "Her influence on all (to captain and steward of boat) was wonderful. The rough hospital nurses on the third day after breakfasting and dining with us each day, and receiving all her attentions, were quite humanized and civilized, their very manners at table softened. 'We never had so much care taken of

our comforts before; it is not people's way with us; we had no notion Miss N. would slave herself for us.'"

The most picturesque episode of the journey came before Marseilles. All France was stirred by their passing; the fishwomen at Boulogne, porters for ships, had heard the rumor that a party of English nurses was on its way to the Crimea. Hardly was there a home in France without a son or brother or husband out under the flag; these, their boys, would be cared for perhaps by these *sœurs anglaises*. What could they do to show their gratitude? Good souls, only one thing possibly, and they did it. The steam packet came into the Boulogne harbor early on October 22d and the *quai* was crowded with shifting color, fishwomen old and young, all muscular and brown, wearing crimson petticoats and many-colored kerchiefs across their breasts, snowy caps, gold earrings. It is easy to believe that the caps were freshly starched and the clothes their best. They waited eagerly; ordinary passengers were unnoticed; then came a group of quiet women in black cloaks. "*Les v' là!*" A rush of color, shouting, chattering in excited French voices. Boxes, wraps, trunks were seized. Some of the *sœurs anglaises* were frightened, but their leader understood, and spoke

the right word to a grizzled big woman here with a trunk on her shoulders; to a bright-eyed young fishwife there carrying boxes and shawls. As to paying them—they refused almost with violence. Not a centime.

"*Mais, mes sœurs*, if one should see a tall boy who calls himself Pierre Dumont, a very beautiful boy, *par exemple*—and God forbid that he should be wounded—but if the sister should by chance——"

"Also my husband, a good man with a laugh in the eyes—one would know him by that laugh—François Cuchon."

"And a little fellow, eighteen, with curls—tight curls; it is my little brother, Josef Blas——"

They deafened the sisters, and broke the heart of the leader. How little they understood!

A meal at the hotel, and the landlord refused payment, and waitresses and chambermaids fees. Then the train to Paris steamed away and the gay-colored group with wistful faces stood watching, waving, crying "*Vive les sœurs.*" It was a link with Pierre and François and Josef, and they held to it desperately; and now even the last wreath of smoke disappeared in the sky. Who knew if ever they should come as close again—even as close as that—to François and Josef and Pierre?

They rested in Paris, at the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, where Florence Nightingale had been ill and nursed by the gentle nuns years before. Then to Marseilles, from where they were to sail. On the way it was the same story of tribute everywhere: porters refused tips; hotels would take nothing; it was an honor to serve the "*bonnes sœurs*." At Marseilles Florence Nightingale laid in, at her own expense, and against the advice of Dr. Andrew Smith, head of the Army Medical Department, a quantity of stores. Dr. Smith had told her that they lacked for nothing at Scutari. But she took food, beds, medical comforts, which proved vitally useful. The *Vectis* sailed for Constantinople on Friday, October 27th. Sidney Herbert said: "Those thirty-eight nurses on their way to Scutari are truer successors of the Apostles, shipwrecked at Melita, than thirty-eight cardinals"; it came near being a close parallel indeed, for there was a hurricane in the Mediterranean.

We people of to-day who sail in liners equipped with all comforts, and who know how very little the most amounts to in a storm, can imagine that old-fashioned, bitterly uncomfortable vessel, that troop of thirty-eight women, few accustomed to sea voyages, many frightened, most seasick, not all, certainly, upheld by Florence Nightingale's determination and ideals. We hope that

she was a "good sailor," and could do her possible for her forlorn regiment. It is hard to conceive noble sentiments not well washed out by a rough sea. But the ship came to Malta on October 31st and made a short stay, and they got ashore for a while. Then four days more at sea and they arrived at Constantinople November 4th, the day before the battle of Inkerman. Here is a letter written home at that moment by the Lady-in-Chief, as she was soon to be called:

Constantinople, November 4th, on board Vectis.

DEAREST PEOPLE:

Anchored off the Seraglio Point waiting for our fate, whether we can disembark direct into the hospital, which with our heterogeneous mass, we should prefer.

At six o'clock yesterday I staggered on deck to look at the plains of Troy, the tomb of Achilles, the mouths of the Scamander, the little harbour of Tenedos, between which and the main shore our *Vectis*, with stewards' cabins and galley torn away, blustering, creaking, shrieking, storming, rushed on her way. It was in a dense mist that the ghosts of the Trojans answered my cordial hail. We made the castles of Europe and Asia (Dardanelles) by eleven, but also reached Constantinople this morn in a thick and heavy rain,

through which the Sophia, Suleiman, the Seven Towers, the walls, and the Golden Horn looked like a bad daguerreotype washed out. . . .

Bad news from Balaclava. You will hear the awful wreck of our poor cavalry, four hundred wounded, arriving at this moment for us to nurse.

(Later.) Just starting for Scutari. We are to be housed in the hospital this very afternoon. Everybody is most kind. The wounded are, I believe, to be placed under our care. They are landing them now.

Balaclava! Current news, the charge of the six hundred!

> "When shall their glory fade?
> Oh, the wild charge they made!
> All the world wondered.
> Honor the charge they made;
> Honor the Light Brigade,
> Noble six hundred."

There are legends in the histories of nations which are the world's property; it was men who had made such a legend whom this verse talked about; men who had ridden "boldly and well" a few days before and near by "into the jaws of death; into the mouth of hell." They were waiting to be cared for now, these very men, as the Eng-

lishwomen looked from their ship at the Barrack Hospital on the hill. One catches the thrill of Florence Nightingale's joy of service, thinking back to that epic of an order mistaken, of a duty done. An immense gesture indeed for a work beginning. The charge of the Light Brigade.

"They are landing them now."

CHAPTER VIII

Hell

Lasciate ogni speranza ch'entrate . . .
—Dante.

On an autumn day in 1854 Sir Alexander Montgomery Moore lay wounded in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari. His cot was in a corridor near a window; he had a view into the central courtyard of the hospital; it was a view that was to haunt him the rest of his life. The operating room was opposite, and out from its window came flying, making an ever-increasing pile on the pavement, amputated arms and legs. From their beds wounded men watched. On this day, when Sir Alexander was trying to sleep, trying to forget the bloody things which came tumbling endlessly, the officer in the nearest cot spoke:

"Moore," the officer said, "I believe that English nurse has come."

Sir Alexander lifted his head and looked out. An army mule cart was carrying off the mass which had lain rotting. The English nurse had indeed come. So much is a true tale and was told by the old British general who had himself been that young wounded officer, Sir Alexander Moore, to Dr. Worcester. It was November 5th; Florence

Nightingale and her thirty-eight nurses had landed the afternoon before. There was no excitement, yet instantly and everywhere her organizing power was felt.

From the deck of the ship, the battered *Vectis*, she had gazed silently at a landscape of beauty. The immense quadrangle of the Barrack Hospital, yellow, with square towers at each angle, was set on a hill overlooking "the bright waters of the Bosphorus," overlooking the Sea of Marmora, the Princes' Island, overlooking Constantinople with its castellated walls, its marble palaces and domes. Near by was high Scutari, the "silver city" which the Turks venerated. Miss Nightingale saw these things from the ship, she had come far to see them, yet the seeing was only a step; inside that vast building lay the road she was to travel for two years. While people about her talked excitedly she stood at the ship's rail, quiet. A young, eager nurse came to her.

"Oh, dear Miss Nightingale," she cried, "when we land don't let there be any red-tape delays; let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows."

"The strongest will be wanted at the wash-tub," spoke the Lady-in-Chief.

They turned from the panorama of shore and sea, and were landed, and walked up the paved road to the hospital, that steep quarter of a mile which bloody thousands were to climb. And the

thirty-eight cheerful souls, in their neat black clothes, went through the doorway into such a scene of filth, misery, and disorder as they would not have known how to visualize.

Each side of the hospital was nearly a quarter of a mile in length. It was estimated that twelve thousand men could exercise at once in the central court. The plan of small blocks of buildings, pavilions, for hospitals, was not then used, and this, the old Selimyeh Barrack, given by the Turks to the English, was thought well adapted. There were galleries and corridors story above story, on three sides of the building, enough to make, if continuously extended, four miles. In these corridors, closely packed, without decencies or necessities, lay men. Men wounded with terrible wounds, sick with hideous diseases. And, as Kinglake simply states, the "sanitary administration had broken down." If words could carry that atmosphere of mental and physical agony they would not be fit words to write.

There are letters in existence sent then, from there. One of the earliest is from Mr. Bracebridge, that rock wall of a friend who, with his wife, had come out with Florence Nightingale. It is a series of jottings more than a letter, and it gives an idea of the arrival such as has not been found elsewhere.

"We have one sitting room with divans," said

Mr. Bracebridge of Atherstone Hall, "where I and the courier sleep; a small room for Mrs. Bracebridge and Miss Nightingale. One room for thirteen nurses, one room for eight sisters, and one room for ten Roman Catholic sisters."

A room may be, like a lump of chalk, of any size; unless larger than likely in that congested place, thirteen in one room were crowded.

Mr. Bracebridge again:

"Bedsteads were bought at Marseilles. Mattresses are supplied from purveyors, so is meat, etc."

Mattresses and meat.

"These quarters are closed by two doors opening to the great corridor. . . . We have been well received by doctors and commandant. . . . The men and officers in this, the Barrack Hospital, last night were 1730 and 650 in the General Hospital"—another building.

"Forty-five doctors old and young. [One doctor to about fifty men.] The Barrack Hospital is a quadrangle of 500 x 200 paces inside. A huge kitchen and offices. . . . Great corridors. . . . Four rooms holding twenty-seven each have been filled with beds and men in double rows. This was done from twelve o'clock to six o'clock today. [This was the 8th, four days after the party's arrival.] . . . Miss Nightingale and all her staff assisted. The sisters washed and dressed the

wounds. We had four hundred shirts sent by Macdonald [agent of the *Times* Fund]; about five hundred clean shirts were put on; half the men had only rags, or shirts saturated with blood."

You who may be reading this, don't read lightly past those words. For that is one of the things she did, the woman we are learning about. She put clean shirts on five hundred filthy men. Suppose you, man in a well-tailored suit, Stuyvesant Randolph Middleton Endicott by name, we will say, of Boston and New York and Charleston—fancy yourself, fresh from your bath, shaved and immaculate and smart—just use your lazy imagination one second and picture your comfortable body existing for days in a shirt "saturated with blood." Suppose we do it also, we women of modern civilization, then we will realize a little what that blessed person and her nurses meant to men who came, later, to kiss her shadow on the wall. Mr. Bracebridge's letter runs along, a series of snapshots, taken at random, terrible, thrilling:

"There was a long waiting [rows of wounded, sick men were waiting] for bread and tea, and out came Mrs. Clark with warm arrowroot, and another with chicken broth [and how on earth did Mrs. Clark manage as much in those first disorganized days?] and fed those who were faint

with a spoon. The poor fellows were greatly pleased . . . and hardly one even groaned. The behavior of sisters and nurses perfect, and especially the Catholic sisters.

"The beds reach to our door. We are in one angle of the great quadrangle. . . . The doctors live four in a room, so great is the want of space. . . . Dr. Cuming has given up his private kitchen to Miss Nightingale for her nurses. . . . She began yesterday. . . . She went from ward to ward with nine nurses, and after dressing [surgically] sixty-two people after the surgeon, she placed them two and two along wards. . . . Miss Nightingale is decidedly well received."

Yet there was much hostility from surgeons and medical men.

"I pass two hundred sick in going to the chaplain's to dine; the legs and arms cut off after the Alma are all but healed. The wounded men all look cheerful and calm, all the fever and dysentery men are wan and lean. The place is clean and airy; few bad smells."

Mr. Bracebridge must have been weak in the sense of smell. There are other accounts. In Rosalind Nightingale Nash's abridgment of Sir Edward Cook's *Life of Florence Nightingale* is written: "The hospital had been transformed from a barrack by the simple process of the application of white-wash, and underneath its

imposing mass were sewers of the worst possible construction, loaded with filth, mere cesspools in fact, through which the wind blew sewer air up the pipes . . . into the corridors and wards where the sick men were lying. Wounds and sickness, overcrowding, and want of proper ventilation added to the foulness of the atmosphere. At night it was indescribable. The wards were infested with rats, mice, and vermin. Flooring was defective, furniture and even the commonest utensils for cleanliness, decency, and comfort were lacking." Stuyvesant Randolph Middleton Endicott, Esq., stroll into your white and green tiled bathroom, with its shower and its luxuries, and picture—THAT. Those wounded, those desperately, disgustingly ill—and everything, the details that are your unnoticed commonplaces, lacking. And rats. And vermin. Shirts stiff with blood, old smelly blood. Men helpless to move. Kinglake, the historian *par excellence* of the Crimea, says of a Sanitary Commission later sent: "They soon found that our Levantine hospitals were suffering under rank poison . . . of that grosser sort that can only be combated by engineering works." Reading such accounts as above, very common accounts, too, it is to consider whether Florence Nightingale's friend Mr. Bracebridge had the normal smelling organs.

A change came which, "if only [says Kinglake] it had been preceded by mummery, instead of ventilation and drainage and pure water supply, would have passed for a miracle". . . "The death rate fell from 42 per cent. in February to scarcely more than 2 per cent. by June 30th." Kinglake states in a footnote: "The tone of the instructions to the commissioners is very peculiar and such as to make one believe that, whether directly or otherwise, they owed much to feminine impulsion. The direction of the orders is such that, in housekeeper's language, it may be said to have bustled the servants." Feminine impulsion, naturally. There is no space to doubt that Florence Nightingale *via* her knight Sidney Herbert had that commission sent. Who had bothered about the sanitation of Bosphorus hospitals before the Lady-in-Chief arrived?

"Miss Nightingale is organizing a separate kitchen for her people to have charge of, making and giving delicacies, etc. No doubt many have been lost for want of nourishment, not being able to eat the food they get; they tire of boiled cooked food in great coppers, and the officers complain more than the men.

"There is great want of shirts. . . . There are 120 men upstairs without shirts, and this want was not admitted."

The administration hated to own that it was broken down. "Menzies," one writes, "though very good, is slow and too cautious; repeated offers of linen, etc., were made and put aside." The administration did so hate to own that it was broken down. The suffering for its pride was done by wounded soldiers.

"The arrival of Miss Nightingale and her staff has put new life into the hospital.

"Sillery works day and night and is most kind."

He was the commandant and not very efficient, and so, even though kind, Lord William Paulet soon succeeded him.

"The other barrack [called the General Hospital] is not good, and four and a half miles off. As we stand, both Barrack Hospital and General Hospital will be full to-morrow night; I mean as full as convenient, allowing for the bad air from wounds."

After all, he had some nose. But "as full as convenient!" He had just written that the cots were eighteen inches apart. How close inconvenient might be, according to Mr. Bracebridge, is unknown. In his English Atherstone Hall his standard undoubtedly differed.

With eliminations, that is his letter. Perhaps not even those of Florence Nightingale herself give so *dégagé* and unconscious a picture of what

that crusading band went to. A home letter of hers of November 14th, ten days after arrival, was a cross section of her vivid character. It begins in the middle with a quotation from a flustered nurse:

"'I came out, ma'am, prepared to submit to everything and to be put upon in every way. But there are some things, ma'am, one cannot submit to. There is the caps, ma'am, that suits some faces and some that suits another; if I had known, ma'am, about the caps, great as was my desire to come out to nurse at Scutari, I wouldn't have come, ma'am.'—Speech of Mrs. L——, Barrack Hospital, Scutari, Asiatic Side, November 14, 1854."

It is pleasant to learn that Miss Nightingale made this ruffled human into an efficient nurse. Her letter proceeds:

"On Thursday last we had 1715 sick and wounded in this hospital (among whom 120 cholera patients) and 650 severely wounded in the other building, called the General Hospital, of which we also have charge, when a message came . . . to prepare for 510 wounded . . . who were arriving . . . . We had a half hour's notice before they began landing the wounded. Between one and nine o'clock we had the mattresses stuffed, sewed up, laid down (alas! only upon matting on the floor), all the men washed and put to bed

and all their wounds dressed. I wish I had time. I could write you a letter dear to a surgeon's heart."

One halts to wonder again how, with only twenty-four hours in her day, she ever found the letter-writing time she did.

"We are very lucky, in our medical heads. Two of them are brutes and four are angels. As for the assistants, they are all cubs, and will, while a man is breathing his last breath under the knife, lament 'the annoyance of being called up' from their dinners. . . . But unlicked cubs grow up into good old bears, though I don't know how; . . . we have now four miles of beds and not eighteen inches apart. . . . All this fresh influx has been laid down in two corridors, with a line of beds down each side, just room enough for one person to pass between. . . . Yet in the midst of this appalling horror there is good—and I can truly say, like St. Peter, 'it is good for us to be here'—though I doubt whether, if St. Peter had been here, he would have said so."

This was part of what the lifted curtain disclosed when entered Miss Nightingale of Lea Hurst and of Embley Hall—Miss Nightingale, who might have been sitting blamelessly by the fireside of one of those mansions, reading the papers and sending some money, and doing some knitting for soldiers, and saying "Oh, dear!"

The merciless hunger of helping born in her had pushed her across three thousand miles of sea to this place of horrors, and it was into this, as described, that she came.

There was more. There was the inadequacy of the kitchen, which meant starvation to many of those desperately ill who were physically unable to eat the food which came to them. "The cooking of the Barrack Hospital was supposed to be done in thirteen large coppers, but five . . . were out of order."

A modern American wonders what, exactly, a "copper" was; it sounds like a laundry affair; it carries an idea of half-done or overdone vagueness.

"They [the coppers] were at one end of the vast building and as there were between three and four miles of beds it took three or four hours to serve the ordinary dinners." . . . "When the meals came the stronger patients got some, but the weak, and especially those who could not rise in bed or feed themselves, lay too often unfed. Messes of arrowroot and wine were seen standing stiff and cold by . . . a sinking sufferer." That is from Miss Harriet Martineau's *England and Her Soldiers*, written with Miss Nightingale. Only one mode of dressing food—boiling; untrained orderlies boiled, and the ration was "full diet," "half diet," or "low diet," according to the

amount of boiled meat. Sometimes a patient got a lump entirely gristle, the next might be entirely fat; fortune of war in the coppers. Also they got it when it came; the coppers had all day to cook; the last wounded, maybe dying, man, in that weary four miles of beds, had his lunch of boiled meat or gristle, hot or cold, perhaps at 3:30 P. M.

There was a practice of drawing "raw rations." "The scene of confusion, delay, and disappointment where all these raw diets are being weighed out by twos and threes and fours is inconceivable. . . . Raw meat drawn too late to be cooked standing all night in the wards. . . . Why shouldn't the commissariat send at once the amount of beef and mutton, etc., into the kitchen?"

That is Miss Nightingale. Why not, indeed? But not for nothing are the English known as a nation of precedent.

"The astonishing custom was that the orderlies brought in the portions at whatever time . . . they could get them. These portions had somehow to be marked, often in a 'peculiar manner,' before being thrown into the common copper to which also were consigned potatoes and other vegetables in nets. Rations were cooked perhaps for half an hour, perhaps for four hours, before being fished out."

One pictures a poor chap with both arms off being served a lump of four-hours' boiled meat,

with a safety pin or a bit of red cloth cooked along with it as a marker. Miss Nightingale found them doing it this way. She found much else, and the lack of much.

"Not a basin, not a towel, not a bit of soap or a broom," she writes. Mr. Macdonald, the *Times* Fund man, tells his memory of how "one of the first things she asked me to supply was 200 hard scrubbers (brushes) and sacking for washing the floors, for which no means existed at that time." The bad floors bred vermin. She wrote: "The vermin might, if they had but unity of purpose, carry off the four miles of bed on their backs and march with them into the War Office, Horse Guards, S. W."

This being the unquestionable condition of things at that big yellow hospital on the hilltop at "silver" Scutari, overlooking what Florence Nightingale said was probably the most beautiful scenery on earth, only she had not had time to go outside and look at it—this being the interior of that marvelously lovely exterior—some contemporary statements come as incredible. A letter of Dr. Edward Menzies, chief medical officer of the hospital, is one such.

"I beg to state that every preparation that kindness and humanity could suggest was in readiness to alleviate the sufferings of both sick and wounded."

No towels. No soap. Meat boiled four hours. The helpless unfed. Vermin. Open sewers. No shirts. Sheets made of canvas. The chief medical officer proceeds:

"There is no want of either linen or bandages, but an ample supply of both. The *Times* remarks that . . . the commonest appliances of a workhouse sick ward were wanting. . . . There never was such a tissue of falsehood fabricated!"

But the *Times* stuck to its story, and its agent, Macdonald, supplied thousands of comforts and necessaries to those wretched helpless whom Dr. Menzies considered so well cared for, while Dr. Menzies assured Mr. Macdonald that "nothing was needed." The administration certainly did hate to admit that it was broken down. Lord Stratford, Ambassador to Turkey from England, hated to admit it also. When he was asked for advice about the seven thousand pounds of the fund, his suggestion was that, as everything necessary was to be found in the Bosphorus hospitals, and as it would be difficult to return the money, the fund should be used to build an Anglican church at Pera. All the time those shirtless wounded were lying on filthy floors. The Duke of Newcastle, War Minister, also disliked to admit failure. When Mr. Macdonald consulted him he said the fund was unlikely to be of any use, because of ample measures already taken by the

government. Dr. Andrew Smith, Inspector General of the army, said the same. Others explained and excused. No one suspected that England (excepting Gladstone, who wanted to make war cheaply) would economize about her wounded. Yet here were England's beloved men fighting and dying; here were the dreadful reports, exaggerated, it might be, in spots, but all too true in general. English people were panic-struck, in spite of Lord Stratford and the Duke and Dr. Smith and Dr. Menzies. Macdonald and the *Times* Fund stood back of Florence Nightingale and saved uncounted lives. He and she clothed and fed uncounted more whom the English Government was allowing to freeze and starve for the pride or the criminal ignorance of the Duke and the doctors and the ambassador.

Kinglake gives an incident immensely illustrative. A regiment—the Thirty-ninth—on its way from Gibraltar to the Crimea reached the Bosphorus without any supply or prospect of warm clothing. There the men were, in their light summer uniforms, fitting for a hot country; there they were, due to go on into the rigors of a Russian winter. The surgeon of the regiment, frantic with anxiety, appealed to Mr. Macdonald. And Macdonald went instantly into the markets of Constantinople, and every man of the regiment had from him "a suit of flannels or

other woolens, thus equipping our troops with the means of resisting mortal cold by the aid of what was called the *Times* Fund." All of which ought to have come from the army administrators.

Sidney Herbert, Secretary at War, took over many of the duties of the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for War, and actual head of what we should call the War Department. Herbert was intensely alive to the government's shortcomings and to those of the hide-bound government officials at the seat of war. He knew much. He knew about the ship that went to Balaclava with a cargo of forage—desperately needed for poor transportation animals—and brought back the forage to the Bosphorus; he knew that when the ship arrived there, the crew, finding no one to give a receipt for their goods, and being Britishers, let the beasts starve, and transportation break down, rather than cut red tape; he knew many things, Sidney Herbert, even before Miss Nightingale's letters kept him informed. General Estcourt of the Headquarters Staff had written on October 13th:

"The work in this country has been far more hard upon flesh and blood and wearing apparel than perhaps has often happened before. No tents, no covering, no beds, nothing to clean themselves with, and roughish work on Septem-

ber 20th, have combined to make us, officers and men—for the officers have not fared one jot better than the men—a very ragged set. . . . Forage caps are worn out, coatees ragged, trousers worse, shoes also."

All of which helped to fill that big yellow building at Scutari.

"My dear L——," Sidney Herbert wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, "the last mail from Scutari announces that the iron beds are arrived but that the legs were put into another ship and sent on to Balaclava." The wounded and sick at Scutari lay on mattresses on stone floors.

In November General Estcourt wrote: "The ration is . . . most liberal, but the men cannot cook, for want of camp kettles and fuel." Rotten commissariat work again. "This expedition was looked upon . . . as a sort of foray upon the Crimea."

These frozen, starved men broke down in numbers and were sent, ill with many diseases besides wounds, across the four days of sea to the big hospital on the hill with its horrors and its hardships, and, after November 4th, its "angel band," as Kinglake called them, under Florence Nightingale.

Into such a headless, tailless mess of disorganization the Lady-in-Chief led her unit; what she did about it is to be told. If this were a catalogue

the writer could fill a book with the miseries of English soldiers who suffered. They suffered for no fault of their own, thousands not even from the fortunes of war, but from the stupidity or conceit of their superiors in England and in the Levantine. This is no catalogue; one is trying to make a picture; a picture of an "appalling hell" into which a high-bred, soft-voiced, capable woman walked eagerly with no reason but the love of humanity. "Greater love hath no man than this."

CHAPTER IX

What She Did About It

They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should hevenly God to man have such regard?
—Edmund Spenser.

"Before she came," a soldier's letter said, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church."

"After that" many things changed. They changed with a quickness which must have made the routine-soaked officials dizzy. In Florence Nightingale's well-rounded education one of the details was training in housekeeping. Mrs. Nightingale no more understood her extraordinary daughter than a Rhode Island Red hen might understand Lindbergh, but Providence laid hands on Mrs. Nightingale, as its tool, and she fashioned her child into a capable housewife. The first thing set about at Scutari was a laundry.

"Six shirts washed a month" for two thousand sick, dirty heroes did not fit with her mother's teaching. And the bedding, when washed, was washed in cold water. In a week a laundry was started. Miss Nightingale, "using her own private funds and the *Times* Fund, took a house,

had boilers put in by the engineer's office, and employed soldiers' wives to do the washing." The Lady-in-Chief wrote to a certain sympathetic Lady Alicia Blackwood concerning two hundred of them "in rags and covered with vermin—in this barrack." Access to soap and water must have seemed heaven-sent to those women when put at laundrying.

From every work which the slim fingers of Florence Nightingale touched there opened out new work. No red tape stopped those hands; they untied knots as tight as ever were knotted in history. Kinglake has a paragraph in his antiquated, clear English, which shows the situation:

"The cause of the evils in the Levantine hospitals [he says] was want of governing power. In the absence of constituted authority equal to the emergency there was dire need of a firm, well-intentioned usurper. Among the males at Scutari was no one with resolute will. Will of the males was to go on with accustomed duties, each in that groove-going state of life to which it had pleased God to call them. Will of the woman, Florence Nightingale, was stronger, and flew straighter to its end; what she sought fiercely was, not simply to fulfill codes of duty, but—overcoming all obstacles—to save the prostrate soldiery; to turn into a well-ordered

hospital the appalling hell of the vast barrack wards and corridors. Power passed to one who could wield it—to the Lady-in-Chief."

That paragraph for a man-person of the Victorian age was broad-minded. It conceded the possibility of brains in "females." Kinglake was in advance of his time not to minimize Florence Nightingale's genius; Dean Stanley called it her "commanding genius."

So the "usurper," of whom there was truly dire need, swept on with unswerving usurpation, giving no thought to precedents or technicalities; working to "save the prostrate soldiery." There was jealousy from military officers and medical officers; a "female" with power assigned by the government; with ability to use her power —it was unendurable. Some military officers sulked; some medical officers resented and threw obstacles; in one ward junior doctors were advised to have as little to do with her as possible. Sir Anthony Sterling, who wrote *A Highland Brigade in the Crimea*, gives an unconscious picture of what she went through. Sir Anthony had no patience with feminine nursing, with women in war, even with government ministers who "allowed these absurdities." He could not help laughing, he says, at "the Nightingale," because he had "such a keen sense of the ludicrous."

She was charged with officiousness in supplying needs. Kinglake says: "Knowing thoroughly the wants of a hospital and foreseeing apparently that the State might fail to meet them, she had taken care to provide herself with vast quantities of hospital stores." "The fact is I am now clothing the British Army," she declared.

The hidebound were outraged. Sir John Burgoyne, at Constantinople, voiced some wails of the hidebound: "If anything is wanted for the sick she will *hurry* [italics Sir John's] to provide it *for fear* [Sir John's italics again] it might be obtained in the regular course."

Kinglake and others refute this charge. It was untrue. She issued nothing without signed requisitions of a doctor. Here is one:

Palace Hospital, 18th January, 1855.

MADAM:

I have the honor to forward a requisition for fifty shirts and fifty warm flannels. The purveyor has none. Knowing the extensive demand, I have limited my request to meet the urgent requirements of the most serious cases in my charge.

I have the honor to be, Madam,
Yr obedient servant,
EDWARD MENZIES.
Staff Surgeon in Charge.

Dr. Menzies was the gentleman who had stated that "every preparation was in readiness." Nothing went out, although it might, had she chosen, from her own stores or from those in her charge, without a doctor's requisition. So that attack fell. Many attacks fell. She marched straight to her goal, weighted perhaps with human faults, but lighted by such a consecration as few humans may dream of. All forceful people are caviled at; one cannot step aside from the procession of the "routine goers" without provoking snarls from the rank and file. She wasted no time listening to cavils. From beginning to end there was a clear slogan in her ears—to help the helpless—and this she did always with a brain and a spirit ranking among the great of history. This she did in the Crimean War, across envy and malice of jealous doctors and officers. If the dirty, ragged, hungry, wounded soldiers needed arrowroot, she went and got arrowroot, whether or not a board and commissioners had ordered arrowroot stores opened. She preferred to obey rules, but between rules and her soldiers the rules went to the wall.

"What right have you to touch those stores?"

A mounted officer, riding into the great central courtyard, thundered the words at a slim young woman hurrying across with a can in her arms —a can of arrowroot, it happened. The young

woman—in a black plain dress with white collars and cuffs—stopped and set her can down; she looked up at the impressive figure of the man on horseback. She looked steadily, out of clear gray eyes, and said not a word. Only continued to look, till, silently, the officer turned his horse and rode off. Then Florence Nightingale picked up her arrowroot and went on about her Father's business. That was an actual happening.

She had a quick temper. A temper is likely to be the defect of an intense character, and it is not possible to read honestly and deny that Florence Nightingale on occasions got angry beyond saintliness. Sometimes the caustic tongue lashed stupidity over-cruelly. Women suffered especially; she thought better of men, mostly, and her nurses were trying. Two of her Presbyterians turned out "to be too fond of drink, and had to be sent back." But there were competent ones of all denominations.

She had that to contend with, beyond jealous doctors and red tape. And even though quick-tempered, she was patient under trials to strain the temper of an angel. She made statements later:

"Do you think I should have succeeded . . . if I had kicked and resisted and resented? . . . I have been shut out of hospitals into which I had

been ordered to go by the Commander in Chief—obliged to stand outside the door in the snow till night—been refused rations for as much as ten days at a time for the nurses I had brought by superior command. And I have been as good friends the day after with the officials who did these things, *for the sake of the work*. What was I to my Master's work?" That was to a discontented nurse.

There was a lack of necessaries, and delay in getting them, even when they were actually in Scutari. Sidney Herbert wrote of a "want of coöperation and a fear of responsibility." One would say so! Soldiers lay in blood-soaked garments of the battle field, while three bales marked "hospital clothes" were in Scutari and nobody dared open the bales till a "board" had "sat upon" them! An important person of the board was away; the board could not meet without him; so the men continued to lack the clothes. One would say so! Ships made the journey to the Crimea and back three times before clothing in them was disentangled and landed at Scutari. Then the clothing was laid aside till the board was entirely ready, while sick soldiers stayed shirtless, while "medical comforts were so packed under shot and shell . . . that it was . . . impossible to disembark them and they were sent on to Balaclava and lost."

Florence Nightingale was fighting and conquering such situations all the time that she was forging ahead with reforms. "The first improvements," wrote Mr. Macdonald of the *Times* Fund, "took place after Miss Nightingale's arrival. . . . She found . . . not a basin, not a towel, not a bit of soap, or a broom." That competent housekeeper, product of Mrs. Nightingale's training, minus soap and brooms!

We get a vision of a slim figure setting disorderly orderlies at work to scrub floors with Mr. Macdonald's "hard scrubbers."

"Careful, Mullins," she may have said. "That floor isn't clean yet. Another turn with the brush, and plenty of soap. Quite right, now. We must take a pride in our work, you and I, Mullins, mustn't we?" Spoken in the low voice that was so sweet, leaving Mullins beaming to be bracketed with "Her." Then she would speed away to oversee the workmen getting ready the laundry, and to hurry the women at the washtubs, providing clean clothing for those poor dirty men.

Also the cooking. Within ten days she had two "extra diet kitchens," and three supplementary boilers on a staircase. They went on boiling, evidently. But "if government stores for invalid cookery failed, and mostly the purveyor had either no supply or one of bad quality, then Miss

Nightingale to the rescue." What was wanted appeared from her stores. She tried to have the meat boned so that no serving should be mere bone or mere gristle; but that would have needed a new "regulation of service." Some doctors, moreover, objected to "too much indulgence." One wonders if an American doctor—or English of to-day—could take a look at a poor, big boy, lately a fresh country lad, lying hollow-eyed with an arm and a leg, say, chopped off a day back, and object to "too much indulgence." The medical heads were "two brutes and four angels," said Miss Nightingale. The brutes objected.

"The uses of larders and cupboards seem not to have been understood," she naïvely stated. Some of the best men, as all married women know, prefer to throw things on the floor. Miss Nightingale recommended such amenities as cupboards and added: "Believe that this is neither theory nor fidget, but practice." Dr. Andrew Smith is illustrious as that head of the Army Medical Department who assured Florence Nightingale that she need take out no new stores, but this cock-sure gentleman conceded that "females are apt to discover many deficiencies that a man would not think of." Apropos of cupboards. This increasing business of housekeeping quickly led the "female" a considerable distance. Wreford, purveyor of

the hospital, was inadequate; the "female" provided food, beds, and other furniture and equipment, stores, medical and other, and even clothing; all Wreford's business. Fifty thousand shirts were issued from her store. "I am a kind of general dealer," she wrote to Mr. Herbert, two months after she landed, "in socks, shirts, knives and forks, wooden spoons, tin baths . . . cabbage and carrots, operating tables, towels and soap, small pillows. I will send you a picture of my caravanserai into which beasts come in and out." The "beasts" were the vermin. The caravanserai was a room of Miss Nightingale's quarters.

"From this room," wrote a woman volunteer, "were distributed . . . arrowroot, sago, rice puddings, jelly, beef tea, and lemonade, upon requisitions made by surgeons. Numbers of orderlies were waiting at the door with requisitions. One of the nuns . . . received them and saw they were signed and countersigned before serving. We used . . . to call this kitchen the Tower of Babel. In the middle of the day everything and everybody seemed to be there: boxes, parcels, bundles of sheets, shirts and old linen and flannels, tubs of butter, sugar, bread, kettles, saucepans, heaps of books . . . besides the diets; then . . . ladies, nuns, nurses, orderlies, Turks, Greeks, French, and Italian servants, officers . . .

waiting to see Miss Nightingale; . . . all speaking their own language."

In "The Sisters' Tower" was a small sitting room; they held councils there and the Lady-in-Chief presided, and here she wrote letters home, to the government, to many others. Miss Mary Stanley went out to Scutari with forty nurses in December, against express stipulations, and was greeted with energetic anathema by Miss Nightingale. Her letter to her beloved Sidney Herbert is quoted as proof of her savage temper, and certainly it is not a sample of sweet resignation. But Miss Stanley felt no lack of personal kindness, as a letter of hers shows. It paints a picture, in colors vivid these seventy odd years later:

"We entered the door; we turned up the stone stairs; on the second floor we came to the corridors of the sick. . . . The atmosphere worsened; we passed down two or three immense corridors, asking our way. We came to the guardroom, another corridor, then through a door into a large busy kitchen; . . . a heavy curtain was raised; I went through a door and there sat dear Flo writing on a small, unpainted deal table. I never saw her looking better. She had on her black merino, trimmed with black velvet, clean linen collar and cuffs, apron, white cap. . . . It was settled at once that I was to sleep here, especially as . . . Flo could not attend to me till the

afternoon. . . . A stream of people every minute.

"'Please, ma'am, have you any black-edged paper?'

"'Please, what can I give which would keep on his stomach; is there any arrowroot to-day for him?'

"'No; the tubs of arrowroot must be for the worst cases; we cannot spare him any, try him with some egg,' etc."

"Mr. Bracebridge in and out about General Adams." (They were sending him home in a coffin.)

Miss Stanley, a daughter of the Bishop of Norwich, a trained executive, and an intimate friend of Miss Nightingale, was a remarkable personality. But here she is a digression.

The Lady-in-Chief set up her laundry, her three diet kitchens, and a storeroom from which government surgeons were thankful to get necessaries. She had other irons in the fire: the training of her nurses. No diploma-ed products these, but snatched from material offered. Four of the six from St. John's House returned, unwilling to face the privations and discipline. The lady who thought her cap unbecoming became a good nurse. A rule had to be made that nurses were not to wear flowers in uniform caps, not to have more than a specified amount of alcohol. None was equal to a modern trained nurse; they were

not allowed at first to do important surgical dressings. Orderlies had not been taught to clean and air the wards—witness unscrubbed floors, vermin; their ways "would have made a housemaid laugh." It was a chance if medicine and food were taken; also there was no discipline among the mob of sufferers; Miss Nightingale put the fear of God into her nurses and through them into the bedlam of the wards. She kept the nurses in hand, but she considered that of the original thirty-eight only sixteen were efficient, and only five or six "excellent." One morning six appeared with six sergeants and corporals, whom, they explained, they were to marry. That was that; a fall in the nurse market. "The fifteen new nuns are leading me a devil of a life," she wrote later; also a chaplain wanted a good nurse removed because she was a "Socinian"; the unlearned must wonder what was a "Socinian." Another chaplain accused a nurse of "circulating an improper book"; Keble's *Christian Year*. There was a grievance that there were no Presbyterian nurses; Miss Nightingale was most willing to accept such, of the right sort, but: "I must bar these fat, drunken old dames. Above fourteen stone we will not have; the provision of bedsteads is not strong enough."

She was harassed by pettinesses which demanded priceless time. Yet reforms went forward

like armored tanks plowing over machine nests of jealousy and red tape. Stores from England did not come and she saw that the system was wrong. "It is absolutely necessary," she wrote, "that there should be a government storehouse in the shape of a hulk. . . . There are no storehouses . . . by the water's edge, and porterage is . . . expensive and slow."

She got her storehouse. She learned, from her invalids, how things were at the front: needless overwork, insufficient clothing. She wrote Lord Panmure, now Secretary of State succeeding the Duke of Newcastle. She told him how patients from the artillery were out of proportion, and gave suggestions. She begged Mr. Herbert to send warm clothing. "The state of the troops who return here . . . is frost-bitten, demi-nude, half-starved. If the troops in the trenches are not supplied with warm clothing Napoleon's Russian campaign will be repeated." . . . "A whole army ordered to abandon its kits, as was done when we landed our men before Alma. . . . The fact is, I am now clothing the British Army. The sick were reëmbarked at Balaclava for these hospitals without resuming their kits, also half-naked besides."

The soldier's kit held two shirts, knife, fork, spoon, brushes, etc. He arrived often at Scutari draped in the single verminous blanket he had

lain in on board ship. "Many had no shirt." In January they came barefoot and bare-legged. From the middle of November Miss Nightingale issued from her private store sixty-five hundred and sixty shirts. She wrote: "When discharged from here they carry off, small blame to them, even my knives and forks—shirts, of course." She went on to plan a system of duties for purveyor and ward master, such as a good housekeeper—being also a "commanding genius"—might plan: "Let the ward masters give up the dirty linen every night and receive the same quantity in clean linen every morning."

Our ancestors may have been "the great unwashed," but Florence Nightingale's passion for cleanliness seems that of a Twentieth Century fastidious American. She quoted, for their system of trained orderlies, the French; she laid down a complete scheme of hospital service: "The orderlies ought to be well paid, well fed, well housed. They are now overworked, ill fed, and underpaid." She sketched a plan for the purveying: "Perhaps I shall not be guilty of the murder of the Innocents if I venture to suggest what may take the place of the venerable Wreford [purveyor of the hospital]." She set forth a balanced reorganization, then went into the food question, the unspeakably pernicious food question as she found it:

"It should all be carved in the kitchens on hot plates, and at mealtimes the orderlies fetch it for the patients—carry it through the wards, where an officer tells it off to every bed, according to the bed-ticket, hung up at every bed. . . . Now . . . food is half raw and often many hours after time." Her program smacks of English order and comfort entering that ghastly place. Then:

"The daily routine. This is now performed, or rather *not* performed, by the purveyor. I am really cook, housekeeper, and scavenger (as I go about making the orderlies empty huge tubs), washerwoman, general dealer, storekeeper. The filth, the disorder, and the neglect let those describe who saw it when we first came."

She planned for a house steward and a governor of the hospital and sketched a medical and purveying staff to be sent out from England, "but beyond this" she wanted "a *head*, someone with authority to mash up the departments into uniform and rapid action."

Over and over it comes to the mind how un-Victorian, how modern and American, was the daring brain and the unhampered diction. A head, to "mash up" the departments! She would have made masterful use of that keen, pointed blade which is called "American slang."

"In large measure the suggestions given above

were adopted by the War Department." "In her later writings," also, "hospital organization was worked out with mastery both of system and detail." She set up a money-order department, and four afternoons in a month received the money of any soldier who wished to send it home. About one thousand pounds a month was so taken and remitted to Mr. Smith, her uncle, who distributed it in England. Lord Panmure, the new Secretary of State, stated that "the British soldier is not a remitting animal." And in the next six months seventy-one thousand pounds "rescued from the canteen," the Lady-in-Chief said, went to families in England. Not having her hands yet full, she started another rival to the canteen, a coffeehouse called the Inkerman Café. If days of forty-eight hours were allotted in special cases, one could better imagine where this wonder-worker got time. Yet other businesses were in her repertory. She established classrooms and reading rooms, and people back in England, from the Queen down, eagerly sent out books, games, music, maps, magic lanterns. She took on at least one job as a builder. Some wards, holding eight hundred beds, were dilapidated. Fresh patients were due. Miss Nightingale appealed to Lord Stratford, ambassador, who had power to spend money; a hundred and twenty-five workmen began the repairs and then

struck; on her own authority she engaged two hundred fresh workmen; and the wards were ready. She paid the bills from her own pocket, but later the War Department approved and reimbursed her.

Certainly she had the help of the devotion she inspired. Sir Henry Storks, commanding in Scutari in 1855, was a warm supporter; the Bracebridges were rock walls of efficiency; an unnamed gilded youth of English society gave up his gilding and came to Scutari to "fag for Miss Nightingale." He wrote letters, he carried messages, and faithfully toiled for months obeying her word, and countless sufferers were helped by time of hers that he saved. It was a *beau geste;* there was "grace almost medieval in his simple yet romantic idea," Kinglake says. There was also "Miss Nightingale's man," a youngster, who called himself so, Thomas, a drummer boy, who brought the gaiety of childhood into that place of suffering, who, straightening himself to his little twelve-year-old height, explained how he had given up his "career" to devote himself to Her. Followers plenty, but she had no interest in them except as they could work; work as she did herself, unendingly.

To sum up, she started laundries, and diet kitchens, and a money-order service, and a storeroom; she trained orderlies and educated nurses;

beyond that, she wrote endless letters, most of all to Sidney Herbert, but many to other officials. Of some she said: "When I write civilly I have a civil answer—*and nothing is done*. When I write furiously I have a rude letter—*and something is done* (not even then always, *but only then*)." By the miracle power of busy people she had time to do all these things. The greatest of her miracles, however, was the accomplishment of the supreme object of her life, nursing. Not merely organizer and purveyor and schoolmistress and correspondent and thorn-in-the-flesh to dozing officials, she was with her own hands intensely a nurse. General Bentinck said she was known to pass eight hours on her knees, dressing wounds and comforting the men. Sometimes she stood twenty hours at a stretch, assisting at operations, distributing stores, directing work. A chaplain who arrived about the time she did, the Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, said: "She has an utter disregard of contagion. The more awful . . . any particular case . . . the more certainly might her slight form be seen bending over him . . . seldom quitting his side till death released him." Out of that crowded twenty-four hours which she shared with the rest of us she even found time to help her children die; a slow business, sometimes, dying. Mr. Bracebridge wrote: "We cannot prevent her self-sacrifice; . . . she cannot delegate."

No. The British Army was furnished with only one of her. How could she delegate? "Florence is at last asleep, 1 A. M.," said Mr. Bracebridge in another letter. A civilian doctor stood by one day, just after an operation, as her swift fingers did the dreadful necessary work following, and her lovely voice put heart and hope into the patient. The doctor saw her pallor and knew how she had gone into deep waters with that man under the knife; knew how her being there had given him courage to face the hour on the operating table. He had seen his eyes lift to her face. She was there, going through it with him; he would be brave for Her. And anæsthetics, in those days, were not much used. The doctor wrote: "I believe there was never a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice." It was the core of her work, the severe cases.

"O Love Divine that stooped to bear
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earthborn care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near."

A clear spark of that Love Divine flamed in the terrible wards at Scutari and helped British soldiers to "smile at pain" in the presence of Florence Nightingale.

CHAPTER X

Having Fought a Good Fight

Rest does not mean the end of all our striving,
Joy does not mean the drying of our tears;
Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving
Up to the light where God Himself appears.

* * *

Fain would I fight and be forever breasting
Danger and death, forever under fire.

—G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

The little locomotive puffed, squeaked painfully, stopped at the country station.

"Whatstandwell," called the guard. Then, defiantly: "What-stand-well."

As if pointing out to the passengers something reprehensible for which they were responsible: "*Now* you see what you've done. You've gone and gotten to this lost little station, and what good is it now you're here?" The tone of the guard was resentful; one hears the same from brakemen calling stations on country railways in America.

From the train stepped a tall woman wearing a veil. She carried a bag. She fled across the platform as if in a hurry, straight to the road, as one who knew the road. But the station master——

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

The soft words exploded from behind the veil,

for the station master had emerged exactly in her way, and had got severely bumped. The voice which begged pardon was noticeably clear and sweet.

"My God!" The stolid station master jumped as if again bumped. "My God! It be Miss Florence."

The mysterious traveler halted. "Now, Grimes!" She was laughing. She held out her hand. Grimes, hatless, went down on his knees.

"Oh, get up, do! Don't be silly, Grimes." Her veil was pushed from her laughing face. And then: "Grimes, *don't* tell. I'm going to surprise the family. And I don't want any fuss; I'm too tired. Don't say a word about my coming."

Grimes, struck dumb, stood gasping, and the light step fled away over the tracks.

"I'll be danged!" muttered Grimes, getting back to language. "It do be Miss Florence. Her's home."

Her was. Up the empty road in hot afternoon light she hurried, meeting only, now and again, a laborer, too dull to look twice at this slight woman speeding, speeding, with a bounding heart now, home. After two terrible and beautiful years, home to high Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, above the silver Derwent River.

Climbing the steep road, she looked up; afternoon clouds careered around the stone house set,

almost as if on a pinnacle, on its broad plateau. Down below were gardens with terraces and flights of steps; terraces gorgeous with hollyhocks, dahlias, nasturtiums, geraniums—splashing color into August sunlight. She stood a moment in the deep quiet at the entrance to the park, between the pillars, and put a hand against her heart, partly for emotion tearing at her, partly for strain of the climbing. She was weaker than she yet knew; she stood between two years just past of superhuman strenuousness and many years to come of invalidism. Yet at that moment she realized merely that she must stop to get breath, that she was happy—she realized probably no more. She turned, smiling at the murmur of Derwent, chanting its deep song in the valley. She had heard the restless Straits of the Dardanelles since she had heard the Derwent, and they had recalled it to her. It seemed a dream that she was listening now to the actual sound.

She wandered between stone pillars, with globes on top, of the gateway, and stood in the park; on Lea Hurst ground. And then she started violently, for a shower of barks tore the stillness into tatters and out from the bushes shot a great puppy and rushed at her as if planning to tear her into inch pieces.

"Rousch! Oh, my dear Rousch!" *Rousch* is supposed to mean "soldier" in Russian.

Instantly Rousch's plan changed. He had arranged to eat alive any comer, but—— How Rousch whimpered and trembled in ecstasy; how he jumped on the black dress and licked the white hands; how he whined and wagged his tail and showed joy with every dog power he had!

"Dear Rousch," whispered his goddess, bending over, almost as stirred. "Dear doggie," she whispered, patting the quivering fur. "Do you remember how the soldiers found you in a hole in the rocks near Balaclava? Starved and sick, poor little beggar—and now see how fat you are, Rousch. Are you glad to see me?"

With that, another whirlwind; a small boy came plunging down the road, and fell on his knees, sobbing, beside Rousch, seizing the lady's fingers, kissing them, murmuring a torrent of Russian words. Peter Grillage, the little orphan was called in English; a Russian prisoner he had been when the Lady-in-Chief had taken him under her wing. "Where will you go when you die if you're a good boy?" A nurse away back in the Crimea had once asked that. "To Miss Nightingale," answered Peter with certainty. And so here was Peter, safe in England with his Miss Nightingale—heaven. Later he came to be a manservant at Embley. He laughed through his tears, from his knees, and his arm was around Rousch as he knelt before their saint.

"William," he sputtered, and nodded back up the drive, and sobbed, so that he could not say any more. "William."

Down the shadowy way came another figure, stumping hurriedly, not very fast—William, a one-legged sailor boy who had been ten months in the hospitals in the Crimea. Her "spoils of war" had arrived at Lea Hurst in advance of her—these three.

Up the drive they advanced, Rousch leaping and barking, taking entire credit for her arrival; little Peter capering; William stumping alongside, radiant, with shining eyes on the beloved face; so escorted she came to the high stone house. "If ever I live to see England again," she had written in 1853, "the western breezes of my hill-top home will be my first longing." One pictures so the arrival; there is no such record of it.

It was to Lea Hurst that she went when the dramatic episode of the Crimea was finished. But "it would be a mistake," Cook says—and he knew—"to regard Miss Nightingale's mission in the Crimean War either as the summit of her attainment or the fulfillment of her life. Rather it was a starting point." Yet an enormous and far-reaching starting point. One movement which she had not directly thought of serving, one forward stride among much else not anticipated,

she had served: the position of women as people instead of as females. She was not interested in women's social or intellectual or political progress as such, but she served it. The Almighty, Who seems not to wish to keep down any creature, may have arranged to include that in the mechanism of Florence Nightingale's career. Lord Stanley made a speech at Manchester about that time.

"Mark," he said, "what, by breaking through customs and prejudices, Miss Nightingale has effected for her sex. She has opened to them a new sphere of usefulness."

She has done more. She has made the world and its work their oyster. Whatsoever woman has the force and the brains and the body to put through, she is now, or soon will be, welcome to put through. There was a thick, sweetish top crust—long after Florence Nightingale's day—over the plum pie of freedom for women, but she, in the Crimea, stuck a knife through the crust and pried up a good bit; that indigestible pastry is now about knocked to pieces. "Put in your thumb and pull out a plum." Thanks largely to Florence Nightingale, it is a slogan for women who want to live and to accomplish.

Her point of view was, as to women, startlingly modern and reasonable. "I see Mdme. Blancecotte is publishing her *Impressions de Femmes*—

what is that? Do men publish their *Impressions d'Hommes?* I think it is a pity that women should always look upon themselves as a great curiosity —a peculiar strange race like the Aztecs; or rather like Dr. Howe's Idiots, whom, after the 'unremitting exertions of two years' he 'actually taught to eat with a spoon.'" She wrote that to M. Mohl, in 1868.

But no issues of the two years ended, no thought of the career to come distracted her that August afternoon when, hot and happy, she marched up the garden with her bodyguard of a dog and a cripple and a little orphaned Russian. She was aware, it is rather certain, of only one radiant fact: she was home. They say she came into the house by the back door, and that the old butler first discovered her. But the news spread like wildfire, and in the next week hundreds of people crowded the quiet roads to Lea Hurst and stood about the park, hoping for a glimpse.

"I remember the crowds," an old lady told the story years after. "In carriages and on foot . . . titled people . . . soldiers, some without arms and legs . . . one man shot through both eyes asking to see Miss Nightingale. . . . Of course she was willing to help everybody, but it stood to reason she could not receive them all; why, the park wouldn't have held the folks that came." So the

old lady, a blooming girl in those days, remembered the homecoming. The country rang with her name; her picture was on play bills and grocer's bags; they made ballads and poetry to her; they sent letters and addresses and deputations and presents. Workmen of Sheffield sent beautiful cutlery, friends and neighbors a writing desk; the Duke of Devonshire brought her a silver owl. There was no celebration, public or private, which would not have been eagerly offered. But she was tired to extinction; she didn't like being celebrated; she wanted to gather strength, if ever that might be again, to work more for her soldiers. She was at dear Lea Hurst, with her beloved family and the cottagers whom she knew, and Peter Grillage, and William the one-legged sailor, and Rousch the big dog; Thomas the drummer boy, that *enfant de troupe*, who had announced in the Crimea, at twelve, that he should devote his "civil and military career to Miss Nightingale,"—Thomas, too, had arrived. At Lea Hurst he still called himself "Miss Nightingale's man."

With this company what did Florence Nightingale want of functions and honors? Always she drew back from glory, partly because she feared in herself vainglory. Introspective, she distrusted her own character. In years of youth she had prayed the Lord to protect her "from the desire

to shine in society." And thoroughly well meant the prayer. Now she might shine as the Queen herself could not, and she was not only too exhausted to want to, but also—might it be?—she was a good bit afraid she might want to. "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe me?" God might question so. A complicated character, this heroine. The government had offered her a man-of-war to come home to England and she had declined it; she came back with her aunt, on the *Danube*, as "Miss Smith"; a Queen's messenger was there to help about passports. She stayed overnight at a humble hotel in Paris, and traveled to London next day, then slipped off north to Lea Hurst. Not even the family knew the train, so that triumphal arches, addresses, mayors, a carriage drawn by her neighbors, all of which were being planned, were avoided.

"The whole regiments of the Coldstreams, the Grenadiers, and the Fusiliers" wanted to come; they wanted at least "to send their three bands to meet her at the station and play her home, whenever she might arrive, by day or by night, if only they could find out when."

Instead of which—the solitary figure alighting at the country station, the climb on foot to Lea Hurst through afternoon sunshine, and Rousch and Peter and William her welcoming committee, in the garden. That was better. If

one has a sense of humor one is not egotistic; Florence Nightingale's humor was keen; she could never, for all her fear of it, have fallen a victim to vainglory; also, she had lately walked many times in the valley of the shadow where big things like death and agony and self-sacrifice walked beside her; pettinesses such as applause and adulation must have looked to her rather shriveled.

In the last analysis the string had been stretched beyond vibration either to pleasure or to pain; she was utterly tired; she must rest.

CHAPTER XI

Setting a Wide Door Open

It is so important for a woman to be a person.
—Florence Nightingale.

History does not happen as it looks in solid pages of printing. History, done into written matter, should be largely short sentences, interrogations, quotations; people live that way. Life happening is dramatic, even theatrical, kaleidoscopic with men and women who work and talk and fight and make love and kill each other; who die for ideals and great loves and great selfishness. In that way human life has progressed from cavemen to us; color and action, hearts and brains and bodies in an immense, shifting tapestry. Thunder of guns of Napoleon; groans of victims of the Inquisition; trampling of Roman legions; long white processions winding down through the forum; Washington's silent boatloads crossing the dark Delaware; Blondel singing "*Oh, Richard, Oh, mon roi*" outside the Austrian prison; Dewey on the *Olympia* speaking quietly, of a hot morning: "You may fire now, Gridley, if you are ready"; the voice of the young man Christ Jesus calling across a little Syrian lake—so history forms. A medley of beauty,

cruelty, nobility, a crowding of events, is this thing history. Rolled out back of us, we are unrolling it. We flash out unknown canvases with our everyday hands. It is incredible that writers should find material so aching with vividness, and flatten it into solid pages. A solid page without quotations or broken paragraphs is anathema. For dread of such this writer halts, now, this diatribe on the injustice of historians to history. For dread of such one resurrects figures long dead and takes liberties and invents surroundings and events, according to probabilities. One makes them look and speak, not as anyone ever told us they did, but as must be, to be true to history. If true or not to fact, that is less important.

There was a medical man in England in the year 1857; he was senior surgeon in St. Thomas's Hospital and his name was South. He did a book about hospital nurses. So far is fact. Using not much imagination one has a vision—not fact—of a tall spare Englishman in an office of a large and rich hospital, by a substantial desk in front of uncurtained windows overlooking the Thames. He would be writing with few books of reference, for had he not more experience of nurses, being senior surgeon at St. Thomas's, than other men's books could give? He had known nursing—but such nursing!—for years. The fund given by the

nation to Florence Nightingale to found a training school for nurses had been discussed of late. He was impatient with such modern nonsense. Why a fund, and why trained nurses? South scraped his chair back and stared out of his window at muddy Thames water; he tapped his pencil on the wood of his desk, and the bricky, middle-aged English color of his cheeks deepened. Trained nurses? Who should know better than Mr. South? Trained nurses! He scraped his chair forward and bent over and indited: "These are in much the same position as housemaids and require little teaching but that of poultice making."

Mr. South's looks and office furniture are imaginary; but what he wrote about nurses and housemaids is in print to this day. With the short ill-tempered sentence he made his entrance and exit, spoke his one line; he registered in history only as a type of opposition to Florence Nightingale. Useless opposition; the sun will rise.

We drop that short gray thread in the tapestry, and the eye moves to a patch of brilliance. That patch lives, shining, widening into England's vital business, into the health of humanity; it is the Nightingale Training School for Nurses, connected with St. Thomas's Hospital.

A public meeting was held November 20, 1855, in "Willis's Rooms," in London, and the *Times*

said the place proved far too small. Never, the *Times* said, had a more brilliant, enthusiastic gathering been held in London. The Duke of Cambridge took the chair; among the speakers were Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Argyle, Monckton Milnes, and Lord Lansdowne. England was on fire with gratitude for what had been done for England's soldiers; England wanted to do something for the soldiers' angel. What? The Queen asked it, the cottage people asked, and shortly someone went to the Sidney Herberts and asked, and Mrs. Herbert knew the answer. The wish of Miss Nightingale's heart, Mrs. Herbert said, was a school for nursing; for that she would accept all the money that could be raised. So they called the meeting and formed a committee, and on it were three dukes and nine other noblemen, the Lord Mayor of London, and dignitaries *en masse*, aldermen, judges, bishops, M.P.'s, authors, even physicians, the stiff-necked generation. Money poured in; fairs and concerts were given for the fund, and "the officers and men of nearly every regiment and of many vessels contributed a day's pay." Those little, painful sums without doubt went straighter to the heart of the Lady-in-Chief than rich people's thousands. In a year the fund, still growing, was at forty thousand pounds—two hundred thousand dollars, and then Miss Nightingale said it was

enough. Sidney Herbert had forwarded a copy of the resolution passed by the big meeting, to which she sent an appreciative answer; she was grateful, she accepted, but it was uncertain when she would be free to carry out the plan for the school.

At that moment she was under enormous pressure. Her aunt, Mrs. Smith, now replacing the Bracebridges, described what was doing: "She habitually writes till one or two; sometimes till three or four," said Mrs. Smith; "we seldom get through even our little dinner (after it has been put off one, two, or three hours) . . . without her being called away." She had small time to found a nursing school then. But the fund swelled in England and in the Dominions. In spite of grouches and jealousies it swelled. Lord Granville wrote that "Lady Pam"—was it Lady Palmerston?—thought the fund great humbug. "The nurses are very good now; perhaps they do drink a little . . . poor people, it must be so tiresome sitting up all night."

Seventy-five years later "Lady Pam" seems a joke, but in 1856 some of the doctors were worse. Dr. Robertson at Scutari wrote to Dr. Hall in the Crimea with his teeth showing: "I hear," Dr. Robertson said, "that you have not (any more than myself) subscribed your day's pay to the Nightingale Fund. . . . I believe the sub-

scriptions in the hospitals are not many or large." Mostly they disliked to admit that women could be educated, even to be nurses. So it was that many doctors, with Mr. South, senior surgeon at St. Thomas's, in a front rank, disapproved the fund and its object. But the troops were not impressed by the doctors; the troops subscribed nine thousand pounds—forty-five thousand dollars. The nation at large was not impressed by the doctors; Jenny Lind gave a benefit concert, the Queen stood by the fund, most of England was eager to subscribe.

The treaty of peace was signed at Paris, March 30. 1856. Hospitals closed; gaunt, hollow-eyed, ragged, happy men filled homeward-bound troop ships; but Florence Nightingale remained at Scutari. There was work, there were sick soldiers yet; there were soldiers' wives, whose men's regiments had sailed. Also from the Crimea they sent for her and twelve nurses in an "urgent appeal" from Sir John Hall, a doctor who took himself very seriously. And she went, for there was bad illness; and the doctors seized the occasion to starve her and her nurses—they were ten days without rations. She had to feed and warm her women at her own expense, and they did not starve. She herself suffered more: "During the greater part of the day I have been without food necessarily, except a little brandy

and water." She wrote one of her furious letters to Sidney Herbert about that adventure, and she stayed till at last the vast Barrack Hospital above "silver Scutari" stood emptied of the sad miles of sick soldiers, emptied of suffering and courage. An epoch-making chapter of history was folded over; Florence Nightingale, now one of the great—but little she cared for that—came home. The country was on fire to meet her; but on August 6th "Miss Smith" slipped into London unrecognized and kept a date with the nuns at Bermondsey next morning and later in the day took a train to Lea Hurst.

On the Surrey side, the south side of London Bridge, stood, till 1866, a block of old buildings, St. Thomas's Hospital. It was there in Florence Nightingale's time; centuries earlier its forerunners were there, for the ground the buildings stood on had for ages been set apart for good works. Before the Norman Conquest there was a small convent on the spot. A woman named Mary Audrey gave the convent, and we know of her that she operated a ferry over the Thames; there was no London Bridge in Mary's day. The ferry was prosperous; she grew rich, and the Saxons gave her another name; they called her "Mary-over-rie"—Mary-over-the-river. The old church there to-day is St. Mary Overy's—"being rich she builded an house of sisters on the place where

now standeth the east part of Mary Overy's church." Peaceful-faced nuns moved up and down there by the river caring for the sick. Tradition has it that St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, 852, changed the house of sisters into a college of priests and they "builded the bridge of timber," which was the original London Bridge. The English Mary left her name, and the people prefixed "saint" to it; so the story runs; but centuries have blurred its edges. In 1106 the priest college became the Priory of St. Mary Overie, with a place for care of the sick and maimed. And then, in 1207, a fire swept Southwark, and the priory and its hospital were destroyed. But the tradition held; another Bishop of Winchester discovered that in the spot was "salubrity of air" and "plenty of water"; that it was surrounded by high trees and the meadows were "sweet and abundant." So here the good bishop, Peter de Rupibus, endowed the old hospital and placed over it a "master," and in it sisters to nurse the poor, and named it St. Thomas's. So again tranquil nuns in dark robes and starched white linen headgear paced the paths on summer evenings and sick people were carried from near-by cottages and looked after by the sisters—probably in a sketchy and rather awful way. In 1080 the great Priory of Bermondsey was founded midst the open fields on the south side of the Thames,

with an "almonry" for poor women and children, and when the building of St. Thomas's Spittal was put up after the 1207 fire, this almonry was united, in it, with the hospital of the Priory of St. Mary Overie. Deep into the past dig the roots of those nine big, ugly buildings of to-day. They chose the site of this first St. Thomas's on the east side of the southern end of London Bridge, which was then the only communication with southeast England. The great Roman roads, Watling Street and Stanes Street, flowed from the south to this one bridge to London town, and there were large inns there for travelers, and palaces of bishops and great nobles. For many centuries the work of St. Thomas's was carried on in the old building there, and pious people left land and endowments to the good cause. Through rebuilding, through temporary abolition, through prosperity and adversity of centuries, through its change of site in 1871, the old "spittal" served dirty, contracted London of then as it serves great, marvelous London of now. The tradition holds.

Florence Nightingale was home from the Crimea, and forty thousand pounds was in bank waiting for her to spend. To her the two years in the Crimea were an episode; nothing permanent seemed accomplished. A door to a new career for women had been opened; she had put through

reforms, sanitary and administrative—all that was a lesson. But the war was now over and the departments of government still ran in antique grooves; nurses had no way of being trained; her fundamental work was ahead. "I stand before the altar of the murdered men," wrote Florence Nightingale, "and while I live I fight their cause." A slightly theatrical statement, but she made it good.

Home. An invalid for the rest of her life, but never was such an invalid. It was believed that she had retired from public work; but the hands which had worked over soldiers' wounds were now pulling wires for soldiers. "During her first undertaking after the war we have the extraordinary spectacle of a woman at work privately within and upon the War Office, reforming its methods and creating new ones, educating and improving its personnel, amending its organization, writing its regulations." A Royal Commission was formed; its composition, obstacles, and work are a story told later. Through royalty Lord Panmure asked that she write a report, so *Notes on the British Army* was printed, making a deep impression. She wrote this long book in six months, and she was an invalid. No secretaries, no typewriting. Arthur Hugh Clough gave help and "Aunt May," Mrs. Smith, gave help, but mostly it was the work of her own hand;

and it was supplemented by a paper on female nursing. Into this Royal Commission and that report she plunged on her return. A thousand more labors came crowding.

She would not rely alone on past experience so she visited leading civil hospitals in London; she dined out to meet people who could help her work. One woman spoke of the "willowy grace of her figure" at Dr. Farr's, one afternoon. Where did she find time for functions? Colonel Lefroy drafted a scheme for an army medical school; she was working on his draft in November, 1856—home only three months. She was becoming an "established consultant." Lord Panmure showed her the plans for Netley Hospital, a new big military hospital, and she condemned them. She had studied the "pavilion" system in France and wanted that, and the plans of Netley were of the old corridor sort, and the foundations were already laid. She tried to get this all changed, consulting, collecting information, preparing new plans, appealing to the Prime Minister. And she failed. Netley was built in the old, unsanitary way. The object, said Lord Palmerston, as he gazed at the long front of the hospital, was not to cure patients but to put up a building which should "cut a dash . . . from the Southampton River." But she got it put into the report of her Royal Commission "that all new hospitals

should be constructed in separate pavilions." Sidney Herbert must have grinned as he wrote just after: "Poor Andrew Smith [head of the Army Medical Department] swallowed some bitter pills to-day, including pavilions." She did that. She invented a new variety of diagram for showing statistics, and Dr. Farr, king of statisticians, thought it "the best . . . ever written." "In all branches of public services the friends of health reform were now coming to her." She did that. The director of the Navy Medical Department begged her "to take up the sailors." She did that. She got leave to use a canteen as a reading room for the soldiers at Aldershot; and she gave the funds, and the soldiers liked it so well that it had to be enlarged. She did that. She made suggestions for troops going to China, which were mostly adopted. She did that. She was not an architect or a sanitary engineer or a dietician, but she knew how to use experts and she was thorough. All the time there was the large and difficult affair of the Royal Commission with its four sub-commissions, and their meetings in Miss Nightingale's rooms. Sir John NcNeill wrote to her: "The nation is grateful to you for what you did at Scutari, but all that . . . was a trifle compared with the good you are doing now." This list of activities, an incomplete list, is to bring to light the reasons that Florence Nightingale, the

nurse, the founder of modern nursing, with over two hundred thousand dollars waiting in a bank to begin a school for training nurses, did not reach that till three years after the Crimean War.

But the day arrived. From Scutari she had written that the day would be uncertain; in 1858 she begged to hand over the founding of the school; she had so little time, so little strength, she was so deep in public work. But they would not let her; as of old she could not delegate. She printed, therefore, paving the way to the school, a book which was an instant success, not only over England but in America, and which was translated into German, French, and other languages. *Notes on Nursing* it was called, and its popularity was a "valuable forerunner for the training experiment."

In 1859 she began the school. She picked St. Thomas's Hospital, "large, rich, and well-managed," for the scene. There was a Mrs. Wardroper, who was God-sent, for the beginning; she was matron of the hospital and an uncommon person. She had never had training in hospital life for the adequate reason that there was none to be had, but she had qualities. It is written that she was spontaneous and intuitive, and gay and charming of manner, combining that bright personality with force and organizing power. She was "straightforward, true . . . she never tired."

And this valuable, delightful executive stayed at the wheel of the new school nearly thirty years. With her and others Florence Nightingale formulated her scheme; the hospital governors and the Fund Committee made an agreement; in May, 1860, they advertised for candidates and on June 24th fifteen "probationers" were admitted for a year's training. On that June 24th with those fifteen girls there opened a new profession which has reached to many countries and many thousands. Pastor Fliedner had had the inspiration to train women to nurse; but he did not step outside religious organization; his nurses were deaconesses. Florence Nightingale's were of all religious beliefs but of no religious order; they were the first lay nurses; the first who ever had training in the modern sense. In Fliedner's deaconess school the course was three months; in modern hospitals it is three years. In the Nightingale School it was a year. Florence Nightingale had that three months at Kaiserswerth and nothing else, for there was nothing else to be had; but a brain which was one of the ablest in history had known how to shape its own education.

From her invalid's bed in South Street she gave much time to the new institution. She was preëminently versatile; she could turn her organizing genius to the arrangement of this quite new

affair with no guiding precedents, and rule it and plan it, from the division of expenses with the governors to the nurses' aprons; she thought out details, and her laws were Mede- and Persian-esque. There were fifteen human girls of fifteen sorts, and the human girl is normally frivolous, but not under Mrs. Wardroper, not in the Nightingale School. "The least flightiness was reprimanded and any pronounced flirtation was visited with the last penalty." These children—"flappers," in our vernacular—might not be deaconesses, but they were to conduct themselves with plus-Victorian decorum. And they did. Miss Nightingale laid it down that they should "live in a home fit to form their moral life and discipline." One can imagine the reaction to such a dictum of a pupil nurse of 1929. "Gee, Mame! Get it? Forming our moral life and discipline! Where's your moral life? I've mislaid mine." Some such reception would, to-day, be tendered to these old arbitrary laws from plenty—not all—of the white caps we know.

A wing of the hospital was fitted up to minister to the moral lives and disciplines of the pioneer fifteen. They had separate bedrooms, and a common sitting room, and probably they got their baths—our ancestors were "the great unwashed"—out of portable tubs. Thousands of their countrymen do to this day. They were given

lodging, board, washing, and uniforms, with ten pounds a year for spending money. The girls "wore a brown dress," says a magazine article of the time. "Their snowy caps and aprons look like bits of extra light as they move." The chaplain addressed them twice a week, and flightiness was not done. Florence Nightingale realized that nurses in England had enjoyed a pernicious reputation; Mrs. Gamp must be swept off the stage by Mrs. Grundy.

The product of the training was not to do private nursing; it was to be, particularly, a seed for further nurse training. It was also to nurse in hospitals or institutions. And it did. Nurses from the school were amazingly soon in demand over England as matrons for new schools springing in its pattern. Thirteen of that entering fifteen completed the year's training, and six of these were admitted as nurses into St. Thomas's. One observer reported that the probationers seemed "earnest and simple-minded, intelligent and nice-mannered."

John Bull was facing, by now, the fact that his daughters wanted lives of their own. To-day Uncle Sam is learning that a percentage of his nieces will have, at any cost, what they call their own careers. The pendulum has swung far since the days "when Madison was President," even since the Nightingale Training School began with

its fifteen who must obey Mrs. Wardroper and mind their moral lives. But those fifteen English girls in brown frocks and white caps marched, for all their restrictions, at the head of a mighty procession of women, good and bad, workers and wasters, philanthropists, self-indulgent butterflies, who to-day realize themselves as persons, and not as adjuncts to the masculine world. Little they thought of future feminine thousands, the rosy English maids; little they knew, we may believe, of the door they were opening, for women, into many professions. It was a luxury to those girls merely to make living a positive, not a neutral, fact; to drop embroideries and society's treadmill and turn to constructive work, to helping sick people get well. It is easy to believe that, of a multitude of tied-down young Englishwomen, such as had brains and vitality rushed to freedom. With their coming the ignorant sick-nurse vanished and the modern educated one came in to take her place.

The first class of thirteen was graduated in 1861; and the spirit of Florence Nightingale was breathed into this thirteen-fold instrument of healing. The experiment succeeded; the movement spread; young nurses were sent out carrying expert knowledge, carrying a new spirit, to be matrons of infirmaries, of workhouses, of new training schools. They went to Liverpool, to New

South Wales. They were a living wonder wherever they went.

"I have never seen such nurses," wrote the medical superintendent of the infirmary at Highgate. "They are so . . . conversant with disease that one feels on one's mettle in practice." The Lady-in-Chief was the Lady-in-Chief in England as in Scutari; the fingers in that invalid's room in South Street never lost the threads of the school. She was the queen; great questions gravitated to her; small questions were her affair; the nurses went to see her; the lieutenants, many of the rank and file, corresponded with her, she with them. How she ever did it! Still only twenty-four hours in the day! She put idealism into those varied personalities. "We are your soldiers and we look for the approval of our chief," wrote Agnes Jones. Of all those inspired first nurses, Agnes Jones was the most lovely and shining. She was young, beautiful, and "born." Her father was Colonel Jones of Londonderry. Her uncle was Lord Lawrence. It is said she was "a girl attractive, beautiful, witty, intensely religious." Miss Nightingale sent this fascinating young person to be superintendent of a sink of iniquity, the workhouse infirmary at Liverpool. The nurses there had been of "an especially low and vicious class"; a policeman patrolled, nights, to keep order. Young Agnes Jones took twelve of the

Nightingale nurses—there were now sixty-five—to handle twelve hundred patients of this very awful place. The conditions remind one of pre-Nightingale Scutari; the men wore one shirt seven weeks; bedclothes were not washed for months; patients slept two in a bed, sometimes six or even eight children in one bed. Somebody asked such kiddies one night if they did not kick each other. "Oh, no, ma'am, we are so comf'-able," answered a scrap who hardly remembered sleeping in a bed before. The girl, Agnes Jones, "let the light of God into this hideous well," and she said she "had never been so happy in all her life." Soon the doctors asked when she and more Nightingale nurses were to be given charge of the female wards; in less than three years she reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to "something like Christian discipline." She disarmed opposition, sectarianism; all creeds "rose up to call her blessed." Then she died, and withered old paupers made verses in her honor; she had "lived the life and died the death of the saints and martyrs," and "the greatest sinner would not have been more surprised than she to have heard this said of herself."

A trained nurse of the Nightingale School did that; but of Mr. South, the senior surgeon, nothing more is known. The school made glori-

ously good. Hospital redemption, such work as Agnes Jones's, was the largest work; and to outposts like Liverpool Florence Nightingale sent the right nurses and kept in touch with and helped them. The school at St. Thomas's reformed the pauper hospitals of all England and finally the public hospitals of the whole world.

There was an incoming stream of probationers; the social position and high character of its founder swayed conservative parents; it was also about the only path of independence for women. Far from to-day's independence it was, and the young nurses were guarded and the old ones cared for, and religion had a compulsory place. But compared to reading aloud to Father, and doing preserves for Mother, it was independence. It was also chivalry and sainthood, for Agnes Jones was not the sole dedicated spirit among those early ones; as a result of Mr. South's opposition, only sturdy character would face it, so that the standard was high; there was demand for such women. They had to go out sometimes with merely their year's training, but they were good stuff, with force and brains underlying their training. According to modern standards, many were not proficient—but they redeemed hospitals. And the high character to-day of the training schools and hospitals of England and Scotland is largely due to matrons trained at St. Thomas's

in those early years. Guarded and guided as were its pupils, the school at St. Thomas's was advanced, was the first lay training school for nurses, the exposition of a quite new idea. The idea was that professional nurses need not be under religious vows, but must be efficient and expert up to the best knowledge of the day.

This writer drove down through London on a foggy spring day. The car slid to a wide, fine bridge over the Thames. "What bridge is this, I wonder?" It was Westminster Bridge, of course. There swept the Houses of Parliament along the river front, imposing, splendid, yet with a manner of aërial lightness in their Gothic points innumerable; one finds an unconcerned air about that reach of mighty buildings which has its piquancy.

"Here we are," the fluid piles of lordliness seem to say. "It is easy for us to take ourselves easily; we are here from eternity to eternity. We are England; we rule the waves and other things. Our greatness is assured; our outer guise is imperial, beautiful, casual; we do not have to be ponderous; power is within us; we poise on our old Thames River; beneath the spires and traceries we rule."

St. Thomas's Hospital looks out on those spires and towers of delicate, tremendous Westminster; it is a not unfitting complement to Westminster,

planting its massive nine pavilions at the end of Westminster Bridge, standing solidly along the embankment of the south, massive and determined, a fortress for London's poor and suffering. Down by another bridge—by London Bridge, where once quaint houses lifted—was where Mary, St. Mary Overie herself, plied her ferry. There she made money to build St. Thomas's first forerunner, the little convent. No bridge then. Then came Saxon St. Swithin of Winchester and his College of Priests; then the Priory Hospital of St. Mary Overie—1106. Along in the years, the great fire destroying things, another Bishop of Winchester built a new hospital —1223—in the old spot, and it was called St. Thomas's for St. Thomas of Canterbury, lately murdered in Canterbury Cathedral. "St. Thomas's Spittal" was its name; it united the hospital Priory of St. Mary Overie and the Almonry of Bermondsey in its heavy stone on the eastern side of the approach to London Bridge. Years and centuries slipped past and still by London Bridge stood a building dedicated to suffering till in 1866 railways, modern usurpers, displaced the hospital; five years later it settled down solidly, at some distance from its ancient earth, into the big blocks opposite Westminster.

One strayed into the building shown to us as the Nightingale School, without introduction or

letters, and encountered an immaculate nurse in a dotted muslin cap. Briefly—for what should the affairs of an unknown American matter to this busy person?—I explained that I was doing a book about Miss Nightingale; might I have a glimpse of her school? Then the kindly and painstaking courtesy which one meets so often in England took us in charge. "Oh, I'm sure the matron will want to see you." And there were inquiries as to where the matron might be, and a young nurse was sent flying with a message, while we were taken to the matron's sitting room and left with a blazing, welcome fire and flowers and books, and permission to look about. Soon came the matron, and was good to us, and showed us many things; one, the very dress which Florence Nightingale had worn in the Crimea, the old, old silk torn and mended. The caps of the nurses were of muslin, the matron said, because Miss Nightingale loved dotted muslin and herself wore caps of it. The matron was busy and our time short, but we came away with a personal feeling that the school was no legend; with a pleasant, confused memory of airy corridors and trim nurses and a blazing fire lighting burnished copper vessels, relics of an ancient hospital.

Who can judge what monument is worthiest of high service? A figure of Florence Nightingale stands, lofty, on a pedestal in mid-London, and

all England seethes about in the streets below. That is as it should be; but it is not all. Her name is known in most corners of the world, but her image has faded largely to a pictured stained-glass saint; dulled by time are the strong lights and shadows of that intense and startling personality. The man in the street says: "Florence Nightingale? I know almost nothing of her. A nurse—the Lady with the Lamp, don't you know? What else was there about her?" And yet one needs to study very little to meet, springing from the records, a vivid human woman, a genius and pioneer, full of energy, self-sacrifice, temper, impatience, will and wilfulness, love and anger, brilliant intellect and hampering prejudice, full of the contradictory strength and weakness of humanity, but gleaming far above ordinary humanity as one of the great figures of history. Queer—is it not?—that such a person should be vaguely remembered as "some sort of a nurse, don't you know." Yet most people react so to her name. After all, the majority of the great are only names in the ears of crowding centuries. The well-read are a minority; who but the well-read can tell much about Genghis Khan or Pericles or Confucius?

There was never on earth but one Florence Nightingale, and her truest monument, not made with hands, is one not always associated

with her name; it is the far-reaching outcome of that school of thirteen young women in brown and white, housed and guarded in a wing of old St. Thomas's Hospital. It is the hope of help to which the world turns in trouble, a fitting, enormous monument, the modern profession of nursing.

CHAPTER XII

The Brand-new Profession

None can hear His footsteps save those whose sanctuary door is open.
—Swami Paramananda.

Consecration is not only a glory; it is an asset. With enormous gains in the profession of nursing this asset has largely been lost. In the early days the women set apart to take care of the helpless were a definite order of servants of the Church; as much as priests, as much as deacons. To this day in English hospitals there are characteristics of the deaconess régime; the matron of an English hospital is much the same as the mother of a deaconess house; in each English hospital there is a chapel and a chaplain and services are held in the wards. That antique, unphrased human conviction that the suffering are particularly the Lord's affair, and that care of them is particularly the Lord's work, persists over the continent of Europe. In England it persists; not in America. Deaconess foundations do not prosper with us; chapels and chaplains are uncommon, if known at all in hospitals; the spiritual tradition of the profession is discontinued. Florence Nightingale first "laicized" nursing, took it out of religion. Yet she was far from intending to take religion out of

the new profession; consecration was to her its life-breath. But she had opened a door to freedom through which crowding thousands not of her sort were to pass.

In these days energetic young women can work in many ways; in those days there was no career practically open to any woman, except that of wife and mother. There were plenty then as now who could not, for various reasons, be either, and what the poor lambs did with their pottering days is a mystery. Jane Austen's stories throw some light on the deadly triviality of a woman's life at the time. Many, with minds atrophied by uselessness, were contented. That many more were wretched is shown by the hundreds—at first—thousands later, who became nurses. There was "an incoming stream of probationers." Even so, popular feeling was opposed; parents were horrified. There must have been in more than one home about 1861 domestic scenes resembling the following, invented by this writer.

Imagine, please, a placid, solid English family, and a domestic evening. This is somewhat the way a bombshell must have fallen into that little pond. Dinner, of chilly soup and roast mutton and boiled potatoes and other food of that ilk being over, Father and Mother and their docile Mary would repair to the drawing room; the

drawing room would not be well lighted, and the small fire in a grate would not spread much warmth. Mary would feel goose flesh on her bare shoulders as she and Mother seated themselves with embroidery in distant chairs under poor light; the armchair by the fire, near the one good light, would naturally be reserved for dear Father. (How Father in America would have altered his habits!) After a decent time, when Father has yawned once or twice over his paper and his glass, Mother would speak up tentatively.

"Would you like Mary to give us a little music, dear?"

"Eh!" That would be an irritated grunt from Father.

"Would you enjoy a little music?" in a faint voice. That would be Mother, intimidated.

"Music! Yes. Let her show what that man has done for his money." The girl flies to the piano and turns over sheets of songs.

There is no question, be it understood, but that Father is the salt of the earth and would die for his home and family; merely he is not pretty-mannered. Mary begins. She warbles two stanzas, and then Father hurls himself into the arena.

"Don't you know any other songs? You've given us that and one or two more, every night since I can remember."

Stormily. Stocks were bad to-day, and quite

reasonably a British citizen takes that event out of his family. But what was not expected was Mary's reaction to bad stocks. The music halts in mid-air and Mary arises, pale, and looking taller than he has considered her.

"You're quite right, Father. I have no gift for music. I know only ten songs. Lessons are money wasted. I'm not going to take any more. It's silly and useless. I'm not going to take French lessons or paint bad water colors. I'm going to——"

"Mary!" gasps Mother. And Father, not yet understanding what he has to deal with, sits back and remarks sardonically:

"Yes, miss. And please, what are you going to do? Is your mind quite decided?"

Mary is shivering, but she has braced herself, weeks, for this moment. "It is decided," answers Mary firmly. "I'm going to enter as a probationer in the Nightingale Training School."

"Are you mad, Mary?" It is a whisper from Mother with a terrified glance at Father. "A nurse! You might as well want to be a kitchen maid."

The rest of the controversy must be imagined, for it might be a month before Mary's tenacity —inherited straight from Father—makes a dent. At length Mother, finding her obedient child immovable, states that Mary must have a low mind to want to nurse common people, the dis-

gusting things! Mary revolts her, but if she feels so—— After all, Miss Nightingale is a lady of birth and breeding—and means—who might have married well, for she was said to be charming. After all, again, some girls of good family are doing this queer thing—Mother trails into vagueness. And Father, who does always what Mother says, though both would be scandalized to hear it, ungraciously consents. And Mary dons the white and brown uniform and, her soul on fire with the Crimean story, with generous desire to make life count, enters the Institution for the Training, Sustenance, and Protection of Nurses and Hospital Attendants at St. Thomas's Hospital, a more limited adventure, radical as it seemed to fathers and mothers of that date, than yours, young Mary of to-day enrolling in one of many thousand training schools.

The first in England and a huge innovation, the Nightingale School was liberally endowed with the two hundred and twenty thousand dollars—forty-four thousand pounds, the amount of the fund which had been given as a thank-offering to Florence Nightingale by the people of England. Being independent this school could have ideals. Miss Nightingale saw that the best service in hospitals is given by pupil nurses of a school which has no pecuniary advantage to gain. She laid down laws for her school, and she made

marvelous nurses, whose influence is still felt. For the matter of that, she had noble material. Conventional English people were shocked by the idea that their Marys should nurse anybody and everybody; shocked more or less that women should be educated in any case. Only women brave enough to face criticism, high-minded enough to use their lives for a purpose, intelligent enough to realize the value of what they did—only such came forward. Yet there were plenty over the land to whom Florence Nightingale's appeal said, unphrased:

"Lay hold on life and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally."

It was ten years before America had any training schools at all. If it is asked why not, with Florence Nightingale to show the way, the answer is simple. America and England were on difficult terms over the Alabama claims; we distrusted Great Britain and all which came out of her.

Then the Alabama claims were settled; England paid, properly, for letting a Southern warship be built and sent out from her port, and again things were serene. America might follow a great Englishwoman, and gladly did. Dr. Susan Dimock, a Southerner, started the earliest

training school in America in 1871; she started it after she had learned at Kaiserswerth and from Florence Nightingale. Florence Nightingale was then fifty-one, and, though an invalid, was doing more hard work daily than any average ten men. Doubtless she found time, as the really busy people do, to coach and advise the brilliant young person from overseas, but Susan Dimock died young, and there is small record of her work. Her school was at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, and Miss Linda Richards, first of American nurses, received a diploma there in 1873 and went on to an honorable record of responsible work; American nurses, marrying, should name their first daughters either Susan Dimock or Linda Richards. Schools and nurses increased. Hospitals began to have training schools in connection; before long the entire system had branched into things undreamed of by Florence Nightingale. In 1872 there was a Committee on Hospitals of the New York State Charities Aid Association; its first report was dated December 23d; Dr. Wylie of the committee spent three months in Europe studying nursing in schools and hospitals, and brought back a letter from Miss Nightingale. Shortly a training school was started in connection with Bellevue Hospital, and her rules were adopted as a foundation; New Haven did the same; the

Massachusetts General Hospital was being formed. "But later" that school "gave up their charter to the hospital and educational independence was so sacrificed. Independence is an indispensable foundation for all schools; training schools should be either properly endowed or supported from public funds."

So speaks the highest authority, probably, on the subject, Dr. Worcester of Waltham. He points out that the influx of ambitious young women has brought redemption to hospitals from the horrible conditions of ante-training-school times, from the drunken and immoral nurse situation, from Sairey Gamps.

But, as development followed, the leadership of the Great Nurse—back there in England, back there in the years—lost force. She had grown so old; she had so long outlived her generation; she held so to her quaint ideas; at last the architects were laughing at her obstinacy as to hospital buildings and the nurses were calling her a "back number." Her only training in a training school was three months at the German Kaiserswerth. To-day three years is thought necessary. Why was that enough for her? The answer is that before Kaiserswerth she was already a model housekeeper, she had already knowledge of anatomy and physiology and hygiene; she knew the history of nursing; she had observed

its practice in famous hospitals; and she loved her work better than anything in life. The world will move along, and the tide will leave on the strand what was the latest thought, the most up-to-date theory; we may not be vain, we of the moment; in twenty years, in ten years a younger crew will be gently laughing at our old-fashioned sea craft. Yet some things last; the movement which Florence Nightingale started is rolling along yearly thousands of recruits; rolling them, largely, into evolutions which she did not foresee. In her lifetime she saw the training school swallowed by hospitals; she saw the education of pupils become a secondary object in hospital schools; she saw her old plan, the old deaconess plan, discarded, and the care over graduate nurses of the schools not expected or desired. Chapels and chaplains, inspiration for consecration, have no place in modern hospitals. Consider nurses whom one has known, and visualize the attitude of ninety-nine one hundredths toward such an idea. Mother houses for times of illness, for worn-out old age, these are not thought of by to-day's schools. The leadership of the first leader is superseded.

I am quoting in condensed form the experience, and many of the words, of a master, Dr. Worcester. "Perhaps," he says, "there is gain in the modern departure; certainly there is loss. Hos-

pital ownership of training schools is the main cause of the lack of interest of graduates in the welfare of their schools. For a time hospital schools had only to pick probationers from long waiting lists; so small attention was paid to the drift from educational ideals. Immediate usefulness of the pupil-nurse was paramount; their fitness for service later secondary. Few noticed that practically no college graduates came to the training schools. And now there is a shortage of applicants; graduate nurses advise their younger sisters not to follow their calling; the question is anxiously asked, what can be done to make training schools more attractive." And the "professional as well as the personal dissatisfaction with present conditions is a good sign. . . . Real advance is not to be won by repeating conditions of past times, yet help will be found in the return to guiding principles. This is a discouraging era for those who long for advance in the profession of nursing."

The same hand has drawn a picture and a contrast. The picture is of the entirely religious work of the deaconesses. "Nursing to them," he says, "is distinctly Christian service. In feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting sick and prisoners, they fully believe they minister to the Master. One famous motto of deaconesses begins: 'What do I desire? I desire to serve.

Whom do I desire to serve? The Lord in His poor and suffering.'" Such spirit underlies their work. As for the work itself, he writes that in the small deaconess hospitals in the old world there is an atmosphere "seldom found in large and more scientific institutions. Yet modern science is not lacking. Operating rooms are aseptic, care of patients as thorough. There is no lack, from considering each patient as a soul, more than a pathological case. This homelike feeling is mainly due to woman's influence. There is no home, even for the well, unless a woman is the head of it. Much more for the sick and helpless, who need mothering. The modern hospital palaces . . . men trustees, physicians, surgeons, male superintendent and his male assistants—a host of young house officers, to say nothing of medical students who overrun these hospitals—fail to make the wards homelike. True, there are nurses and ward maids under matrons and a woman superintendent, but in modern hospitals women, whatever the titles, are merely servants under male supervision. Deaconess hospitals are, many of them, dingy old buildings, but the patients are at home. The head of each hospital is a mother. Surgeons and assistants visit patients as if in homes supplied with every appliance and every assistance. No doubt the professional service (doctors and surgeons) is more

personal because of the mother's personal interest in each patient. This professional service, moreover, is engaged and paid for by the institution; perhaps for this reason the doctors coöperate with sisters and mother in the spirit of the institution, which is that each patient is a member of the family for the time being."

This description by a medical man, looking for facts, gives us a hope that if we must be ill in a hospital the Lord will send us to a hospital like that. Irvin Cobb, out of a full heart, one believes, and after a bout of invalidism, wrote of a modern undeaconessed hospital that the patient had "as much privacy as a goldfish." That indictment hits straight, to every person of decent reserve who has been in a St. Mary's or St. Luke's or St. Joseph's, and had talkative nurses run in and out at will, and felt the desperate wish for an hour undisturbed. Certainly skill, knowledge, expert care, facilities, are to be found in up-to-date institutions. But often not the obvious small considerations. Often a nurse, being at leisure, comes into a sick room and talks at length, sometimes a half hour, mostly about her own affairs, to a tired and weak patient who has looked forward to that precious time for rest and quiet. The writer has seen lately a thick-set doctor plant himself on the bed of a person ill with spinal trouble, and weigh the bed down unev-

enly, and put his arm across the patient's knees, supporting his own husky body and straining the painful back, to say nothing of the disagreeable familiarity. Florence Nightingale says in her *Notes on Nursing:* "Remember never to lean against, sit upon, or unnecessarily shake the bed upon which a patient lies." That was nearly seventy years ago; and the doctor who planted himself was now. One would think, by now, a doctor would —— But he didn't. In a deaconess hospital would such selfish inconsiderateness be possible? These extreme yet not uncommon instances go to show that while we have gained much, we have lost also. When thousands of young women come out of varied ranks, some will be found coarse-fibered, heavy-handed. The modern trend, even among the best bred, is not toward the subtle delicacy which is the breath of life to an invalid. Largely the doctors are responsible. Any proper doctor will give an ill man his best skill; a great many of them will go on to crush all hope out of him, if the man is fifty or so, by: "At your time of life, of course——" It seems odd that being human as well as medical they so often do not realize how that evil negative suggestion of age dashes cold water on struggling courage. The nurses, seeing doctors cold-blooded, follow suit, yet, being women, it is seldom that they attain like brutality.

"The great concern," says the writer and authority whom I have quoted so extensively, "is to save what—and all that—was valuable in past methods. . . . Outside the blessing always on consecrated service"—and this is a highly placed, successful, and distinguished medical man speaking—"Outside the blessing always on consecrated service, outside the excellence of purely altruistic service, some characteristics of older nursing might just as well have been preserved. The homelike character of little deaconess hospitals might as well as not pervade modern hospitals. It is a quality which depends not on smallness of the hospital but on greatness of the matron's heart, and on supremacy of woman's influence. The Lady of the Lamp had the same loving-kindness for every one of her two thousand patients in Scutari that she learned to show in the tiny hospital at Kaiserswerth. The devotedness of the older nursing to all kinds of helplessness might as well characterize modern nursing. Now as ever the pauper on his deathbed deserves as tender care as the billionaire—from the deaconesses and sisters he gets it." . . . "Modern nurses nurse only the acutely ill; deaconesses care for all forms of helplessness. The modern nurse is trained in a hospital to care for surgical patients, for victims of accidents, for acute medical cases; perhaps she also has midwifery

experience and some training in the care of contagious and infectious diseases, but the common forms of helplessness she never sees; a deaconess begins her training by the care of well babies . . . then she serves in an asylum for the helpless aged . . . feeble-minded and insane . . . the acutely sick in their own homes. Against common chronics and all incurables the modern hospital doors are shut. A deaconess is trained to help the home and family of the patient; a modern nurse knows how to make a home into a hospital; knows how to exclude the family; often does not know how not to make life miserable for the servants."

All that is the judgment of a great doctor, with expert knowledge of nurses. It is bold to cap such a dictum with the average experience of a lay person. Yet one has memories, of sorts. One retains the scars of battle of a long siege of typhoid, in the clutches of an able but bad-tempered hospital-trained nurse. "Oh, you hit my head," weakly expostulated the victim. "You ought not to get your head in my way," snapped the nurse. And anything, to the invalid, was better than a fracas, so the nurse was endured; but endurance did not help the cure. On the other side, one remembers a soft-voiced, bright-haired English girl, whose seven weeks in the house were a pleasure, not only to family but to

servants—which *is* rare. One remembers a little thing with a big soul, in a hospital; her quiet skill; her low voice and pleasant touch and understanding and thoughtfulness; her reaching out after things beautiful; happy little talks about Edward Rowland Sill's verse, and Burton Holmes's views of Italy, and new hats, and new books, and the out of doors which she brought back in decorative bits to the room which was for four months one person's universe; the dignity of her obedience to a stupid and egotistic doctor. One will not forget that nurse; because of her personality all nurses rank higher.

To Florence Nightingale nursing was joy. Consecrated, dedicated, she was not a sentimental enthusiast but a hard worker; she fed to her flame days and nights of incredible labor; she fed it hardship and exhaustion, and contact of loathsome dirt and sickening wounds; such was the fuel that went into the furnace of her desire to do good, that flamed into a light to lighten the nations. She wrote once to a girl: "A wise man says that true knowledge of anything . . . can only be gained by a true love of the ideal in it." About that same time she described a nurse—in a memorandum for reference—in this way: "As self-comfortable a jackass as ever I saw." There were many facets to that diamond called Florence Nightingale. But they all shone with one

vast light, and she summed it up on the last page of a marvelous little book of hers: "Oh, leave these jargons and go your way straight to God's work, in simplicity and singleness of heart." It would not be a bad recipe for any of us—to "leave these jargons."

CHAPTER XIII

A Glorious Hen and Her Four Chickens

God give us bases to guard and beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on.

If she had known when she returned from Scutari that, instead of rest, there lay immediately ahead of her years upon years of living as strenuous, of its kind, as the two incredible years of the Crimea! Yet, if she had known, it would not have daunted her. Many times, in many forms, she had said, and meant it, that living and dying were quite the same, as long as she was doing the work set before her.

Things may have happened as follows:

It was an August morning at Lea Hurst; through misty English sunshine interlacing hills melted into great ripples. The doors were open over the house, and through one stepped the old butler, that person of the family who had been first, it is said, to recognize the tall, veiled lady when, leaving outside her noisy bodyguard of Peter and Rousch and William, she had stolen into the back door of the house on an afternoon two weeks earlier.

He entered with dignity, the butler, but his face shone with joy regardless when he looked at "Miss Florence." It always did; it was too good to be true, this having her at home. Since her coming he had instituted a huge tray instead of the decorous small one of custom, to carry in the mails—the "post," the English say. I think it had a heavy border of grapes and leaves, that tray; many of us to-day own such, handed down from Victorian dates from our grandmothers. Behold, then, Crowshaw, the benign butler—was he perhaps Crowshaw? There have been English butlers so named. Behold Crowshaw entering the pleasant room where the returned wanderer lingered after breakfast with her sister.

The glittering silver was loaded with letters, long official envelopes being in force. Smiling sidewise, with the liberty of an old servant, toward Miss Florence, the man presented the tray to the older sister, and waited. This would have to be passed on, when Miss Nightingale the elder had inspected it; few letters to Lea Hurst now that were not for Miss Florence. So the butler, in a moment more, presented most of the original papers to Miss Florence across the room.

"What a big tray you've got, Crowshaw; you could fetch me in on that, couldn't you?"

Crowshaw laughed apologetically, knowing he was permitted. "Hit *is* big, miss, in a man-

ner of speaking. If you'll excuse my saying so, miss, hit's necess'ry now because—I mean to say—there's so many letters in the post since you came 'ome."

Florence Nightingale, sitting by a window where chintz curtains stirred in the breeze and reflected in her tired face their gay floweriness, examined her post. "Parthe," she spoke suddenly, "this will interest you. Here's one from Sir James Clark, from Osborne." Sir James Clark was the Queen's doctor, and she had gone with her father, four years before, in 1852, to stay at his place, Birk Hall, in Scotland.

"Sir James Clark," Parthe repeated. Parthe was arranging flowers, which the gardener had just sent in. "How you do get on with the medical men!" said Parthe.

"Listen," continued Florence, absorbed. "He wants me to come to Birk Hall for next month. He says the air of Scotland would be good for my health."

"So it would," agreed Parthe.

"And—do listen, Parthe. Birk Hall is quite near Balmoral, and the Court will be moved there shortly."

"Oh," comprehended Parthe.

"Yes." So Florence. "He says the Queen will doubtless invite me to Balmoral. In fact, she knows of this invitation."

"Flo," spoke Parthe, who loved pomps and vanities, "Flo, dear, what a famous person you really are!"

The famous person frowned. "Whatever has that got to do with it?" she threw back. "Don't be dense, Pop. It's not for society. Don't you see, it's opportunity. Sir James says there would be a chance at Birk Hall for informal talking with the Queen, besides any 'command' visit to Balmoral. The Queen would drive over; I'd see her alone. Think how I could make them understand—the Queen and the Prince—about my soldiers. How I could get them interested in plans to prevent horrors again! Parthe, it's heaven-sent. It might mean—it *must* mean reform of the barracks and military hospitals, justice to the army. It's a call."

"You think about your soldiers day and night, don't you, Flo?" Parthe stood, a tall and lovely Englishwoman, scissors in one hand, a spray of vivid dahlias in the other; she stopped her work, gazing at this surprising, marvelous sister.

"Of course I think about them," cried the sister. "How could I help it? Fancy not! They're my children."

On September 19th, Florence Nightingale and her father reached Birk Hall, and two days later drove over to Balmoral, and Sir James Clark

introduced her to the Queen and her husband, the Prince Consort. Very surely she did not go unprepared for so important a meeting. She had come home longing for rest, but longing more for something else—the welfare of the army. As soon as she knew of the visit to Birk Hall, of the prospect of talking to royalty, she began to make plans, to collect data, to take advice, to store her memory with facts, statistics, which she wanted royalty to know. The Queen might ask what she could do; one must have a defined answer, and it must be the best answer.

There were two men who had thrown more light on the defects of the Crimean campaign than any others—Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch. She arranged to consult with them at Edinburgh on her way to Birk Hall. These two men had been a commission sent to Scutari in 1855, when the country was ringing with the blundering of the government and the suffering of the soldiers, to look into transportation and commissariat. They looked too well. So well that the government, writhing under their evidence, promptly appointed a board of other officers, known as the Chelsea Board, to report on their report. And the upshot was that this second report—the Chelsea Board's—solemnly and grotesquely found that the whole cause of the long, ghastly Crimean muddle was that the

treasury had failed to send at the proper moment one special lot of pressed hay. It sounds like a heavy-footed joke, but it was seriously meant to quiet an indignant England.

It did not. The *Times*, some large towns, the House of Commons, stirred and growled menacingly; then Lord Panmure, Secretary for War—the "Bison," as Florence Nightingale named him—made a bisonesque gesture: he tendered for the government £1,000 each to Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch—which each promptly refused. Miss Nightingale sent a note to Mrs. Tulloch: "I am glad that they have been such fools. I am sure the British Lion will sympathize with this insult, and, if it does not, then it is a degraded beast." But the Lion did. And it was these two, who knew so very much of what Florence Nightingale wanted all England to know, whom she stopped to see in Edinburgh.

She took other counsel, the beloved Sidney Herbert's first and foremost. "I hope your Highland foray will do you good," he wrote. "I hope you will illustrate by facts and details. Men and women require picture books just as much as children." It was typical advice from that crystalline and friendly mind.

There was a Colonel Lefroy who had been sent out to Scutari also in '55; he was confidential adviser to the then Secretary of State, who was

Lord Panmure. That meant also Secretary at War, for the two offices merged. Panmure, the Bison, had sent Colonel Lefroy to report privately on hospitals, and the friendship which he then formed with the Lady-in-Chief lasted till he died. His view of Scutari hospitals was the same as hers; he saw and he knew. The letter which he wrote before she went to Birk Hall was the most suggestive of any. He spoke of many reforms; he spoke of a report which she ought to do. "We have almost a right to ask at your hands," he wrote, "an account of the trials, difficulties, evils come through. The report should be to Lord Panmure on a formal request, or else it should be as evidence before such a commission as I have proposed above."

Ah! That was Florence Nightingale's idea also. A Royal Commission to inquire into the whole condition of barracks, hospitals, and the Army Medical Department. The Queen might ask what she could do for Miss Nightingale. If so honored Miss Nightingale would be ready. For herself—nothing; for the soldiers a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole condition of barracks, hospitals, and the Army Medical Department, in order that at no other time, ever, should healthy, upstanding British lads be marched away to unnecessary agony and death such as she had seen. The nation must know

about its sons; no other British army must suffer what she had seen this one suffer.

"These people have all fed their children on the fat of the land and dressed them in velvet and silk while we have been away. I have had to see my children dressed in dirty blankets and to see them fed on raw salt meat, and nine thousand of my children are lying, from causes which might have been prevented, in their forgotten graves. But I can never forget."

"From causes which might have been prevented." It was with such a memory that her heart was bursting when Florence Nightingale went to Scotland to see the Queen.

The Queen and the Prince were charmed with her personality and impressed with what she told them. The Queen wrote to the Duke of Cambridge, the commander in chief, "I wish we had her at the War Office." But the duke, being no "red-hot reformer," was probably thankful that this royal wish was certain not to be granted.

One digresses here to tell a story about this same George, Duke of Cambridge. Miss Nightingale herself told it. She "often trounced the commander in chief in her letters," Cook says, yet, for all his lack of sympathy for reform, she was fond of him.

"What makes George popular," she wrote,

"in this kind of thing: in going round the Scutari hospitals with me, he recognized a sergeant of the guards (he had a royal memory) who had had at least one third of his body shot away, and said (the Duke) to him with a great oath, calling him by his Christian name and surname, 'Aren't you dead yet?' The man said to me afterward: 'So feelin' of 'Is Royal 'Ighness, wasn't it, m'm?' with tears in his eyes." So much for the Duke of Cambridge, who was no reformer.

But the Queen differed from her Uncle George; and the Prince Consort differed also. "She put before us," wrote the Prince in his diary, "all the defects of our present military system, i. e., the reforms that are needed. We are much pleased with her. She is extremely modest." So Sir Edward Cook tells the story. Someone else, more unexpectedly, was pleased with her. The Queen wished her to stay on and see Lord Panmure, whom she had never met, and she did. And the Bison succumbed; this genius and organizer and fighter had "a way with her," when she chose, with men. "You fairly overcame Pan. We found him with his mane absolutely silky." Young John Clark, son of Sir James, wrote that. And there is a letter from Sidney Herbert, later: "The Bison wrote to me very much pleased. He says he was very much sur-

prised at your physical appearance." That a reformer should be lovely to look at evidently was not planned for by Lord Panmure.

So that the "Highland foray" brought away flocks and herds over the border, in masses, of the sort which the soul of Florence Nightingale desired. The Queen and Prince were with her heart and soul; the ferocious Bison was amenable, and it was agreed and requested that she should "write out her experiences with notes on reforms for the information of the government." Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, joined in this request with Lord Panmure. This latter agreed to a Royal Commission and "seemed well disposed" to her most important-of-all scheme, an army medical school. She had yet to learn how stubborn and inert an animal a bison may be. But there was jubilation in her "cabinet" of reformers, and she and they were at work quickly on plans and details.

Lists of an ideal Royal Commission. She drew them up and sent them about and got consents to serve from the ones she wanted. Down in London she was now, at the Burlington, in Old Burlington Street, her family's special hotel, which soon came to be called "The Little War Office." Dr. Sutherland, her physician at Scutari, and perhaps closest associate of all, for he was her unofficial

secretary many consecutive years to come—Dr. Sutherland was slated for the commission.

"I have just received your letter," he wrote November 12th, "and there must be a foundation of truth under the old myth about the Amazon women somewhere to the east of Scutari. All I can say is that if you had been the queen of that respectable body . . . Alexander the Great would have had rather a bad chance. . . . I shall serve on the commission."

It seems hard to this writer, an unbusinesslike person, to make any account of a committee or commission into interesting reading. The goal set in this book is to trap for the general reader the interest and the thrill of the dramatic life which the book is about. If the story gets prosy the writer is disloyal to her colors, so that one must not risk too much about the Royal Commission.

And yet if the reader will only visualize that the Royal Commission was a vehicle for a flaming love and memory! That realized, visualized, the commission becomes a romance, a faith kept, a tenderness unforgotten. Most of us, when we are awfully sorry for someone in trouble, a hurt workman, a dog, an old, poor woman, send a check, and at once feel that we are rather good sorts and have settled the question. Florence

Nightingale could not rest till she had given every ounce of energy in her to the salvation of the sufferer. This was true of many besides her soldiers, but of them, truest. "I shall never forget," she said, and quite simply she never did. Having a large brain as well as heart, she translated that unforgotten vision of hers, of desperately wounded, neglected, big Englishmen in horrible hospitals, of young, blue-eyed boys, their good bodies shot half away, dying for lack of care, hopeless, yet smiling at her—she translated her memory and burning indignation for these into what should save other men, other boys.

The Royal Commission. It does not sound picturesque; it was to her the outward and visible sign of past tragedy; of future shield against like tragedy. "I stand at the altar of the murdered men and while I live I fight their cause." She did. All the time she was writing amusing letters and pulling bold wires and working in every possible way to get the commission started, she was seeing four miles of soldiers packed on stone floors, shot and sick and mutilated, but unfalteringly quiet and brave, for she has said that none ever complained. It tears one's heart seventy-five years after to read of that uncomplaint. She was saying in one shape or another always: "While I live I fight their cause." So,

seeing that the best way to fight it was by a businesslike, cut-and-dried commission, she flung her soul into that way. Seen so the group of modern doctors and soldiers and statesmen forming the commission become the knights of an epic battle field. The gentle reader will please not sniff at the Royal Commission.

It was accomplished. But not suddenly. The Bison, Lord Panmure, Secretary for War, was a Scotchman. To people who know Scots the type means, generally, an iceberg acting as coating for a volcano. If the ice is hard to penetrate the deep fires at least are there. But in Lord Panmure the ice seemed to be leathery and tough; if there were inner fires, they appeared to be of a sizzling sort, never melting the leather—one hardly expects, indeed, to melt leather. And this Bison was a pachyderm. At Birk Hall he had found the line of least resistance in agreeing, rather vaguely, with a charming and impetuous woman, who stood, moreover, against a wall of royalty. But, in London again, what a slow-moving monster the Bison proved! Not till February, 1857, did he even request her formally to write those "notes," which he and Lord Palmerston had agreed should be written "informing the government" of things she knew about, back in the Crimea.

Lord Panmure did not like stirring up things;

the War Department hated it; the Duke of Cambridge had no use for reformers; the Army Medical Department, to use American argot, "sat down on its hind legs and howled" at the very word "reform" or the very name of Nightingale. Lord Panmure not only disliked commotions but somewhere under his leatheriness was a still small voice which pricked out accusations that for much of the misery in the Levant he was responsible. Lord Panmure, in fact, would have liked to see the Royal Commission shoved under one blue book after another and amiably forgotten. But Florence Nightingale and her allies, and the prince of her allies, Sidney Herbert, went on remembering lines of dying men—not complaining—and that aching memory found rest in the form of this commission.

So they prodded at the Bison, and the Bison and the War Department exhibited the power of passive resistance, and at length, in December, 1856, there was an interview of three hours, at the Burlington, between Miss Nightingale and Lord Panmure. She had her commission list ready, no danger about that; and she fought the Bison down the line, and they exchanged candidates and conceded back and forth, but the group came out very visibly "packed" by Florence Nightingale and Sidney Herbert. "Packed"—yes, indeed; but for the salvation of

the British Army. Neither of the conspirators had anything to gain or lose for themselves.

There were ten commissioners, and only one an upholder of the old régime, Dr. Andrew Smith, head of the Army Medical Department in the Crimea, of whom Lord Gray said that he should have been court-martialed. Being one against nine in this affair, he was not too dangerous. Every member, Miss Nightingale said, "had been carried by force of will against Dr. Andrew Smith." But they were carried. "And poor Pan had been the shuttlecock. I think I am not without merit for bullying Pan. . . . Unpleasant."

However, the commission was not even yet a fact, not, indeed, till May, 1857. The War Office and the Army Medical Department were hard at work meantime, trying to get it so restricted that it would be what they called "harmless," while Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale were laboring at the Secretary of State—our friend, the Bison—to grant it effective powers. The Bison was not insincere, only inert and opposed to change. But Florence Nightingale had a weapon of power with which to "bully" him. It was the report asked for by him and now written and of a sort which that Secretary of State and for War would not care to have made public.

Very busily time passed till May, 1857, when a

royal warrant was issued and the commission was actually set up, with Mr. Sidney Herbert as chairman. Its sittings and the report took exactly three months, and Mr. Herbert "gave his best . . . and worked . . . incessantly, but, even so, such speed would have been impossible but that most of the ground had been exhaustively covered by Miss Nightingale." There was a "cabinet," or "cabal," or "mess"—they called it all three—of the inner spirits, which met every day, or oftener, either at the Burlington or at the Herbert House at 49 Belgrave Square.

Thus the Royal Commission, thought out and fought out nobly and ably, became a fact of history.

It was a mother hen, this commission, and there were four chickens.

Many royal commissions end in being "a device for decently burying an inconvenient question under a pile of blue books." Sidney Herbert and Miss Nightingale were resolved that it should not be this time; this time it was a vital issue. Miss Nightingale's report to the Secretary for War, never published, showed what things had happened to soldiers in the Crimea; Sidney Herbert's report, as chairman of the Royal Commission, showed, beyond question, that twice as many soldiers as civilians died every year at home, in peace time. Not very al-

luring to "take the Queen's shilling" with that fact broadcast. "It is as criminal," wrote Florence Nightingale, "as to take eleven hundred men per annum out on Salisbury Plain and shoot them." That was one of her furious letters, in a perfect rage at the powers who jogged along and thought barracks and hospitals good enough for mere soldiers; the powers who really and calmly let soldiers die. But the Crimea was yet fresh in English memory; when England should know that the same government indifference which had killed all those boys of theirs in war hospitals was now killing hundreds every year in England—ah, the commissioners were very sure that a huge public indignation could be counted on to light fires under the government, once that was known.

Herbert, in his statesmanlike way, was as determined as Florence Nightingale; moreover, he had put in three months "of unsparing toil" on this commission, which is, of course, officially the Herbert Commission. There was danger that a strong report from it would be shelved; no shelving of his report, he intended, was to be done. So the leading conspirators found a plan; and had Lord Panmure in a trap. Mr. Herbert made known the gist of his report privately to Panmure. He pointed out that it was "likely to arrest a good deal of general attention"; with

his lovely courtesy he suggested that now was the psychological moment to begin reforming, before the public read the report; that, if the people got that and the news of reforms simultaneously, "prestige" would accrue to the government; he, Mr. Herbert, would gladly help. Mr. Herbert was most finished, most suave, but iron was under his velvet. The trapped Bison knew he must plunge into reform or face an angry England, and Florence Nightingale was also holding the great gun of her report ready to fire on any Bison too far delaying.

The proposal of Herbert and Miss Nightingale, to which they demanded, with veiled insistence, Panmure's instant consent, was four sub-commissions with executive powers to settle details and carry them out. The sub-commissions, chickens of that hen, the Royal Commission, were:

First Sub-commission. To put the barracks and hospitals in sanitary order.

Second Sub-commission. To organize a Statistical Department.

Third Sub-commission. To institute an Army Medical School.

Fourth Sub-commission. To reconstruct the Army Medical Department and other big things.

Mr. Herbert was chairman of all four.

The slippery old buffalo received this proposal on August 7th, and two days later Mr. Herbert wrote Miss Nightingale: "Panmure writes fairly enough, but he has gone to shoot grouse." He would have been rather an amusing old Bison had not lives been at stake. Mr. Herbert caught him, pinned him, in the end, and after weeks the four chicken commissions, which were to make into history what their mother hen had made possible, were at work. The Lady-in-Chief drafted instructions and schemes for all of the sub-commissions. Each met in her rooms. She wrote afterward of that time "when Sidney Herbert would meet the cabal, as he used to call it, which, he said, 'consists of you and me and Alexander and Sutherland and sometimes Martin and Farr,' every day, either at Burlington Street or at Belgrave Square, and sometimes as often as twice or even three times a day." One fancies the tonic of those meetings to the brilliant woman; every day delightful contact, sword play of keen minds and strong personalities, give and take of a handful of the finest brains in England banded for one great purpose.

It was an ill, exhausted woman, even though a brilliant one, who was at these titanic efforts, pushing a government her way, bullying a Secretary for War, prodding statesmen, stirring up the will of a nation. But she tasted the joy of

working for a high object, and she flung life with both hands into it. "We have seen terrible things in the last three years," she wrote to Sir John McNeill, "but nothing to my mind so terrible as Panmure's unmanly and stupid indifference." Step by step, pound of pressure by pound of pressure slippery, "stupid" Lord Panmure was forced into the pen. By the end of 1857 the report of the Royal Commission was just to be published and the four sub-commissions were functioning. They started a ball, these, which has not stopped rolling, in one shape or another, to this day. Mr. Herbert had all four at work during 1858, and in 1858 his short and beautiful life, its usefulness far from its zenith even yet, was nearing its end. He broke down again and again in this year, and caught the breath of a little more strength only to use it up in more work.

Approximately, yet far from fully, what the four sub-commissions accomplished was as follows:

Sub-commission No. 1.

Sidney Herbert did the hard work on this. He inspected barracks and hospitals through the kingdom and wrote reports. The London barracks were overhauled. General Peel, new Secretary for War, had squeezed a "substantial" grant from the treasury. And the good house-

keeper in Florence Nightingale came into play; she called in Soyer, the famous chef, about the kitchens. It was quite too bad that this specialist and philanthropist—for he had served under her in the Crimea—should die before this later work was well begun. "He has no successor," said Florence Nightingale. But Sub-commission No. 1, the Barracks and Hospital Commission—Mr. Sidney Herbert, chairman—went strongly forward. "Buildings were ventilated and warmed. Drainage was introduced or improved. The water supply was extended. . . . Gas was introduced in place of the couple of dips by the light of which it was impossible for the men to read. . . . Mr. Herbert, so far as he could extract money from the treasury, reconstructed buildings . . . condemned by the commission." So writes Sir Edward Cook. When Mr. Herbert took the Ministry of War under Lord Palmerston in 1859, much of his strength was exhausted in disputes over the national defenses with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Herbert sent Miss Nightingale a riddle current: "Why is Gladstone like a lobster?" "Because he is so good, but he disagrees with everybody." Yet in spite of Gladstone's dull parsimony, the great Mr. Herbert, who for some years back "had worked at army reform as an outsider," was able now, as Secretary of State and for War,

to do much. And the above are some of the things which through the Barracks and Hospitals Commission, Sub-commission No. 1, got done.

Sub-commission No. 2.

This was to reorganize army medical statistics. Miss Nightingale was what someone called another person, "a passionate statistician." Without reliable figures the mortality in the army or its status in other directions cannot be checked up; without such the nation which owns the boys and pays for the equipment of war has no way of judging whether or not boys and equipment are wasted or conserved. Reliable figures there had not been. "The emphasis which Miss Nightingale laid upon this side of her experience, the persistence with which she pressed the matter, the statistical skill with which she showed the way to a better system, are among the most valuable of her services to the cause of army reform. When the suggestions of the sub-commission were carried out, the British Army statistics became the best . . . then obtainable in Europe." So Sir Edward Cook, as to Sub-commission No. 2.

Sub-commission No. 3.

The work of this division went beyond statistics in dramatic effect and general appeal; it was the establishment of an army medical school—

Miss Nightingale's own particular child. This poor sub had adventures too long and wearying to be here told. In a nutshell, all the War Office underlings, all the reactionaries of many patterns, furiously obstructed and delayed it, and it was only when Mr. Herbert became Secretary of State in '59 that he could make its report in the least effective. Even then red tape and routine tied up its muscles and it came to life slowly and in hitches. Miss Nightingale nursed it and fought for it, and the infant has arrived to-day at a great manhood. It was a crying need. "Formerly young men were sent to attend sick and wounded soldiers who perhaps had never dressed a serious wound; who certainly had never been instructed in the most ordinary sanitary knowledge." "In the Army Medical School just instituted," Sir James Clark wrote, "hygiene will form the most important branch of the young medical officers' instruction. For originating this school we have to thank Miss Nightingale."

This school is now in London and close to the Royal Alexandra Military Hospital. The Tate Gallery stands between the two. That hospital is everything that Miss Nightingale believed a hospital ought to be—and of course much more, keeping step with modern science. One could fancy that keen and wise, worn woman of 1860

coming back to pace the floors of this child of her child, noting the "pavilion" plan for which she had fought, pausing with wonder by the X-ray apparatus, and marking with satisfied eyes the smart "orderlies," as they were called in her day, now the trained men of the Army Medical Corps, standing at attention. One fancies her speaking to the sergeant of the ward. "I'm waiting for my promotion, m'm," he might tell her, "till I've qualified under the matron, sisters, and staff nurses. We get our promotion in the corps on an examination, and a certificate from the nursing authorities." A smile would flicker across the face of the Lady-in-Chief, maybe. Think. Female nurses. The lowest thing in a hospital of old. Now—highly trained professionals. A male hospital attendant cannot win full promotion without his certificate. Florence Nightingale put female nursing on the army map.

But that also digresses from the third subcommission which we are pursuing. Most tangents of Florence Nightingale's career are interesting; it is hard not to digress. The Royal Alexandra Military Hospital is to the east of the Tate Gallery; every American tourist knows the Tate Gallery; on its west side is a pile of buildings larger still—the Royal Army Medical College, through which every army medical

officer now has to pass. Properly one should read before going there, as Sir Edward Cook did, Miss Nightingale's suggestions for the foundation of the school, her descriptions of the "struggles . . . of its humble infancy," and then see "the noble institution into which it has developed." Large laboratories, a department for the "cultures" which so helped the army in India, lecture theater, fine library and museum, handsome mess rooms; this great place is the grandchild of that poverty-stricken baby of hers which the third sub-commission painfully salvaged over obstructions, and brought through gasping infancy to such maturity.

Sub-commission No. 4.

This one was nicknamed the "Wiping Commission." It had various duties. Cook says: "No branch of the reform bill encountered more stubborn opposition from the permanent officials." Its principal obstructor stated naïvely that "a sanitary official was all fudge." The main output of this machine, Sub-commission No. 4, was an idea self-evident now, novel then, that the Army Medical Department should care for the soldier's health as well as his sickness. The sub-commission—or, behind that form, Miss Nightingale and Mr. Herbert—drew up a code to bring sanitation into the army; the code con-

tained regulations about general hospitals and regimental hospitals, both in peace and war. Before that general hospitals in the field had to be improvised on no defined principle or responsibility; it is not wonderful they had always broken down. This sub-commission did other things, now antiquated, but important then.

Mr. Herbert, as Secretary of State, added good measure, and running over, of reforms. He straightened, with a new "purveyor's warrant," a department whose hopeless defects and hit-or-miss position had given Miss Nightingale some of her worst troubles in Scutari.

He appointed a committee to reorganize the Army Hospital Corps—one remembers how convalescent wounded men, ignorant and inefficient, had been used to attend to the sick in the Crimea.

He looked after the soldiers' moral health. Play, education, occupation—there was a committee, appointed by Mr. Herbert, which showed that such things could be added not to the detriment, but to the enormous improvement, of the service. Rooms to meet comrades, write letters, read newspapers, have coffee, play games—a kind of soldiers' club, in fact, for every barrack, for the men off duty; taking the place of the dram shop. Mr. Herbert's committee recommended these, and the plan was tried and succeeded.

And to-day that idea of Miss Nightingale's, like many more of her pioneer ideas, has been so developed that no modern barrack is thought complete without its "regimental institute . . . recreation room, reading room, coffee room and lecture room, while means of outdoor recreation and shops for various trades are also provided."

One wonders sometimes if genius is not one other simple quality in addition to the old definition: "the capacity for taking infinite pains." One wonders if it is not also the courage to think one's own thoughts. Most people think they think what they have heard others say they think. The startling innovations which Florence Nightingale evolved from her lucid mind are to-day commonplaces. Everybody thinks them. She shoveled away obstructions by pushing straight forward; age-old superstitions, which no one really believed, but which most people believed they believed, were swept out to sea by a direct current, unhampered by any thought of herself, for she had nothing to gain and nothing to lose. The great deeds mostly seem very simple; does one, after all, need to be great to make the next play, eyes on the ball, by the light of God and common sense?

CHAPTER XIV

India

A great commander was lost to her country when Florence Nightingale was born a woman.
—Sir Edward Cook.

It came to be the year 1861.

In August Sidney Herbert died. "He takes my life with him," Florence Nightingale said. Then Mr. Gladstone asked her, for Mr. Herbert's friends and family, how "his services might best be made known and recorded." At once she began to write a memorandum on his work for the army, for "his heart was set on the soldier's health, physical and moral." At the end of her paper, she told what he had meant to do, and how his plans should be continued, and when the paper went to Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, she offered to talk with him about such plans. Gladstone talked, but "was not captured"; it was his duty to "watch and control on the part of the treasury," he said. That watching and controlling hampered a great and rich country as if a millionaire should say to his boy: "No, you must not have warm clothes, because we might be poor sometime. Perhaps

you will not take cold." And later the doctor's bills came in.

Sidney Herbert had struggled desperately, with his failing strength, for England's warm clothes —coast defenses, army reforms—and Gladstone had helped to kill him by forcing those struggles against governmental parsimony. Now Herbert was dead, and Florence Nightingale could make no dent in the cast-iron stubbornness of Gladstone. Barrack improvements stopped for years; but later they began again, and Herbert's work has lived. In 1896 a friend of Miss Nightingale's went through the above memorandum and noted conditions, thirty-six years afterward, of Herbert's reforms. The Army Sanitary Commission was functioning. The soldiers' Cookery School at Aldershot was in the Queen's Regulations; general military hospitals flourished; the Army Medical School prospered at Netley; army medical statistics were published annually. Their works do live after them in spite of Gladstones.

In 1861 the memorandum to be written was a godsend to Miss Nightingale; it helped her across hard months to another tragedy, the death of Arthur Hugh Clough. He had married the daughter of that Mr. and Mrs. Smith, "Uncle Sam," and "Aunt Mai," who were her dearest of the elder generation, so that he was a manner of

cousin. He was a poet; he held an appointment in the Education Office, and he had little strength; these three obstacles did not hinder his helping Florence Nightingale continuously. He did secretarial work, and tied packages and arranged journeys and corrected proofs; he said he was bent on doing "plain work." He had poetic genius and sweetness of character and humor, and he adored her. "To me," said Miss Nightingale, "seeing the uses to which we put him, he seemed like a race horse harnessed to a coal truck."

But he died. Sidney Herbert and Arthur Clough gone inside four months—and this strenuous woman who had loved them and driven them hard must have wondered if her eager longing for results had not hastened their deaths. Herbert died in August, 1861, Clough in November. But Florence Nightingale was swept onward. At the end of 1861 England was on the verge of war with America over the Trent affair. Agitation was high. The government decided to send forces to Canada; Lord de Grey, at that time, Under-secretary for War, asked on December 3d, "if he might consult her . . ." for "her experience in relation to transports, hospitals, clothing of the troops, supplies, comforts for the sick," and he asked, too, for names from which to choose a principal medical officer. The powers

had not asked Miss Nightingale when they picked Dr. Andrew Smith for the Crimea.

She set to work instantly with Dr. Sutherland, and on December 8th, in five days, the War Department sent her their draft instructions to the officers in charge of the expedition. Lord de Grey wrote, "I have got all your suggestions . . . in the instructions," and the Lady-in-Chief, back at her old job, wrote Madame Mohl about it: "We are shipping off the expedition to Canada as fast as we can," she wrote on December 13th. They sent more instructions. "We have gone over your draft very carefully," she wrote back on the 18th, "and find that . . . it does not define . . . the manner in which the meat is to get from the commissariat into the soldier's kettle, or the clothing from the Army Medical General Store onto the soldier's back. You must define all this." Six or seven years before she had seen soldiers freezing and starving, because somebody had not defined. The orderly, far-organizing mind "calculated the distances away off in Canada, to be covered by sledges"; "she compared the relative weights and warming capacities of blankets and buffalo robes." All was done to help her soldiers to kill American soldiers; perfectly justifiable, where war is justified, but luckily we did not then have to fight England, and that lost "great commander" back

of England, Florence Nightingale; the Prince Consort smoothed over the ruffled waters; England did the wise and fair thing, and the Trent affair was arranged.

All this excitement came into her fresh grief for Herbert's and Clough's deaths, and was, one cannot doubt it, medicine and salvation; it is no new thought that effort for others is the surest cure for sadness of one's self. Also, there was another interest growing up about her days, destined to fill them to overflowing. In 1859 statisticians, "passionate" or otherwise, discovered that out in India British soldiers had been dying at the rate of sixty-nine to the thousand, yearly. "To-day it is a little over five to a thousand" (1913). The main reason of the saving of all these lives after 1859 was again a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into barracks and sanitation and hospitals out there; and the main reason for this Royal Commission was again Miss Nightingale. The report of the commission was in 1863, and was mostly written by her, and the "suggestions for reform founded upon it were also her work." Here was the Angel of the Crimea, whom a Frenchman had lately called the "Providence of the English Army," as hard at work from an invalid's room as ever she was in the wards of Scutari, making herself

what she was to go on being for nearly fifty years, a "Providence of the Indian Army."

As usual with strong growths, the thing had not begun when the world saw the flowering; roots had been planted long before. When the nightmare of the Indian Mutiny happened in 1857, Florence Nightingale in London was living a hand-to-mouth existence, sleeping two hours a night, keeping to one room, and on a sofa at that. Such being the case, she wrote the Viceroy of India after the mutiny offering to go out at twenty-four hours' notice if there was anything for her to do in her "line of business." There was not, but her mind traveled along a far-East road from that time; she had gone into figures of the mortality of the Indian Army, in "analyzing those in the army at home." They were murdering English soldiers out there by lack of sanitary precautions; it was surer murder because habits not fatal in the cool climate at home were quick death in that heat. She told one hard-hitting tale in *Notes on the Army* in 1857, which was absolutely authentic.

There had been a strenuous and successful British campaign, with a small British force, in a hot season of the year; every precaution was needed to safeguard the soldiers' health; an energetic officer appointed a sanitary inspector

to clean a captured city and bury some thousands of dead bodies of men, horses, asses, bullocks, camels, and elephants, which were vigorously poisoning the air; the appointment of the inspector had to be referred to the Bombay-English Government and they refused consent, "because there was no precedent for it."

One pictures the effect on the straight-going intelligence of Florence Nightingale of this red-taped ridiculousness; the fine rage she would be in. When she raged there were results; things happened. Most of us rage, and then we dress for dinner and consider the lilies. But she, instead, changed a death rate of sixty-nine in a thousand to five.

Not at one bit could she accomplish that miracle, but she wrote this appalling incident in an important book, and she added, "In future it ought to be the duty of the Indian Government to require no precedent for such procedure." "Everything that Miss Nightingale thus said should be done was done," Sir Edward Cook writes. First the Royal Commission, and the Queen signed the warrant in May, 1859; Sidney Herbert was chairman, although there was only one of him, and that one flooded already with reforms, among them the four active subcommissions in London. As to this Indian Commission, her own Dr. Sutherland and Dr.

Farr were among those present on it. Three sanitary experts and a statistician were of it. With skill and energy she set the wheels in motion for a complete report from authorities, as to what was doing out in that hot land of English responsibility. Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Farr, two of the new commissioners, were "in close touch" with her, and she saw some witnesses before they gave evidence; among them Sir John Lawrence, later Viceroy of India, from now on her friend.

Things were so well begun that in '59, '60, and '61 she could work mostly on other affairs, but in '62 and '63, the commission was her main and enormous interest. The report of it was a "mountainous mass" of two thousand odd pages in two volumes, and it shows her hand. She had drafted questions to be sent to every military station in India; the replies were signed always by the commanding officer, the doctor, and the engineer officer of each station. Powers in England could not well get around such signatures. She said there were vanloads of these answers, all sent on to her; an appalling job to analyze vanloads of papers; lucky that she was a "passionate statistician."

Twenty-three pages of the titanic report are "Observations by Miss Nightingale," and Sir Edward Cook calls them "among the most re-

markable of her works," and "in their results among the most beneficent." Also, what is surprising, he says they are very "readable." Perhaps she remembered what Sidney Herbert had said of grown-ups needing picture books like children, for she put into these Observations woodcuts to show Indian hospitals and barracks and also customs of natives about water supply and drainage. A rather dreadful picture book, yet interesting, for the treasury, "horrified perhaps at . . . popularizing a Blue Book, . . . demurred." And then Miss Nightingale paid the bill for it, and all was well. This being done, Lord Stanley made pretty speeches about the style and matter, and Dr. Farr wrote Dr. Sutherland: "Miss Nightingale's paper is a masterpiece . . . and will rile the enemy very considerable." Sir John McNeill said, "The picture is terrible, but it is all true."

Terrible enough. "If the facilities for washing were as great as those for drink, our Indian Army would be the cleanest body of men in the world." "There is no drainage. . . . The reports speak of cesspools as if they were dressing rooms." "Three hundred men per room"—size of room not given. "At some stations the floors are of earth, varnished over . . . with cow dung, a practice borrowed from the natives." Englishmen living there. "As to drink the soldier was uni-

versally acknowledged to be a drunken animal; tne only question . . . was how he had better get drunk." Also in the Observations were remarks on "Diet," and on want of occupation and exercise; a chapter on "Indian Hospitals," on "Hill Stations," on "Native Towns," and on "Soldier's Wives." Straight hitting everywhere at terrible defects; suggesting, insisting, everywhere, on the remedy. "Henceforth," Cook says, "to the end almost of her long life she regarded herself and in large measure was able to act as a sanitary servant to the army and peoples of India." The list of her writings has many and many titles on Indian subjects: "Indian Sanitation," several times that; "Letter to the Council of the Bengal Social Science Association"—they used long titles in those days; *Life and Death in India;* "The Famine in Madras"; "A Water Arrival in India"; "The United Empire and the Indian Peasant"; too many to give, but they cast yet another light on the wonder of her versatile mind.

Her overflowing days found space for all this writing, yet she never got to see this country of her care; her traveling days were now over, though she hoped for this voyage for a long time; her journeys were to be, now, only to Lea Hurst, Embley, Claydon, and such near goals. But though already an invalid, she was only forty-

two in the year 1862 at the beginning of her Indian career, and a regiment of vigorously well ordinary people could not have flung energy into an undertaking as she did into India's salvation—yes, for many years to come. Her touch was throughout the commission. She had her own way of stating statistics. "Besides deaths from natural causes (nine per one thousand) sixty head per thousand of our troops perish annually in India . . .; a company out of every regiment has been sacrificed every twenty months. These companies fade away in the prime of life; leave few children; have to be replaced." Of such sort was her appeal; but she never sent an appeal out unfollowed by plans for remedy; this was the world's practical woman; instantly, like an army with banners, she thundered on the steps of the appeal, with suggestions for reform. The machinery was sketched in her mind, and a stiff battle over it was ahead. First, she wished sanitary commissions all over India; that was agreed to. Then—she would not trust India to do its own work; it must have the benefit of the experience in England. Her original plan was not accomplished then, but ultimately. The second best was executive power for the old Barrack and Hospital Commission, Sub-commission No. 1, now the Standing Army Sanitary Committee at the War Office. "A tough battle,"

she wrote, "to convince these people that a report was not self-executive." But the battle was won, "the dawn of a new day in India in sanitary things."

Then she set herself to publicity, and newspapers, government officials, great men, influences of sorts, did her work—the "rapid action" of the formidable Lady-in-Chief. Always there were champions; her Observations in the big Blue Book were partly suppressed, so that Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Farr had them published separately, and this "little red book" had a large sale and many reviews in the press. "It is not a book," one reviewer said, "but a great action." With that, the report of the big commission, she insisted, must come to every officer and official in India, responsible at all for the army's health. She had a winning way, well known by others and by herself. It helped her help the helpless. So she was very gentle with the powers in the War Office.

"Of course the big report can't be reprinted—too expensive, I see that. And—why, it's absurd to circulate two huge Blue Books, of course."

She would stare thoughtfully, from those large gray eyes, at the Power.

"Yes. Nobody would read two thousand pages of Blue Book, would they?"

What was to be done? She wondered, and the

Power wondered—not bothering much, this latter.

Then, "I have it. I know how busy you government officials are; but I will gladly put together an amended edition. Would the treasury mind the cost? Oh, well, then I'll take care of that." One fancies a disarming smile at this point. "I spent seven hundred pounds on the report on the British Army, you know; this will be less. I'll gladly pay for it."

And Lord de Grey, Secretary for War, authorized her to go on, and for three months she was busy on the report, abridged to reach the officers.

In her short edition of Cook's large book, Mrs. Nash says: "It is impossible here to give a full account of Miss Nightingale's many-sided work for Indian sanitation and hygiene." It is more impossible here. To go into multiple and interwoven details would be a misfit to the structure of this book, which intends to be accurate, but does not pretend to be exhaustive. Yet, as the passion of Miss Nightingale's later life was the redress of the sufferings of the Indian people, no biography could be in perspective, lacking a general view of enormous Indian reforms mostly her doing. She knew and corresponded with the viceroys, dating from Lord Elgin, who died in 1863, giving place to Sir John Lawrence. The

latter was a friend of many years onward, and one of her heroes. "What would Homer have been," she wrote Miss Martineau, "if he had had such heroes as the Lawrences to sing?" "And he [Sir John] is always more ready to hear than you to pray," she told Captain Galton in the War Office.

The sanitary commissions for each Indian presidency, recommended by the 1863 Royal Commission, were set up by Lawrence. The advances were rapid, and the viceroy kept in touch with Miss Nightingale. But "Europe is mere child's play to it," she said, and went on to state that health was a product of real civilization, which, to an extent, she granted Europe. Not India. Yet India made its leaps forward; the Royal Commission had set as perfection a reduction in the death rate to ten per thousand. It came down to eighteen in one year. Which saved England two hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds—almost a million and a half dollars—that year, in recuits. It has since dropped much lower; the vision and the initiative for this economy of life and lucre were Florence Nightingale's. In 1867 she met Sir Bartle Frere, fresh from the governorship of Bombay, and behold, here was another ally and friend for all the years to come. "He became a constant visitor and correspondent," Mrs. Nash's book says. He was appointed

chairman of the Sanitary Committee at the Indian Office and worked with Miss Nightingale for India the rest of his life.

As always, she started on her new work with a clear and thought-out plan of organization. She wanted three things: "(1) an executive sanitary authority in India; (2) an expert, controlling . . . authority in London, and (3) publicity through an annual report." She did not fully succeed in the first; in the others she succeeded fully. It was curious how dry details in her hands turned into something amusing. Dr. Sutherland was "etiquettish," as she put it; she wrote Captain Galton about it:

"He says, 'but how are you to have seen these papers?' I don't know. . . . I will say . . . that B—— gave me fifteen pounds to steal them. I'm going ahead anyhow."

And Captain Galton in the War Office made extremely light of Dr. Sutherland's "etiquettish"-ness. It had been the practice for years to send Indian sanitary papers to Miss Nightingale; he would take the responsibility.

It was an extraordinary situation in a land where women were almost chattels, certainly zeros, to see a woman acting as ultimate court of appeal on large public questions, and as unquestioned adviser to high government officials. Her work was credited to different

people who were men. She advised the Sanitary Department of the Indian Office; she wrote, through five years, an immense work, the annual sanitary report, supposed to be by Dr. Sutherland. Little she cared, if the work was done. But it must not be, in England, that a woman, even Florence Nightingale, should have the honor of public work ably executed.

The years swept on with their ups and downs for India; Sir John Lawrence, Sir Bartle Frere, many others were firm allies of that work's creator. But a Mr. Strachey, the member of council in charge of the India Home Department, wrote indignantly: "There might be grave danger in forcing sanitary reform on an unwilling people." "The nastiest pill we have had," Miss Nightingale said to Dr. Sutherland, "but we have swallowed a good many and are not poisoned yet"; and they sent an answer which Sir Bartle Frere said was "admirable." And the years swept. It came to be 1866, and Lord de Grey, her friend since his under-secretary days, was no longer Secretary for War; in 1869 Sir Douglas Galton—Captain Galton—left the War Office. Even worse happened for the good cause; the obstructor Gladstone came to power. In 1872, a short entry in Florence Nightingale's diary reads: "This year I go out of office."

But the Indian work continued. Then hospitals

and nurses came for her help in a thousand ways. Agnes Jones, of the Liverpool Workhouse, that exquisite rock wall of her trust, died in 1868; and the loss meant much to Miss Nightingale. She went then for a three months' visit to Lea Hurst, with her eighty-year-old mother, and Dr. Jowett was with them a week. In these years she was helping Jowett with his Plato, and writing him reams of letters—one cannot get accustomed to all these longhand letters. Some were delightfully explosive. "The story of Achilles and his horses is far more fit for children than that of Balaam and his ass, which is only fit to be told to asses. The stories of Samson and Jephtha are only fit to be told to bulldogs. . . . Yet we give all these stories to children as Holy Writ." That was the English lady along in the eighteen-seventies. She still thought her own thoughts.

With her innate bent toward mysticism she read books of Catholic devotion which the Reverend Mother of the Bermondsey Convent sent, and she found a likeness between Plato and medieval mystics—*par exemple*, St. Francis of Assisi. A prayer in the *Phædrus*, "Give me beauty in the inward soul, and may the outward and inward man be at one," she thought more beautiful than any collect in the Prayer Book. Her mind was much on religion and on mysticism during this middle passage, and her inward mood was

very dejected, very humble. Yet her activities were never more vigorous. She looked after endless nurses in endless ways, letters, hospitality, gifts, care. She took a part almost violent in the dispute over registering trained nurses, opposing it for seven years strongly.

And always India. "The attention she commanded, the effect produced by her interventions" in Indian work "were extraordinary. Her knowledge and her personal weight were felt." Governors of provinces, viceroys of India, commanders in chief knocked at the door of the little house in South Street, which housed the aging great spirit, before going out to their posts. Almost every viceroy of India for many years called on Miss Nightingale before sailing.

It was in 1865 that her father had bought a lease for her of Number 35 South Street, now Number 10, at this date soon to be torn down. There is a pleasant picture of the house in Mrs. Nash's book. "Rather a tower than a house; it had four floors (besides basement and attic), containing, on each, one big room facing south, with large windows, and one small north room. On the ground floor was a plain and serious Victorian dining room, with a large bookcase of Blue Books. The drawing room with its balconies and large French windows was sunny and pleasant. There was space near the fire or the

window for Miss Nightingale's sofa and her visitors and their adjuncts of tea tables, but elsewhere the habitable space was built in with tall bookcases of Blue Books and reports. . . . Miss Nightingale's bedroom upstairs was very bright and peaceful. Here the books were kept down and there was a view of Dorchester House and the park. Only in her last years did the noise of Park Lane become insistent. The bedroom—it was rather a sitting room with a bed—had white walls. There were no blinds or curtains and the room, fresh and sweet-smelling as a country room, seemed full of light and flowers. It was very simple in an old-fashioned way."

There was also a guest room, often occupied. She lived in the house from 1865 to 1910, when she went on to other mansions. In that pleasant, sunny, high room, much of this forty-five years—half of a very long life—passed. One thinks of the lines:

"The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber,
And the name of that chamber was peace."

One hopes that was the name of the room for her; but this was a warlike pilgrim, and often she brought, like One long before, "not peace but a sword."

There were visitors at Number 10 South

Street; old friends and great personages came not seldom, often sleeping there, often, even so, not seeing the mistress. And sometimes, in the first years, she left the house for visits to Embley and Lea Hurst and Claydon. Later it was only about twice a year that she passed into the quiet street and drove a while in the park; she liked to go in rhododendron time because it reminded her of Embley. And there in the "chamber of peace" came to her, more and more, saddening news. The years were taking toll; the black camel which kneels at the door of every tent was stopping often before tents where she had been used to go in and out; youth had stayed too long, and behold, it had become age in the staying; the bright phalanxes of the young, working with her, laughing with her the subtle, big-hearted laughter of workers, these ranks were thinning. Probably each human who lives long has a first shock of surprise at some moment at the injustice of this unasked event. Old. Other people, naturally, must grow old. But—one's self! A thing unreasonable—there must be some misunderstanding. Only yesterday one was young, and one is the same; there is a mistake. Relentless time answers such argument not at all, only—youth is gone.

Florence Nightingale was forty-five when she went to live in the house that was "rather a tower"; she wasted little time considering her

youth or age; yet somewhere in the following years—forty-five more of them—she must have realized one day that youth, the broad highway, had merged into middle age; that even that sober road had somewhere turned into a lonely path—age. She—she, all flame and movement and light and shadow, the very stuff of youth—was old. One fancies how, introspective, self-doubting as she often was, the high spirit would have turned flashing on that ever-unwelcome face of age.

"You are age. Yes, I see you—I'm not afraid. You come first—then death; neither has the victory; both together are a vestibule to more vivid life—to lasting youth."

Her personality was an argument in itself for future life; it is incredible that such can die.

She carried on, holding to each thread of usefulness till each fell away, and at the last the world was shadowy, and a spirit, brave and adventurous as any that ever lived, rested for its last years on earth like the spirit of a little child beginning its journey.

CHAPTER XV

De Amicitia

"Who cares for the burden, the night, and the rain,
Or the long, steep, lonely road,
When out of the darkness a light shines plain,
And a voice calls hail, and a friend draws rein,
With a hand for the stubborn load."

The rarest, sweetest, most useful friendship of Florence Nightingale's life was that with Sidney Herbert; it was so, largely, because his was probably the rarest and sweetest spirit of his time. But this, the most perfect one, was far from being her only fine tie of its sort; her life was crowded with lovers of all varieties. Qualities in her must have called love forth; her own loyalty and lovableness to her friends. All of us, likely, have friends who are the salt of the earth, who yet bore us; she never bored people; she was like a spring of water, bubbling, changing; a constant surprise; a constant tonic—a drastic tonic often.

Emerson says that "the world is at the feet of him who does not want it." The world was at her feet. She did not want it. She cared nothing at all, after youth in any case, for social success, and yet her list of friends, if she had had one, would have included most of the great of her

time, from the Queen of England down. But her friends were an aristocracy on another basis—usefulness. The password into that wished-for country of her comradeships seemed: "Will you help me work?" She could not waste time on "common" or "garden" friendships; she would have been drowned without some barrier; this one she set—help in her work.

All along that road of ninety years, all along that road fenced with her iron rule of work, friendships flowered and ripened. They brightened the strenuous way with all the gaiety and spontaneity of ordinary people, with the same ease and sweetness which everyday people of small affairs find, happily for us all, in the society of those whom they like. But there was strenuousness in being a friend of that merciless taskmaster; merciless to herself first, then to others. The harvest must be gathered; to be friends meant to her to be the Lord's fellow workmen. There was laughter and play of mind on mind and unafraid affection to close, dear people; there were amenities in those hard-working friendships of hers, even though one must "make good" always. Plenty were with men; plenty with women—it was personality, not sex which drew her.

Mrs. Sidney Herbert was "dearest" in Miss Nightingale's letters to her; the two cared de-

votedly for each other. Mr. Herbert had his place in the heart of the Lady-in-Chief, one believes, well above all others, but not the manner of place to which his wife could dream of objecting. More than any other human he helped her reforms; they would have been impossible without him; he qualified royally as her friend by her first rule, yet one knows that Florence Nightingale loved him beyond their mutual work. She admired his brilliancy, strength, and idealism; she loved his "angelic temper," his chivalry, and that strange and powerful quality of charm which those who knew him speak of as a thing indescribable, a thing irresistible. Certainly Florence Nightingale cared for that "beloved presence" humanly and tenderly, aside from enormous aid he gave her.

She loved very deeply her mother and sister, who did not understand her, and her father, who more or less did; and that devoted Aunt Mai, Mrs. Smith, her chaperone and secretary and near-slave for years, whose final defection at a ripe age was resented outrageously. The poor Aunt Mai! She certainly bought freedom for her later years with her years of plus-labor. The Lady-in-Chief certainly should not have grudged it. But the Lady-in-Chief did; she was no stained-glass saint; she had plenty of faults; and this unreasonableness was one; she was indignant be-

yond reason that Mrs. Smith, at sixty odd, went back to family and personal life. Florence Nightingale loved her family faithfully, and she got out of them all the work she possibly could. The Bracebridges gave and did for her, wholeheartedly, year after year, and she adored them, largely, one gathers, for their giving and doing; yet she enjoyed traveling with them, being with them. One fancies that the Bracebridges were particularly nice people, and that Miss Nightingale was happy with them, even without ulterior designs. The Mohls were of her dearest and nearest for year after year, but the Mohls, it would seem, managed, while good comrades, to keep out of her vortex, and live their own worthwhile lives—and she loved them none the less.

She had astonishing power of friendship; she could be intimate with numbers of people, and not one, apparently, was ever petty enough to be jealous of another's intimacy. Of her early life some of the relations which lasted—but all her friendships lasted—were with the Mohls, the Bracebridges, the Herberts, the Bunsens, and several cousins, of whom Miss Hilary Bonham-Carter, of the attractive name, was perhaps the first. Cardinal Manning, Richard Monckton Milnes, the author, Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, and more, were among her intimates. The friends of her later years, when she had become

a leader of men, when her friendship was an accolade to the great—these were like the sands of the sea. And they all came to the kingdom of her esteem by that door of help in her labor. There were prime ministers—Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby; there were government ministers, Sidney Herbert and Lord de Grey and Lord Panmure—yes, the Bison—and Mr. Gladstone, and a long list more; viceroys for India; writers: Kinglake, J. S. Mill, Jowett, Miss Martineau, many more; high officers of the army, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Raglan, many more; great doctors without number, some of them opponents, yet friends; names and names more; all the world would have been happy to get into that list. And the Queen. Her screen from the world was the inner rank of this bodyguard. Dr. Sutherland, for official business, was "her most constant helper," a secretary for years; he was with her in South Street almost every day. His wife also was an intimate, and the two called the hard-working, able medical man "The Baby." Captain Galton acted as secretary often; Arthur Hugh Clough, married to her cousin, served her infinitely; Uncle Sam and Aunt Mai, the Samuel Smiths, played their great parts—she through the years as guardian and chaperone and collaborator in writing, as ally in early life, out in Scutari, in Burlington Street; it was a

long, loving service. Mr. Smith was that Uncle Sam who went as far as Marseilles on the Crimean voyage out; later he stood back of her with his business training and tact.

"Dear Uncle Sam: Please choke off this woman and tell her that I shall never be well enough to see her either here or hereafter."

That was docketed on a letter sent Mr. Smith by his niece, from a lady who "loved and honored" Miss Nightingale and wanted to see her. The docketings were, as Cook says, "pungent."

When a point is made it is futile to wander along further. The point this writer has tried for in this chapter is to show that Miss Nightingale, among her gifts, had an uncommon power of inspiring and holding and returning affection. If what has been said does not prove this thesis, it cannot be proved by this writer. It was so.

The brilliant Strachey picture of Florence Nightingale shows a demon-ridden and heartless personality, sacrificing all, including herself, to fanatic urge of work which must be done, even if over everyone's dead body. It is not too logical that this work, this demon of Strachey's, should be for an ideal altruistic and loving. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Over and over Florence Nightingale came fearlessly to the border line of the dark river where lives are laid

down, and that hers was not forfeited was not her contriving. Life counted little to her except as a tool for her work for humanity; not Strachey, not anyone, would deny this.

Strachey, the iconoclast. Worse than an iconoclast, this idolbreaker; he breaks idols, but he analyzes them first for weak joints, for clay feet, which, since they are human idols, he mostly finds. From that on he keeps his eyes, and his skilful, gall-dripping pen, tight to these defective feet and those poor, slipping joints. Till at the end of an essay like a dissecting table experience, in which he has infallibly given credit for good qualities to the victim, one finds one's self forgetting that the victim had good qualities at all. He sends out his subjects tagged with every evil characteristic; he is the reversed picture of the three blessed Japanese monkeys; his motto seems: "See all evil; hear all evil; speak all evil." He speaks indeed, often, an evil which is truth, but truth that is yet the deadliest lie because he distorts it. He drags a nasty coating, harpy-like, across any good which, with an air of fairness, he includes.

Who but Strachey would have left in the mind of hurt and indignant readers that vision which he does leave of Charles George Gordon, Chinese Gordon, fanatically fearless, unselfish and devout and humble, a dedicated knight of Christianity,

who went down fighting to his death, deserted by his country, alone among mad savages, in that last ditch of honor at Khartoum—who but Strachey would have left us a poison picture of Gordon as a secret tippler?

Several times lately as this writer spoke of Florence Nightingale, it has been said: "Oh, but she was a bad-tempered virago." "Oh, but Florence Nightingale was a wretched neurasthenic." "A great nurse, of course, but I'm afraid a most unlovable person." And, "One is disappointed to find out the true Florence Nightingale."

Each time such a verdict, the sum total of an historic character to each speaker has been traced to Strachey. Florence Nightingale was a complex personality, and one should not look to find in such a dead level of faultlessness. She had the defects of her qualities, and they were large qualities. That she was not unlovable is proved a thousand times over by the love of thousands. That she had a strong temper was a shadow of the sunlight of her impetuosity. That she was, at the end of ninety years, a "neurasthenic"—— Ah, Lord be merciful! Could not an old, old body, which had gloriously conquered in long battles, be forgiven its final conquest? Is the last weakness of the flesh to be held against the brave, eternal spirit?

One hears of rose-colored glasses; they are pleasant things to wear and to meet, if not always accurate; clear vision is best; but rose-color is better than mud-color, and one regrets that behind muddy vision should be working an alert intelligence. If Strachey were dull one would forgive him—in fact, one would probably not read him. A clever criminal deserves a deeper hell than a stupid one, not only because he does more damage, but because he is more aware of his damaging. Strachey is a case of a very "smart-Aleck" artist indeed, whose trick is to make his sitters as ugly as possible, and yet preserve a likeness. To be able to taste the good and yet to speak only of the evil in the cup of humanity is hard to forgive a public wine-taster, which is what a writer is. Because he is clever and keen, because he has charming style and critical insight, decent people ought to condemn the more Strachey's dishonesty.

CHAPTER XVI

Words

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

—Francis Bacon.

It is commonly believed that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Florence Nightingale absolutely disagreed. Early in her restless youth, her beloved friend, Madame Mohl—but at that time, in 1844, she was Mary Clarke—asked why she did not write something. And she answered, with extra verbiage, as was the way then: "I had so much rather live than write; writing is only a substitute for living. Would you have one give utterance to one's feelings in a poem to appear (price two guineas) in the *Belle Assemblée?*"

People with the creative faculty have an inborn prod, more or less insistent, to express one thing in terms of something else. An artist aches to make a snow scene or an interesting face into dabs of color on canvas; a sculptor longs to petrify lovely arms and legs into stone; a writer cannot rest to transmute beauty or action into that most fluent, most eternal of all mediums—words.

The situation as to Florence Nightingale was,

of course, that she had no urge of the creative sort. Her medium was organization. She said once, apropos of marrying, that she found it for herself better to take care of the children already in the world than to bring in more to be taken care of. She ached for an outlet for her energy, her power, her equipment, but art and music or love and marriage were no answer for her. No more was writing. And yet this nonwriter, this woman who never, probably, felt the lure and the delight of words, elastic bright things to weave lovely tapestries, was a prolific author. She wrote, indeed, in the way in which this present writer drives a car, to get there. But she wrote much and very well. She cared nothing at all for her style, but she handled English, in spite of faults, in spite of annoying verbosity, in very good style indeed. One finishes a writing of her and is aware, together with some irritation at carelessness and wordiness, of a clear-cut impression as to the subject, and of certainty as to her opinion and its reasons. Beyond the fact that she is logical and convincing, however, one is aware, usually, of a weak-minded desire to agree with her, anyhow. That compulsion, glowing through antiquated printed words, is likely the charm, the "come hither," of the long-dead woman, a charm which, seventy-five years ago, was a factor to

influence great statesmen to make laws, and to coax lowly soldiers to take medicine. She had a "way with her" which most knew who knew her, so that her writing even to-day is a manner of vehicle for it; it is easy reading.

On a morning in Scutari Miss Nightingale was sitting, writing, at her "small, unpainted deal table," beyond the guard room, beyond the long corridors where sick and wounded lay thick, beyond the "large, busy kitchen," in that tower of the huge Barrack Hospital where the nurses lived. She wrote intently, rapidly; she must, for, look! All those letters to be answered. Government ministers, officers of the army, store-keeping accounts, soldiers and nurses, friends who were doing her work back in England, all must be attended to. She wrote on, page after page of small clear script—no typewriting then—and so absorbed was she that she did not notice that the heavy curtain into the room had lifted, and that a Madonna-faced woman stood watching her, anxiety and devotion in her eyes. With a quick movement she was suddenly aware; she looked up.

"Lady Alicia Blackwood! How long have you waited?"

"Only five minutes," said Lady Alicia. "I was studying you, dear, to see if you were too tired. You must save yourself a little. There is only

one of you, and what shall we do if you break down?"

"I won't break down. I'm fat and fit." The Lady-in-Chief had an acquired serenity which deceived many. "Am I needed?"

"Of course. Are you ever not needed? On two counts this time. The one I can't bear to tell you is that the operation on that young boy's legs—poor young Williams—is coming on in ten minutes. He is terrified to go into the operating room; he's begging to die. The surgeon thinks if you——"

"I will go instantly." She was on her feet. At the door she turned. "You said two counts." The low, clear voice bowled the words at Lady Alicia like a tennis ball.

"The other," Lady Alicia answered quickly, "is only to report that last night I started my school in the women's and children's quarters."

The grave look of the nurse, eager to get to young Williams, flashed into laughter. "Oh, are you really going to do that unkind thing—to teach children to write? I am so tired of writing I sometimes wish I could not write."

A note of grim sincerity shadowed the words; the heavy curtain lifted, fell; the Lady-in-Chief had gone to pour her courage into the frightened soul of a boy who must have both legs cut off in ten minutes.

She was very tired of writing. She never wrote for love of it. But she wrote endlessly. Sir Edward Cook gives a bibliography of her works in more than twenty-one pages of fine print; even a tenth of it would be too long for this place; one needs to be told here only her main direction and her main results. Beyond endless letters of business, politics, philanthropy, charity, friendship, and family, likely many more classes—beyond all such unpublished labor, she did in numbers:

Papers for congresses, conferences, societies, and such organizations.
Memoirs.
Pamphlets.
Newspaper articles.
Memorandums.
Letters to government officials, English and Indian.
Reports of various sorts.
Addresses.
Statistics.
Some books.

Her best-known book is *Notes on Nursing*. This is a classic. Although its then radical advice is now an undisputed A B C of all nursing, yet a great doctor of the present says it should be in the hands of all nurses to-day. Her *Notes on Hospitals*, a notable book, was an authority of her time. Whenever a new hospital or a new public

charity was to be inaugurated, a letter to be read from Florence Nightingale seemed to be indicated, and apparently when asked she always wrote it. The *Notes on Hospitals* grew from two such papers. When defeated in the struggle to get the new military hospital at Netley built in "pavilion" form, she exploded into two magazine articles; it became the nucleus of the above widely useful book. Whenever a distinguished person died whom she had known—and she knew practically all—it was to her they turned for a written memorial. Whenever a new reform was fighting its way through legal battle fields, it was she who looked up and compiled facts and statistics and wrote a keen, strong memorandum or report or pamphlet for the under dog.

There she lay on a sofa, in South Street, and read and worked and wrote without end. Strachey suggests, in his clever libel of her, that her invalidism was a blind to conserve her time. Not reprehensible if true, but from the best authorities, untrue. She was ill almost unto death at several times, with small strength most of the time, but the spirit was so enormously willing that the flesh did its work; she could see few people but she sent all sorts of people notes that were like her voice speaking, vivid, colloquial notes, "hot from the griddle" of her personality. She wrote letters like scholarly essays to distin-

guished men who were her friends. There is one to John Stuart Mill about woman suffrage; though not concerned with women's wrongs, she entirely approved of suffrage: "it is so important for a woman to be a person." The brain cut like a Damascus knife through the immaterial into the core of things. She wrote letters by the hundred to the Mohls, her lifelong friends, and to her sister, and the Bracebridges, and numbers more; she constantly wrote to that later friend of a long time, Benjamin Jowett, master of Balliol College. Very happily she helped him, with her old girlhood Greek knowledge, to revise his Plato. Such letters and collaboration were not done for publication; were not published till the wise hand of Sir Edward Cook chose from the mazes of her papers those most fitting.

Begun in her early twenties, a never-published book of religion and philosophy, *Suggestions for Thought*, was abandoned, taken up, put into type once, carried on many years. J. S. Mill wanted her to publish it. She did not. But two articles in *Frazer's Magazine*, and another not printed, served to "restate the gist" of it. Her deeply religious, mystical bent found much expression in this book.

Her letters were full of that quality which is said to constitute humor, incongruity. Keen and

forcible comment, from the inside, of current politics, literature, society, religion, novels—all at once they would snap, where it might grow heavy, into a splash of gaiety. "The only thing that amuses me is Papal infallibility." That, while she admired and sympathized with much Catholicism and loved many Catholics.

There was an edge to much of her humor; one feels nerves through it; but never, *au grand jamais*, was there a touch of personal feeling, of what is named in useful slang "cattiness."

One could make a book of clevernesses from her letters. To Sidney Herbert during the five years of their closest association she wrote, if she did not see him, practically every day. To him or to his wife, for she loved them both and both loved her. Sometimes these notes were a saucy few words. Sometimes lists of figures and facts. Sometimes to him, as to others, a trumpet call of indignation. "I am furious to that degree," she wrote Captain Galton, "that I am fit to blow you all to pieces with an infernal machine." In the years of seclusion in South Street, when so very few, even of those in her house, saw her, she sent flying out countless notes of a line or three or four lines. Once she gave a series of breakfasts to members of a statistical congress. Of course she could not go to them. But they read a paper of hers on their subject at the congress, and to her

cousin who acted as hostess at the parties, Miss Hilary Bonham-Carter, she wrote some housekeeper notes: "Take care that the cream for breakfast is not turned." "Put back Dr. X's book where he can see it when drinking his tea." She knew the bigness of little things and the weakness of strong men.

Cook's list of her printed work—twenty-one pages—includes an amazing range of titles. "Female Nurses in Military Hospitals": one would expect that; "Notes on Causes of Deterioration of Race"; "How People May Live and Not Die in India"; "Una and the Lion," a memorial to the lovely Agnes Jones, dead in her harness at Liverpool Workhouse; "Emigration"; "Punishment and Discipline," about thieves—it was printed in Albany, N. Y.—"What Will Our Religion Be in 1999?" in *Frazer's Magazine;* a "Memorial" of young John Gerry, a footman of her father's who died at Lea Hurst; "Opinions of Women on Women's Suffrage," only a leaflet; "Birds," a letter to the Newcastle *Chronicle*. Which last gives a Rooseveltian flavor to this cross section of her mind. Mostly her writing was called out by social and reform work; there are numbers of letters, reports, booklets, to nurses and about nursing; there are numbers of different phases of her wide Indian interests. One recalls over and over that all was in longhand, in that clear and

bold hand, careful in youth as in age, where each letter was formed, each word had its space; done, each, as she intended to do all things, as perfectly as pains might do them. Yet unfailingly, "with an air of freedom and distinction." One looks hard at that reserved yet unconscious calligraphy of her middle age which, it was said, "galloped across the page tossing its mane."

It was a woman incredibly far-reaching in active practical affairs; a woman whose help and guidance were so greedily sought from a thousand directions that she must save her time like a miser, in order to give it like a prince; a woman forced to spend her days mostly on a sofa; a woman, above all, whose affair was not writing, who did not want to be a writer, who wrote all this. Which fact, perhaps a gentle reader will agree, goes alone with other facts to prove this woman high in a limited royalty, the Monarch's Club, of personalities of history. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

CHAPTER XVII

"Thalassa"—Cry of the Ten Thousand

I stand upon the summit of my years;
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,
The wandering and the desert; vast, afar,
Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea!
—Joseph Brownlee Brown.

A writer, doing such a story as this, turns over, as the last chapter comes, pages of her notes and of her authorities with lingering fingers.

"Have I made it clear?" the writer asks. "Have I shown the bright color, the loveliness of this event, and mistakes and shadows of the next, the glory and unselfishness of that other? Have I told, so that a reader must know it, how and what friends formed a living sword for her hand, how the ever-present obstructors and doubters were her battle fields, her enemies to hew down, and how she won, and hewed? Is it plain that she was one of earth's heroes, yet that she had faults, that her character was less lovely in some spots than in others? Has one made her what, in fact, she was, very human?"

Going back over many months' work, the writer closes her authorities, her notes. There is much yet to be told. There are letters, stories,

episodes of Florence Nightingale which a reader surely would love to know. Also much that one may have told may not prove so absorbing to a reader as to a writer. A gorgeous field for mistakes; one is sure of many mistakes. Very reluctantly this book, well-loved in its making, shuts out the sparkle of the side-lights which lure; very reluctantly one relinquishes this and that other point too interesting to let go, yet not important enough, perhaps, to write. If anyone who knows well the story of Florence Nightingale should, reading, miss a name, a fact, whose lack might seem unpardonable, O gentle reader, consider that it was a life of ninety years crammed with action almost to the end.

The book is almost done. It passes on carrying much happy work; carrying, one hopes, the pleasure which has grown with its growing, to hands unknown. As an Indian guide in Canada stands on the shore of a lake and, pushing a canoe with his friends in it, *au large*, calls out cheerfully, "Good luck"—"*Bonne chance*," so I, sending my boat to the wide waters, wish it and wish my friends, its readers, heartily, *Bonne chance*.

Everyone has not fine mentality and wide opportunity, but everyone born has a gift of the gods which few of us develop or even guard—one's personality. So strong it is that, even after

being subjected to years of standardizing and manicuring, it walks the long path and goes down into the valley with each human being, uneffaceable. Everyone is a person, though some are not so very different from the side of a wall. The world would be a vastly more entertaining and effective place if we thought our own thoughts and did our own work, following each his star, instead of bothering to watch how neighbors manage the affair. Florence Nightingale followed her star; she lived her own life. The star led into paths profitable forever to mankind. It kept her, high-hearted yet, efficient yet, treading that long road of usefulness, through nearly half a century of invalidism.

Dr. Sutherland, gentle, able, and devoted, worked with her for thirty of these years, and much of the time he did not see her; they wrote notes. The doctor would be on a lower floor of the South Street house, Miss Nightingale above in her room; and they would be discussing affairs of state. "She would pick up an odd piece of paper, somebody's letter, or the blotting paper, and write her mind or her repartee in pencil to be carried downstairs:

"'Well, you know I have already said that to Lord Stanley. I can't do more.'

"'Yes, you must.'

"'Oh, Lord bless you, no.'

"'You want me to decide in order that you may do the reverse.'

"'Can you answer a plain question?'

"'You have forgotten all we talked about.'

"'You told me positively there was nothing to be done. There is everything to be done.'

"'Why did you tell me that tremendous banger?'"

Such were the bits of argument, mostly about important matters, which came flying up and down the stairway of that little city house, one of a block in a sunny side street off Park Lane. Dr. Sutherland would receive visitors or entertain them for her at luncheon or dinner.

"Was the luncheon good? Did he eat? Did he walk?" That was Miss Nightingale's scrap of paper.

"Yes." That was Dr. Sutherland's brief reply.

"Then he's a liar. He told me he couldn't move." So Miss Nightingale's reaction to the "Yes."

The Sutherlands moved to Norwood, and Miss Nightingale did not like that; it was too far; sometimes the doctor did not come when she needed him. He answered her remonstrances with plenty of Rolands for her Olivers: "Dear Howling Epileptic Friend," one letter of his began. He was twenty years older than this woman to whom

he gave such steady loyalty, and when he died, in 1891, he was ninety-one.

One by one, as it must be in a long life, the figures which had meant her world went away into the dark; the figures which had always been there. Her father died in her middle age, in 1874, at eighty; her mother at ninety-three, in 1880. They were a tenacious family. That beloved and lovely elder sister, who had adored and served the younger all her life, died, being seventy-one, early for such a family. Poor, charming Parthe, she was ill with arthritis, that long-drawn torture, all her last years, and she went leaving an old husband, who had been always a brother to Florence and had helped in her work in a thousand ways, and who depended touchingly now on this famous sister. One reads Sir Edward Cook's simple and brief tale of the relation between the two with a glow at the heart. One fancies a fine old Englishman—in his ninetieth year, Sir Harry —his beautiful wife gone, and the silence of her going stabbing him each day more. It might be at his breakfast in the sunny morning room at Claydon, the Verney place in Buckinghamshire. The post would be brought in. "The butler always put Miss Nightingale's letter on the top of his master's morning pile, and no mouthful of breakfast was eaten till he had read it through," Sir Edward Cook says. There would be a silver

dish of stewed kidneys, the flame underneath blazing cheerfully, and the kidneys bubbling; there would be scrambled eggs under a cover, likely, and bacon surely, on a hot dish, and cold toast in that strange vehicle for toast, a rack. Why should the English like toast cold, and why should a rack seem decent to hold it? At all events, old Sir Harry, ruddy, white-haired, and splendid, one fancies him, would be facing his delicious hot breakfast—except the cold toast—but would stop and glance restlessly around at the butler.

"Where are my letters, Gleason?" (The butler's name is according to fancy. One doesn't know it.) "Where are my letters?"

"It's a bit late to-day, Sir Harry, but I think the post is coming just now. I'll see at once, sir."

In a minute, to his master grumbling a bit over the kidneys, would return Gleason, shuffling envelopes hurriedly as he came. Sir Harry would glance sharply at the pile, keeping it waiting a second while he helped himself to food, just to "save his face." On top would be one addressed in a bold running handwriting which he knew.

"Ah!"

Very deliberately, for he had much fitting dignity, he would lift off that letter, leaving all the others, and then, as Cook wrote, "no mouthful of breakfast would be eaten till he had read

it through." Afterward the butler, who knew him, would be aware of a restlessness, and would surmise what was coming. "Gleason, I think I shall run up to town to-day."

And Gleason, who loved him, would answer, with reserve, "Yes, Sir Harry."

A silence. Then Sir Harry, sharply, "Well, what is it? Out with it, Gleason."

"If it's not taking too much on myself, Sir Harry, you've a bit of a cold to-day, sir, and it's brisk weather."

"Oh, fudge." So Sir Harry. "I need a new waistcoat, and besides I want to see Miss Nightingale. I'm going." And would go.

Miss Nightingale was much in London but she lived mostly now at Claydon. There is a suite there to-day known as hers and kept as she had it. She never went to Lea Hurst after her mother's death in 1880, and her last visit to beautiful Embley was in 1891. It was sold in 1896, and "I don't like being turned out of Hampshire," she objected. She was seventy-six then, and Embley had been home, with Lea Hurst, for seventy years—since the little girl salvaged the dirty black cat (if such an episode were history) on the fragrant lawn.

But she had been with Sir Harry mostly, at Claydon, since his wife died, and, though over seventy then, she had gone earnestly into affairs

of his estate and the village life about it. She knew the doctors, and she decided that village sanitation was not much less a crying need in England than in India. As she was living now in Buckinghamshire, she began in Buckinghamshire, and, as with all that she touched, the work spread and grew. It occurred to her to institute an order of "health missionaries." The thing was done, a new reform was begun, and "huge bundles of documents" attested the labor of it involving Miss Nightingale for two or three years. To a conference at Leeds she wrote and sent a tremendous paper on "Rural Hygiene"—in 1893. Some people "retire" at less than seventy, to amuse themselves from that on. As a business, amusement does not sound amusing. At seventy-three, Florence Nightingale was beginning a brand-new reform, which is branching and growing to this day.

But in February, 1894, vigorous old Sir Harry died, and she never went to Claydon after 1894-1895. Embley was sold. Lea Hurst had been let in 1883—but happily Nightingales of her own blood live there to-day. The narrow block house in the heart of London was, with Sir Harry's going, now her home.

The world—a very broad world it had been—was narrowing about her in her seventies, yet the brain and hands which had done so much

work for it still worked on from South Street, years longer. One fancies that if body and mind had not been strained beyond human elasticity, those splendid machines might have functioned smoothly till the old spirit stretched its wings finally at ninety. Plenty do—plenty of her family did. But Florence Nightingale had been without mercy to her tools, most of all her brain and body; the faithful servants could not quite serve her through the lengthened day. Eyes failed first, and the power of writing went all at once. She who had written through those long nights at Scutari; she who had written, in longhand, *Notes on the British Army*, eight hundred and thirty printed pages in six months, for Lord Panmure; she who had produced the amazing little book, *Notes on Nursing;* who had sent brilliant letters, each like a shot out of a cannon, to Sidney Herbert, and to most of the great men of the day; who had written perhaps miles of letters to her nurses, everywhere and always—"all at once" she could not write any more. Cook says that the volume of her nursing correspondence in 1896–1897 was as great as at any time before; but as the old life stepped into the new century its firm tread faltered.

A companion came in 1902, needing some diplomacy to get in. However, Miss Nightingale had to be read to, though so impatient of it in

youth. She liked to feel "in the movement of the world," so she must have her daily paper; she liked biographies; she liked Roosevelt's *Strenuous Life*. One seems to find more than a little in common between the young, powerful man, destined to drop from the saddle in his strength, and this very old woman living to see her strength pass away. She pounded vigorously on the arm of her chair in applause of paragraphs of Roosevelt. She was well in body in those later days, and the beautiful voice was beautiful always; she would sing, "in a sweet and gay voice, a snatch of an Italian song." On a day she objected to being helped in dressing and, a cousin says, "I was summoned from the bottom to the top of the house by splendid, easy shouts." It was hard, for her who had cared for thousands with endless vitality, to believe that she herself needed care. There is a quaint little anecdote of how, when the nurse—for there had to be a nurse later—had "tucked her up for the night," this old Nurse of Nurses would get out of bed and go into the next room to tuck up *her* nurse.

People came—visitors, old friends—and she saw many now. But sight and memory and mental apprehension were rapidly going when King Edward, at the end of 1907, offered her the Order of Merit, the first woman to hold it in its history. They brought it to South Street, and

the cynical and heartless little scene constructed by Strachey did not take place. The brain which had seen visions and dreamed dreams, which had swayed governments and built for generations to come, the old tired brain was indeed done with earth's glories, gone a step already over that border where earthly outlines blur. She did not understand very much what was doing. But they brought the Order to the quiet house in South Street and Sir Douglas Hawkins, the King's Messenger, stayed below, where so many great men had stayed in other days, while one of her own family, a cousin, and her private secretary took the Order upstairs to the bedside where the white figure lay. She understood that it was some kindness; that was all. With lifelong graciousness she spoke a word in the silvery old voice. "Too kind, too kind," she said. The tireless feet had strayed beyond any country of our knowledge, and it was too late, that day, for honors to reach Florence Nightingale.

But there must have been days, before the mist had wrapped the active mentality into its first rest of nearly a century, when there would come thronging to the still house and up into the peaceful room great company. She would lie there, as beautifully cared for as if she had done it herself, so loved, so honored, so surrounded with everything that kind thoughts could bring.

Yet very alone; for the familiar faces had slipped away one by one, and these younger people, tender, considerate, could not talk to her of the great days which she and the elders had gone through. She loved these certainly; she was interested in their affairs, glad of their coming, but yet—it must be lonely to be almost the only one left of a generation; a gaunt preëminence.

"Is there anything more I can do, Miss Nightingale? I shall be so happy if there is," the secretary had said, and the face on the pillows, with its yet lovely pink English color, turned to her; the gray eyes saw very vaguely, but they kept their keen glance for all that.

"Nothing more, dear. You are so good; you think of everything. I enjoyed hearing you read. And now how shall you get home? Shan't I send for a cab?" The secretary lived in the house, but that fact never seemed to register in the indistinct memory. Gently explaining, she turned to go; but the clear voice from the bed spoke again.

"Will you tell them, my dear, that if Sir Harry Verney calls I will see him? I can't think why he has not been here lately. It must be days since I saw him; I miss him very much." Days indeed. Old Sir Harry in his nineties—in his grave these ten years. "I miss him very much." The silver voice; the old, lifelong affections; the ties that hold hearts into eternity.

Then the secretary would steal away; and up the stairs and into the tranquil room they would come thronging—her company. They say that the old remember most clearly events of the farthest past; perhaps it would be the little sister and the young mother and father of over eighty years ago who would come back first to Florence Nightingale, lying in her bed in South Street. Perhaps Peggy, the old pony, and the dogs dead seventy years would be about her; she might be once more the little girl, riding down lanes with the vicar, her brown hair flying as they galloped; old Roger and his dog, Cap, her first patient—she might be with them in green Hampshire fields. Her first patient, Cap. Memories would come thick, one believes, at the word "patient." The spaces about her bed would stretch into vast corridors, where the dead and dying awaited her; she would go to them, help and save them, be their strength and their hope; she had done it; they were here again, those thousands, her soldier children, maybe come to carry her down this dim, strange road. Again she walked the narrow way between endless cots where men lay suffering, uncomplaining, her dear men; it was dark, and she carried her lantern, and stopped to bend over one, to lay a hand on another's brow, and then, passing on, she saw them—yes, she saw the

soldiers turn their heads to kiss her shadow on the wall.

Swiftly that scene of fifty years back would be gone, ghosts would fade into other ghosts: Her illness at Balaclava; the day when, very ill and weak yet, she was landed at Scutari, and the soldiers carried her stretcher in two relays, begging for the honor, for the five-minute walk from the pier to the chaplain's house. Her children. Then the Bracebridges were in her room, the dear, the never-failing, who had gone with her to Scutari; and "Aunt Mai." The figures shifted to the old, unseeing eyes; why, this was Lord Raglan, the commander in chief, who of old had stood by her. And here were people she had forgotten; they slipped in softly and gathered at her bedside: young doctors who had believed in her, faithful nurses, soldiers who had smiled up at her, dying. The straying mind, answering no more to a strong will at its wheel, drifted back into the gaieties of her youth: dances, operas in Rome, in Paris; the dear Mohls, girlhood friends; all that entrancing commerce of great brains in France; her popularity; the men flocking about her; the trumpet of her destiny sounding across it all.

And then, suddenly, the little room was empty and sweetly still, and through the door came, quite alone, quite naturally, a presence tall and

radiant with the charm which was his and was untellable—Sidney Herbert. He stood and gazed down at the motionless old figure like a benediction. No, there had never been in her wonderful life anything as wonderful as that five years of close comradeship between them, "passing the love of women." It was a consecrated thing; and he had come back. The old brain did not quite know if this were the actual "beloved presence" or a memory—but God had sent him to her loneliness with a blessing. The slow heart beat warm and glad.

Changing and shifting they came and went, the dear ghosts in the quiet room. Dr. Jowett was there; they seemed to be at Lea Hurst, the old home, she and Dr. Jowett, with her mother. He counseled her wisely, as he used to do, about overworking: no "continuous drudgery"—not good for body or soul; she could hear his voice say that. "The last years of life are and ought to be the best"; Dr. Jowett had said that often. The softly rosy old face smiled a little; there were thirty-three years of friendship to remember of Benjamin Jowett. And dear Dr. Sutherland. She could see plainly one little maid of his day who would blow into her room, breathless from the stairs, laughing, scarlet-cheeked, with his notes of a sentence; the notes amused the little maid. And there, following close

after this humble, small servant, stood the Queen, the young Queen. But the Queen had died an old woman—she remembered that. Yet here she stood, slim and blonde and young, as one first saw her, and crowding behind her were lordly figures: the Prince Consort, her ministers, Palmerston, Melbourne, Panmure (the Bison), and viceroys of India, Sir John Lawrence, Sir Bartle Frere, her old Indian allies and fellow workers of many years, a throng of the great of the land.

Mistily she wondered why they had all come to her room in South Street. Yet, great people in plenty were used to come, and she had not cared if they were great or not, if only they would help her take care of her soldiers.

And sometimes, one is sure, the wandering memory would go back a long way and halt, and in the room where the roar of Piccadilly sounded like a sea would be only a sighing October breeze and an earthy smell of fallen leaves. A tall man would be facing her, with pain in his eyes, eyes that were dear to her, and he would be pleading, pleading. And his voice, and its unforgotten shades of tones, would sound sweet to her, unforgotten through nearly seventy years. One knows that she kept the letters he wrote. Some were found in her papers. "You will undertake this, but you would not undertake me," he

had written once, years after that October day. So it can hardly be doubtful that as she lay there, tranquil, at the end of the very long road, and the kindly ghosts walked about her, that ghost also came, and those once-dear eyes looked down at the face they had delighted to see.

"One man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face."

It had given love greatly, this pilgrim soul, and now, almost arrived at the Holy Land, the garnered given love was gathering at the gate.

Softly her door, which had been left ajar, opened; a nurse in the brown uniform of St. Thomas's, with its snowy cap and apron, "like bits of extra light," looked in. Miss Nightingale had been so still for an hour now; and she was very weak; at any moment—they must at least be on their guard. But the passing was not yet; the days slid onward, the unmarked days, and the mist thickened about the spirit which had climbed mountain tops. One could not be sure always, through the mist, if the spirit were yet there. But the old eyes may have seen often from their mountains, "vast afar," the sea.

On an August morning in 1910, when the nurse had cared for her and, moving gently about, had

put the flower-filled room in the immaculate order she loved, the unseeing eyes closed and about noon very old Florence Nightingale went quietly to sleep. And woke up, young.

Late on a warm March afternoon, this writer drove down a muddy Hampshire lane and got out of the car where a little gray stone church with a square wooden tower stood above the deep road. East Wellow Church. There was no one about, not a soul, and that was as one would wish. The large churchyard was filled with tombstones, chiseled with many names of the gentry of the countryside, and all over, among the graves and the stones, blossomed nodding daffodils. It was sunset, and the level light was full of mysticism, of memory. One could not have seen the lonely, sweet place more happily. But—there was such a crowding throng of gravestones; it was a large churchyard—where should one find that one stone of all? Almost, after much wandering, it was given up, and then, suddenly, one stood before it. It was a four-sided monument, not beautiful, not ugly. It had been placed there to mark the graves of her father and mother, and on a third side was carved a memorial to the sister who, being Lady Verney, was buried at Claydon. We came first upon the inscription to her father and, reading that, knew

what name would be upon the fourth unseen side of the small pointed pyramid. But we were not ready for the dramatic bareness of that bit of stone.

A cross, cut in, black on the white stone; two initials, "F.N."; two dates, "Born 1820," and "Died 1910."

They had told her that she was to be buried in Westminster when the time came, but she would not have it. She wished to be in East Wellow with her people. And it was so done. One other wish of hers could not be carried out. She had asked that only two people should follow her to her grave, but the lane and the churchyard were filled with a great crowd, largely poorly dressed, and the flowers, from high and low, were in masses. Six sergeants from regiments of the Guards carried down to mother earth the worn-out, empty tenement which had held a heart which had put first of all things her children, the soldiers.

If anyone should go alone on a warm English spring afternoon into that churchyard, filled with blowing daffodils, it would not be hard to picture that other day, in midsummer, when through another manner of silence, through a hushed throng, thick among the tombstones and down in the shadowy lane, the tall sergeants of the Guards wound their way, carrying the

coffin of Florence Nightingale. One might almost hear, listening in that sweet, empty place, the solemn voice of the clergyman ring out over the bent heads that sudden, breath-taking sentence with which the Church burial service begins:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

THE END

CINCINNATI BIBLE COLLEGE & SEM. LIBRARY
610.730924 N687a main
Andrews, Mary Raymo/A lost commander: Fl
3 4320 00036 4143

610.730924 N687a

Andrews, Mary
Raymond(Shipman)

A lost

GEORGE MARK ELLIOTT LIBRARY
The Cincinnati Bible Seminary

610.730924 N687a

Andrews, Mary
Raymond(Shipman)

A lost commander